UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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LETTERS,

FROM THE YEAR 1774 TO THE YEAR 1796,

OF

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER,

THE LATE

Miss Wilkes:

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

MR. WILKES.

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31/1/03

VOL. III.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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Letters addressed to Miss Wilkes at Paris, whilst on a Visit to the Dutchess de la Valliere, from 1784 *to* 1789.

LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

Tuesday Noon,
May 11, 1784.

I AM just returned, my dearest Polly, from the Guildhall at Westminster, to which place the sheriffs adjourned the scrutiny, after much altercation, with my consent, by an agreement that no business of any kind should be proceeded upon, from the shortness of the notice of the change of place. Thus we have gained one day, and only twenty

hours remain to scrutinize 3000 voters. Preliminaries are to be taken into consideration to-morrow morning at eight, every one of which will be debated. I have acute and long-winded counsel, the two qualities almost equally necessary. I saw the famous Dr. Flexman yesterday, who assured me that the sheriffs must of necessity return Mr. Mainwaring and me, if the scrutiny was not gone through, which I hold to be impossible. As by your absence I cannot enjoy the conversation in which I most delight, I give my whole time and attention to this business. Friday's post, I trust, will bring you a very satisfactory account of our proceedings.

There was a most dreadful riot yesterday at Covent Garden. Two men were killed, and eighteen of the ruffians are lodged this day in Newgate.

Three o'Clock.

I thank you much for writing from Dartford, and your charming letter from Dover. I am just setting down to the mackarel, which will restore me after the Chamberlain's fatigue added to the Candidate's; but I am surprisingly well, and this warm weather I find quite genial.

Our neighbours continue to be very obliging, and the Colonel is indefatigable. The number of Mr. Byng's bad votes, which we have detected is amazing. Mess. Wood, Tayler, Dayrell, &c. &c. exert themselves every hour. Mr. Aubrey has carried his election by twenty-four. A scrutiny was demanded and refused.

Prince's Court was very cheerful only last week: now it looks dull and dreary.

I am very glad that you like Made-

moiselle Marly. It was an important point for your pleasures.

You managed incomparably well in your journey, and I am easy about every thing, were a tolerable wind to spring up.

Pray lay me at the feet of the Dutchess, and tell her that when I recollect you are at the Hotel de la Valliere, the thought gives me pride and pleasure, and would envy, were it possible to envy those whom we love.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER II.

Friday, May 14, 1784.

I AM sure that I shall give my dearest Polly a singular satisfaction, when I acquaint her that the *scrutiny* is at an end in my favour. This morning the sheriffs, candidates, and counsel, &c. attended by eight, and Mr. Erskine, the leading counsel of Mr. Byng, began an objection to a John Decker, the first of my votes on their list, as not duly qualified under *Powys's Act*, as the statute is called. *That* question would have determined many others. The sheriffs decided that the vote was good; in consequence of which, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Douglass, another gentleman from the north, counsel for Mr. Byng, desired to give a few *valedictory* words.

Somebody cried out, *maledictory*. The sheriffs were then violently abused by Messrs. Byng, Baker, the counsel, &c. and justified by Mr. Dayrell, Mr. Tomlins, and our other friends. In conclusion, Mr. Byng declared that he would give them no farther trouble, and the sheriffs appointed Monday morning at nine once more to look over the books, and then to declare Mr. Mainwaring and myself duly elected. Mr. Byng threatened a petition to the House of Commons, under which we are perfectly easy. Mr. Dayrell has acquitted himself in the ablest and handsomest manner.

I gave the postillion a crown yesterday for the careful manner of his driving, James half-a-crown for his punctuality.

I have just sent you a little packet under cover to Mr. Guyon at the White

Bear in Piccadilly. The gold pen is in it, and the whole is carefully done up.

I had the pleasure of four letters from you, but you cannot judge of my impatience for a fifth, dated from France, although I have no apprehension from the account James gave me of the wind and weather when you embarked.

I have desired Mr. Faden to get me the book which Mr. Fector wishes for, and I will send it to him with a letter of acknowledgment for his civilities to you.

I am sorry for Trevanion, and young Boyd is likewise out of Parliament. The city petition goes on, but nothing is yet determined about Westminster.

This great fermentation of parties never fails to turn them all sour; but as an individual I have kept my good humour through, although I have treated

Sheriff Skinner with an asperity not usual with me.

My brother Israel is, I hear, returned, and called yesterday upon me. I was from home. The reason of his return I have not learnt, and the fact surprises me; but I cannot doubt it, from what the servants mention, and of Dominica.

Your account of Mademoiselle Sophie is truly interesting, and with such a person and character I should hope every thing would be perfectly agreeable to you, especially as she is a Protestant, for we have seen many inconveniences attending the other persuasion in that situation of life. I should like to see some of her verses: sensibility is an excellent qualification for the sentimental strain of poetry.

The mackarel were very fine, and gratified the palate of two epicures here, who dined with me.

Les bouts de mes oreilles commencent à se retablir.

The good Moravian breakfasted here, and left some letters, which are in your packet. You paint the view from the bow-window of the *City of London* inn so well, that I think I am in view of the castle, and part of the cliffs.

We go on quietly, but dully, without you. The Gordons, B——s, &c. &c. desire their compliments. Sir William grows quite wild about the Westminster election ; and since the good news from Lady B——y, the little Bantam struts about at least an inch taller than he was.

Has my *cross* fait fortune with the Dutchess ? and how does the *Castilian Benedict* look ? I long for all the details, and your reception, &c. &c. ; but above all the state of your health, which I

hope has not suffered by all the fatigues of sea and land.

My dearest Polly, *je vous souhaite bien le bon soir.*

LETTER III.

Monday, May 17, 1804.

I AM just arrived from the Guildhall at Westminster, where I had the satisfaction of hearing John Wilkes and William Mainwaring, Esqrs. declared duly elected Knights of the Shire for Middlesex in the ensuing parliament, and of seeing the indentures properly executed by the sheriff and the freeholders. Mr. Byng did not appear, nor

any of his friends. The whole passed with perfect order and decency. The victorious candidates, with a few of their friends, dine to-day at the White Hart in Holborn.

I have luckily already got *Armstrong's Actual Survey of the great Post Road from London to Dover*, which I have sent as a present to Mr. Fector, with a letter of thanks for his civilities to my daughter during her late stay there.

Mr. Mainwaring, James Townsend, Dayrell, and a few more of us dined very harmoniously together at the White Hart, and in the evening I carried Mr. Mainwaring to the Cockpit at Whitehall, as one of the Minister's friends, where the King's speech was read to us, and Mr. Cornwall announced to be nominated Speaker. The speech is well drawn, and calculated to give general satisfaction. I recollect but two remark-

able things in it; one, its mentioning the attachment to the constitution, which has appeared almost throughout the kingdom; the other, the affairs of the East India Company, which the speech said should be regulated by a strict respect to the nature and interests of our invaluable constitution. It will not be delivered till Wednesday, when the Speaker will be presented.

Tuesday, May 18.

Sir Barnard Turner and Mr. Mainwaring breakfasted here, and we afterwards went together to the House of Commons, and in the clerk's room were sworn in before the Duke of Chandos, Lord High Steward, who attended with his white wand, but made us wait three hours. Mr. Cornwall was proposed as Speaker by Lord Graham, which was seconded by Sir George Howard. Mr. Fox complained of the High Bailiff

of Westminster, as a rascal, a villain, the worst enemy of the freedom of election on record, because he had made a special return of all the facts, stating the numbers only, and leaving the decision to the House. By this return Mr. Fox is said to lose near 25,000*l.* which he had betted on the being returned *. Mr. Whitbread called Mr. Fox to order, because the conduct of the High Bailiff of Westminster had nothing to do with the election of a Speaker. Mr. Pitt observed that it was impossible then to consider the merit or the demerit of the High Bailiff, as we could not call for the return of Westminster till we had a Speaker. Mr. Cornwall was then unanimously elected, and the House immediately adjourned. To-morrow the King comes again to the House of Lords, and will approve the choice which the Commons

* An election tale without foundation.—EDIT.

have made, as we all suppose. So much for the dull politics of this day. George Selwyn says all the Scotch blood of Charles Fox was made mad to-day.

Mr. Hutton dined and drank tea. My brother Israel drank tea. The sole reason he gives for his return is the dearness of every thing at Dominica, and the little chance of any thing to answer.

Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Gordon, &c. have sent affectionate messages about you.

Alderman Oliver died on his return to Europe on board the same packet with Israel—Corsican Boswell is come to settle in London—To-morrow I dine at Mrs. Stafford's, and on Thursday at Colonel Gordon's, with Captain Pascall.

We have now an Italian sky and genial zephyrs. My invocation to May has been heard, although not so soon as I wished—I hope the air is as silky soft with you as it is with us—You were very

prudent in lying at Recousse, and not pushing on to St. Omer's on the Tuesday night—I have only yet received one letter from you from Calais, and one from Recousse—I have sent you one packet by Monsieur Guyon, and shall send you another on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stafford called here together on Saturday, and send you many compliments—All the good new prints will be in your packet of Friday.

The public laugh at Mr. Fox's being so pompously chaired, when he is not yet returned. Many newspapers of various dates will find their place in your packet.

The Dutchess, the Baron, the Marquis, Baron d'Holbach, and Madame la Baronne, I beg to be spoken of to with every grateful sentiment.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER IV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, May 21, 1784.

Our little *Court* here are very impatient to have the good news of our young Princess arriving in Paris, and her reception at the Hotel de la Valliere. Yesterday I dined at the Gordons, who talked with great regard and tenderness of you, and Mrs. Banks has written me a very polite card on the occasion. Mrs. Smith I have seen, and *saluted*, and she expresses all the eagerness of youth to hear more of you.

In the House of Commons nothing has yet been done, but swearing in the Members, and receiving their qualifications, but it is supposed the King's Speech will be debated on Monday, and

the High Bailiff of Westminster examined on Tuesday.

Wednesday I passed an agreeable day with Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. Drax, Lady Emily Macleod, and Captain Macleod. Poor Drax has the gout.—Mr. Byng threatens a petition, in which he is right. The expense is only 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and it will give him the chapter of accidents, the largest chapter in the book, till December, or January, probably.

Friday Evening, Seven.

The French post is just arrived, and has made me perfectly happy by your letter, and the enclosures. I shall write to the Dutchess this night. I am charmed with all the detail which you give me, but I have not time till Tuesday to remark on the particulars, as I think it of importance to write immediately to the Dutchess, and being the first letter since

your arrival, I put it under cover, that no part of it may be torn.

I was sworn in yesterday as Member for Middlesex, and was in Saturday's Gazette, always taking the *pas* of Mr. Mainwaring.

By Monday's diligence you will have several letters from common friends, prints, newspapers, &c. &c. I have written to my dear daughter every Tuesday and Friday, since she carried away the charm of Prince's Court.

I beg to be remembered to the Barons de Castile and d' Holbach, Madame, &c. Suard, &c. &c.

I would have you contrive to draw on me the first opportunity for *twenty Louis à deux usances* to begin an affair of business.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER V.

Tuesday, May 25, 1784.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY brought with it the blessing of your letter, for it is the highest satisfaction to me to know from yourself that you are in health and spirits, and that every thing exceeds even the high expectations which I had formed, both from the rank and establishment of the Dutchess's household, and their kind attention to you. But superior merit, when it is joined with attractive qualities, will go through the world with a happy distinction.

Friday, May 28.

I had written the above early on Tuesday morning. I went afterwards to the Chamberlain's office, and to the House

of Commons, in the full intention of returning in time to finish my letter by the post, but was detained there till near two in the morning. Wednesday little business was done, and yesterday chiefly matters of form were gone through. Mr. Byng's petition is in the common form, charging bribery, and other corrupt and illegal practices; but I have availed myself of the circumstance in the enclosed address. I had not treated him with such severity, if he had not pointed all his artillery against me, and talked of my *cavil*. The address however from me is still more approved than any of my former. July 29 is the day appointed for the hearing the petition, when the House is to adjourn the second week in that month, so that it necessarily falls to the ground this session, and probably may not be renewed. I am however indefatigable in collecting all my proofs.

I wish to know what English news-

papers you see at Paris, that I may judge what to put up in the packets by the diligence. I have sent you several, and the new correct Court Kalendar, which is greatly improved.

The spar vase from Harris's is come this morning, very carefully packed, and will go in to-morrow's diligence, for the days are now changed to Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I have written to you by every post, except last Tuesday. I am setting out this afternoon for Brighthelmstone to return on Wednesday, but I will contrive to write to you by next Tuesday's post, and send the letter to James.

I received three letters from you at Paris; the first dated May 16, the second May 19, and the third May 23; all of which gave me very great pleasure. I have likewise a pretty letter from Mademoiselle Sophie, for which I beg you to

thank her, and to plead my great hurry for not answering it in any other way than by thanks through the medium of my dear daughter. I think you are very lucky in having such a person about you, and the *gaucherie* will go off daily. I have read the " Memoires de M. de Voltaire, ecrits par lui-même," which carry the strongest internal evidence of being genuine. I suppose it is *défendu, très défendu,* at Paris, and you cannot own you have read it, but if you wish to read it, I will send it to you.

I think you had better draw on me at one or two usances, for twenty or twenty-five louis, and that will facilitate every thing for you, and it may be repeated as often as you will. I think you would be right to stay till after the Dutchess's fête towards the end of July. It would be a more marked compliment, and if you take your measures early, I should think

you might contrive to return by Spa, and be in London by the end of August, or the first week of September. This would be giving sufficient time for the settlement of all your affairs, and I can contrive for you in all pecuniary concerns.

You mention giving tea to the Dutchess. Have you good tea at Paris, or shall I send you some? I am perfectly well, and was strong enough to fast *entirely* from nine in the morning till past midnight, when I came home, and dined heartily alone on mackarel and lamb. I do not mean however to repeat such a Carthusian strain.

Mr. Pitt is greatly improved as an orator. He has more smoothness and grace, more Attic laugh and easy irony, without the sharpness and gall of the last session. Mr. Fox's power declines hourly, and it is not supposed he will be

the sitting Member for Westminster. Mr. Pitt said that he had foreseen that circumstance, and therefore took refuge on the hospitable shores of the Orkneys. I wonder that he did not quote Pope:

> But where's th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed:
> Ask where's the *North*—at York 't is on the Tweed;
> In Scotland at the *Orcades*; and there
> At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

The servants here behave very well; but they and their master think Prince's Court much changed for the worse within this month, notwithstanding the verdure and gaiety of the Park.

Your account of good Madame De Chantereine made me very happy, and your pleasing picture of Baron d'Holbach's family. I beg my best compliments to all of them, and don't forget to

remind the *Bonne* of me. Pray tell my *little wife* that I summon her to come to her husband with her *daughter-in-law*, when she returns. We have lost our spring this year, and the intense heat of summer succeeded almost immediately the severity of winter. Much thunder and lightning Wednesday and yesterday: now it is a good deal cooler. Have you seen, or heard any thing of, poor Panchaud?

No petition yet from Atkinson against Sawbridge, nor from Lord Verney against Aubrey. Rosenhagen is in town at Aubrey's, in perfect health and good spirits.

Adieu, my dearest daughter; take care of your health, and continue to love me.

LETTER VI.

Castle at Brighthelmstone,
Monday, May 31, 1784.

I ARRIVED here, my dearest Polly, on Saturday to dinner, after a very pleasant journey, and propose continuing here till Thursday, when I shall return to the capital, and hope to find a letter from you, which I shall answer by Friday's post. I am in possession solus of this great Castle, and spend my time in conversing with old ocean, while the tongue-pads of lawyers are wrangling about the Westminster election. The House of Commons agreed to no adjournment even for Whit Monday and Tuesday, but I was glad to escape for a few days. The *raging of the seas* puts me, as well as the Psalmist, in mind of

the *madness of the multitude*; but I hope calm, moderate weather will now soon succeed on the political horizon as well as on the terraqueous and aqueous globe.

Your letters have been my highest entertainment since you left Prince's Court, and I participate with you in all the pleasing scenes with the Dutchess, and all her *societé*. I hope she received the tribute of thanks I paid her by letter on your account. I wrote to you on many particulars last Friday before I set out, so that I have now little to add.

The great majority of the present administration has driven the opposition almost to despair, while Mr. Fox loses his temper more and more every day. It is comical to see the divisions of our Castle. Shergold and Tilt are strong Foxites, *Best* (the *best* of the three) a violent Pittite; but zeal without knowledge distinguishes all three.

The Marquis de Bouillie embarked from hence last Saturday. I had the opportunity of paying my compliments to him for a few minutes. He inquired about you.

You have brought me acquainted with the Princess de Tarente, the Dutchess de Crussol, the Duke and Dutchess de la Trémouille, &c. &c.; and therefore I am obliged to add every compliment of respect to them on your account. The good Moravian has been so kind as to dine with me, and he says that he is charmed with my last Address to the Freeholders of Middlesex still more than with all the preceding. I hope your spar-vase is arrived safe.

I intend to return by Tunbridge. The Gordons continue their kindness to me, and are always anxious about your health.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER VII.

Friday, June 4, 1784.

If I have tired my dearest Polly with too long letters by almost every post of late, I shall make her amends to-night, for I have little to say, except to mention that I am just arrived from Brighthelmstone after a very pleasant tour, and that I have received three letters from her since I wrote last Tuesday, the 24th, 26th, and 29th of May, with the Dutchess's, several letters to Madame de Kageneck, &c. &c. and a most elegant Sève figure of *Constancy*. *Constancy*, thy name is *Wilkes*. I am exceedingly charmed with it, and your kind partiality.

I shall accept your draft as soon as it appears, and any others which you draw.

I shall not be absent till your return, except by the usual peregrinations to Kensington Gore.

I forgot to ask, if you advanced the driver any thing for the keeping of the horses on the Dover tour, and I hope you did not give him any thing, as I desired. I have well rewarded him, which I hope he merited by his care. Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Hutton have already their little parcels and letters. All the rest I will take care of to-morrow. The box did not arrive till this afternoon.

Mr. Hutton accepted a late dinner here by a previous invitation from Brighthelmstone, and we drank the King, as our friend, and the archangel at Paris, as our favourite, in a bumper. I am glad that I have pleased him, and all my friends, by the late Address to the County.

The Dutchess's second letter is charming, but my dear daughter's are divine.

I always regret the coming to the end of them. I wish to read on by the hour, by the day.

Adieu, dearest Polly: the bellman gives his last summons.

LETTER VIII.

Tuesday, June 8, 1784,
Seven in the Evening.

I AM just returned, my dearest Polly, from the House of Commons, where the High Bailiff of Westminster has done the honours of the day like a Dutch burgomaster. Mr. Welbore Ellis has taken notice of the necessity of *sleep, and other sustenance.* The *first* he gave us. The *other sustenance* I am come

home for, and to answer your letter of June 3, which I received yesterday, and enjoyed very highly. As I must return to the division on the Westminster election, I shall mention very little but matters of business by this post.

I wrote to Lady Asgill, and find that she had received the print, and sent her acknowledgments to your excellent Dutchess.

Your bill for 21*l.* came to hand on Saturday, which was duly honoured by my acceptance, and I think that mode very convenient, but you should insist on paying the exchange.

I will send you by the first *diligence* Lady Asgill's letter, Mr. Fector's, &c. &c. I am in raptures with the *Sève* figure; and if the figures of that kind and size, or rather exceeding them in height, are not above a guinea, or a guinea and half each, I wish for two or

three more, or a group, and one single figure.

Elmsly has got the " Memoires du Maréchal de Villars," in 4 vols. and is to send me a copy. *Anquetil* I think a very superior writer, and very *sage* on the most knotty points.

I believe that there is not an idea of any opposition to the Chamberlain on Midsummer-day; but it could never come against greater preparation, or greater general approbation.

Rosenhagen dined at Kensington Gore on Sunday, and here yesterday. He seems to me without compass or ballast.

I shall send you a long letter to me from Mr. Paice in consequence of his to you at Dover miscarrying, which he found to be the case after he received *that* you sent me by the diligence, and I transmitted to him. I should think it too delicate a point to propose drawing

on him, and I can certainly accommodate you in the way you have begun, or otherwise by Sir Robert Herries, and you cannot begin too early taking your plan, and making your arrangements for your return after the Dutchess's fête by Spa.

Adieu!

LETTER IX.

Monday, June 14, 1784.

I was so entirely engaged, my dearest Polly, with our City causes, and the business of other men's petitions of various kinds, that I had not time to write to you by Friday's post. From the fear of the like accident, I pay my compliments to you this morning on my re-

turn from Kensington, lest the hurry of Burke's motion, and the consequent debate this afternoon, and all to-morrow's business, should engross my whole time.

Thursday in the next week being Midsummer-day, you will naturally suppose calls forth the exertion of every nerve; but there is not any where a breeze arising against the Chamberlain, whose ears are open to the smallest whisper of an unfavourable wind.

I received the *Vicomte de Barjac*, and have struggled through it. The *gold pen*, which you mentioned from the Dutchess to me, is not yet arrived; but I have your two letters of June 7 and 10, since I wrote last. I send you by to-night's diligence the tea, but more than you mentioned, Mrs. Gordon's packet, and Mr. Hutton's little note, with the newspapers, &c.

Tuesday, June 15.

This morning at one Sir B-rn-rd T-rn-r expired, after suffering incredible pain from a broken leg, fractured thigh, &c. On his return from Tottenham, being on a vicious mare, in company with Grindall, and others, perfectly sober, the mare took fright, jammed him between two post-chaises, and notwithstanding all the care of the drivers, he was killed almost on the spot. He leaves seven children, poor Lady T-rn-r, without a sixpence we believe, and no provision for either brood. She was his second wife, and is now pregnant. I recommended the inquiry into the circumstances of our late brother, to all the aldermen present at the Court this day, and a care of the children.

To quit so melancholy a scene for one the most cheerful. We are al-

ready preparing for your return, which we all long for, and wish the excellent Dutchess's *fête* had been the end of June instead of July. Yet notwithstanding my impatience to have you here, I wish you to contrive to return by Spa, if you can with convenience and propriety. I know nothing yet of *Navy bills*, but I know enough to say, that I can always contrive for you at one or two months advice. The good, benevolent Paice I see continually. He really *goes about doing good*, like his great Master, and his worthy disciple the Moravian. I intended to have said, that your bed was sent home nicely done yesterday, and to-day I shall pay the 18*l.* I hear you agreed for, the most agreeable payment I can make. Once a fortnight I have paid the washerwoman, and once a week the cook, butcher, &c. since your absence.

The P. of W. is thought to have declared war against the Court by removing Lord Courtown, as one of the lords of his bedchamber. Lord St. Asaph succeeds Lord Courtown.

The Westminster scrutiny goes on. Sir Wm. B——— is at the head of the list of those who advertise for subscriptions for Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray. Sir William drank your health yesterday here in a tête-à-tête with me. Miss Kitty Molineux has been, and continues very ill. Lady B——— advances very happily. On the 30th of this month they go to Lisle, from thence to the South of France, in the intention of being absent near a year.

The Dutchess's giving you leave to ask your friends to dine with you in your apartments, is the *comble* of elegance, friendship, and hospitality, and pray say that I feel the favour as I ought.

Brook Watson succeeds poor T—— as Alderman, and perhaps as Sheriff.

Your Dutchess is indeed a very superior being, and does honour to the country in which she was born. I have the 4 vols. of "Vie du Maréchal Duc de Villars," but have not read a page.

You have *humanized* * the Dutchess de Chatillon. Methinks I see the Prince and Princess de Tarente playing about like two kittens.—Happy, happy, happy, pair!

> Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
> Since sorrow never comes too late,
> And happiness too swiftly flies.
> Thought would destroy their paradise.
> No more; where ignorance is bliss,
> 'T is folly to be wise. GRAY.

The parcel, with the enclosures for

* As a French word has a milder signification than in English, *humanizer*—to render gentle.—EDIT.

Dr. Price, is not yet arrived. Mrs. Gordon I saw to-day; and she sends ten thousand tender respects to you. I made her a present of Sussex-down mutton, when I was at Brighthelmstone. She and the Colonel continue their obliging attention to my interests.

I wish the K. of S. had courage enough to come here. What charming derry-down songs and catches we should make about his jumping out of his own parlour-window into his garden, from the dread of one of his free nobles, who had penetrated into his guard-room, his setting the stave of a psalm like a parish-clerk, &c. &c.? Pray give the Dutchess these anecdotes of the tyrant.

The servants all send their duty. Thomas leaves me Monday fortnight, but I am not provided.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER X.

Friday, June 18, 1784.

YESTERDAY, my dearest Polly, was sacred to the powers of dulness, and the anniversary meeting of the Quintuple Alliance, when I was obliged to eat stale fish, and swallow foul port, with Sir Cecil Wray, Mr. Martin the banker, Dr. Jebb, &c. to promote the grand reform of Parliament. I was forced into the chair, and was so far happy as to be highly applauded, both for a long speech, and my conduct as president through an arduous day. I have not however authenticated to the public any account of the day's proceeding, nor given to the press the various new-fangled toasts, which were the amusement of the hour, and should perish with it.

Mr. Brook Watson was yesterday unanimously chosen Alderman of Cordwainer's Ward; and Mr. Alderman Pickett, Sheriff.

I received the parcel yesterday, and have sent to Dr. Price, Mr. Elmsly, Mrs. Molineux, &c. Mrs. M. came to town from Bath on Wednesday, and appears in tolerable health and spirits.

Your charming Dutchess, I think, always judges right. It would not tell to your advantage, that you had visited the Duke de Bouillon at Navarre, let the party even be ever so splendid.

Lady B——— has sent a letter here for you, which I enclose in the packet which I shall send this night.

I keep all the enclosures, as well as your letters. I am much pleased with every testimony of regard to my dearest daughter.

Every body complains of the disagreeableness of the House of Commons, although the weather is not sultry. I think however the House will continue sitting till the middle of July, and they find us business enough.

The Westminster scrutiny will be a standing dish, through the summer and autumn, and keeps all the politicians in town, who would otherwise take flight from the House of Commons.

I cannot guess at any thing new for a Dutchess, who has every thing; but the famous jeweller, Cox, is to come here in three or four days, and to bring me some *petite* elegance.

I almost tremble at the idea of the too frequent balls for the King of Sweden; but I hope your prudence will keep you from that excess of fatigue, which destroys every pleasure, and more than any thing mines the constitution.

I hope M. does not talk as wretched stuff as he prints.

Adieu!

LETTER XI.

Tuesday, June 22, 1784.

I AM very happy to confirm to my dearest Polly the agreeable news of unanimity on Midsummer-day, as far as my intelligence from every quarter extends. This good news will balance a very disagreeable circumstance respecting Sir Wm. B——, which I have from our neighbour Mrs. Gordon, who you well know neither delights in fiction nor scandal. Captain Sutton's action for damages against Governor Johnstone came to trial on Saturday. The da-

mages were laid at 40,000*l.* The jury at eight on Sunday morning gave Sutton 5000*l.* damages, full costs, and his prize-money to the amount of 8000 more. Sir William was one of Sutton's witnesses. He swore that he was on deck, &c. during the whole time. The master of the ship, and two sailors, deposed that Sir William was not on deck during the whole time. Sir William, not suspecting such evidence, was not prepared to contradict it. I have not seen the Baronet, nor Lady B——, since Friday. I fear a prosecution for perjury may follow against the Baronet, and there has been much talk of his *shyness* at the time of the action. Lord Rodney's evidence too has been much criticised, and his own letters produced against him respecting some opinions which he laid down as certain; but I have not yet all the particulars. Lord

Rodney has taken Mr. Darell's house at Kensington Gore for three months certain. His daughters are there. His Lordship has got the hooping cough as well as his young family, and in a violent degree. He gives 150*l.* for the three months. I have not yet been to visit my neighbour.

I dined in Portland Place last Friday with Sir Francis and Lady Bassett, Lord Plymouth, four or five ladies, half a dozen Members of Parliament, and Captain M——, whose nose a parson E—— pulled, and Lady S——— married. He sung the *Baby and Nurse*, an indecent attack on the King and Pitt, which he sung too, *as it is said*, at Carlton House. All the company turned to me at the conclusion of the song, and, after infinite plaudits to Bobadil, asked if I did not think it the wittiest song in the world. I did, except only one from the

same author, called the *Coalition*. Bobadil on this blushed for the first time, the company laughed, and forced him to sing the *Coalition*, which is the bitterest satire on Fox and North, with really more fun than the other. I luckily recollected his singing it at the Horse Guards, when I dined last there with ——— and ———. The tables were turned, and the *Coalition* laughed at all the evening.

Yesterday the House of Commons determined to hear no more petitions after that of Hereford this session. By this resolution only the double returns will be heard, and Middlesex with all the others will necessarily be put off till December or February. Probably, very probably, the Middlesex petition will never be renewed. By a good calculation, instead of seventy-one, I really shall have very near three hundred majority, should the

matter ever come in issue. I am every day attending to my interest in the county, having taken my resolution the rest of my life to represent Middlesex, concerning which so many remarkable events have happened to me. I have now full time in every event, and as I shall not stir out of my county till Christmas, I will recover whatever inattention or carelessness may have lost. I understand from the member Stephenson, that if the poll had continued one day longer, many more of my friends would have come to Brentford, who were kept away from the fear of riots and bludgeons.

I read in the English papers that Beaumarchais has given up the projected edition of Voltaire, but I hope it cannot be true. I was a subscriber, and paid three guineas. His letter is excellent. My compliments if you see him.

Your packet contains a very obliging note from Mr. and Mrs. Wathen, which I have answered with all offers of future franks. Mr. Hutton dined here yesterday, and is very sociable. There is likewise a letter from him.

The King of Sweden has, I hear, *un visage plat*, and not much meaning in the eye, that index of the soul. Besides my other objections to him, if he should be the cause of too great fatigue, by which my dear daugher may suffer, he will be sure of an additional strophe in my iambics against him.

Sherwin has sent me a proof of his noble large print of the heroic action of Sir Roger Curtis at Gibraltar, from a painting done by Sir Roger's direction, under his eye.

I desire to be respectfully remembered to the divine Dutchess, and affectionately to the Baron, Madame, and all our old

friends. I wish you to send me the *Almanach Royal* for this year, which has not yet come to England, and a pattern of a small *Sève* dessert plate.—It has rained a good deal every day for the last week, but the hay is not yet down, and the capital is very healthy.

Sir Francis Bassett has lost five members out of seven, and the *Coalition* declines hourly. Lord North the other day made an excellent speech against the reform of Parliament, and attacked with spirit the half-measures of Mr. Byng. Nothing against me.

I drink the Baron de Blome's health, and the Sardinian ambassador's. Not a word is mentioned here of the Denmark marriage. I really think the King's second daughter is one of the most beautiful young women I ever beheld, and her look is that of perfect benevolence and sweetness of temper. She resembles

the King as much as the Princess Royal does the Queen.

I enclose you *Neptune*, the translation of which would certainly amuse the Dutchess.

The servants all send their duty. Remember me to Mademoiselle Sophie.

Adieu!

I wish the Marquis de Lusignan would send me *one* Sève figure. Pray hint it to the Baron. I am captivated by the delicacy of the Sève biscuit.

Were *Benevolence* to assume a human form, the goddess would appear in the person of the *Dutchess de la Valliere*.

LETTER XII.

Friday, June 25, 1784.

If my daughter had been with me yesterday, my happiness had been completed, for I was unanimously re-elected Chamberlain. An exceedingly numerous and respectable Common Hall gave me every hand, voice, and demonstration of affectionate regard. I expected from the sour leaven of Fox's and Byng's partisans, the unpleasing sound of hissses or groans, but nothing reached the ear but the loudest plaudits, and I never saw more general good-humour and satisfaction. Mr. Tomlins teased the Livery before the choice of new Auditors with a long unmeaning harangue, which was answered in the same style by the old Auditors. No-

thing, however, was agreed to, as to any alteration in the mode of keeping accounts, and the whole scheme is for the present laid aside.

Poor T-rn-r's debts amount to 38,000*l.* ; to pay which there is only 14,000*l.*

I have settled the business of young S——. I have had several conversations with Mr. Angelo about his nephew's conduct, the extravagant generosity and absurdity of which I highly condemn. Yet the circumstance of the ship the Duke of Athol being blown up, and depriving him of every thing, strikes forcibly on my mind. I have since another letter from him, three hundred miles up the country, and he promises that he never will draw upon me again, and talks of making me remittances. I have therefore settled the business in the following manner: 200*l.* to be

paid Oct. 20, 1785, and the other 200*l.* October 20, 1786, with legal interest, by which I have saved the *jeune étourdi* from all the horrors of an arrest in a strange land.

Pray remember me kindly to Panchaud, and respectfully to the Chevalier de Chatelleux.

I wish you to profit to the utmost by your stay at Paris. I have seen Mr. Paice this morning here about other particulars of your City business, and he is all goodness, and has great intelligence. Without him I can contrive every thing for your stay till after the Dutchess's birthday. The unanimous re-election of the Chamberlain gives infinite credit, and you may profit by it. The fête of the Dutchess seems the epoch to fix your departure, and the return by Spa highly desirable for your pleasure; but perhaps, after what I wrote in my last

letter, not so prudent with the B———, or M———; for Lady B——— talked to-day of a rambling idea of seeing you before I could see you, &c. &c. &c. Your character is not that of a rambler, nor a risker, &c. &c. &c. We all pant for your return; yet I say, Sacrifice to health and pleasure, and do not return before the end of August, nor exceed the first week in September, giving every fair allowance for bad winds, &c. &c. &c. This is a letter of &c. &c. &c. and it will only add, that the happiness of my dear daughter is the object I shall always have nearest my heart.

Adieu—Eleven at night.

LETTER XIII.

Kensington Gore,
Sunday, June 27, 1784.

The pleasing idea of my dearest daughter follows me wherever I am, and gives me the highest rapture. I congratulate myself at having suggested the scheme of your present visit, and I partake in all the enjoyments which have followed. I now sit down at more leisure than I can get at Prince's Court, to talk over with you the various particulars preparatory to your return, which I desire may not be till after the fête of your incomparable Dutchess.

My unanimous re-election this year, as Chamberlain, after all the efforts to shake me, will give me unbounded credit; and the funding of the Navy bills,

which I believe will soon be done, will make that credit, I should hope, quite unnecessary. On your return you will soon be out of mourning; I wish you therefore to think about what clothes, linen, &c. &c. you would like. I would not scruple any expense; and you might, on finishing your accounts with your mercer a little before your departure, give him, or any other tradesman, drafts on me, as *Tresorier de la Ville de Londres, à Prince's Court, Great George Street, Westminster,* at two usances, and I shall be able to contrive it for you. I would not miss the opportunity of laying in a stock of linen, &c. by which you will save 50 per cent. at least, and be comfortable in all those articles till your next trip to Paris. As to that, I foresee you will return, probably in a couple of years, but I would not bind myself by any absolute promise. If you find

any difficulties with the tradesmen, I will send you Sir Robert Herries's notes, but the other way would be more convenient to me, as the money must be directly advanced at Sir Robert's; and besides you would wait ten days, without you asked a favour of the house at Paris, which I should be sorry you did. Your clothes, linen, &c. should be made up, to avoid all difficulties at Dover. Should you go to Spa, you may return by Holland, but in all cases I would advise you to cross to Calais, rather than embark any where else, to avoid a tedious passage by sea.

My holydays begin August 5, at two in the afternoon, and I mean to meet you at Dover, as the time of your return will be in that month I suppose. The Chamberlain's office opens September 7. I could contrive for you to stay abroad all August, but it would not be the absolute

certainty we both wish for *October the third.* If you are at Dover towards the 20th of August, every thing would have time for a complete arrangement. Have you heard any thing from the parties, or do you know who they are, and where they could be sent to? I think you may do every thing completely without Mr. Paice, who is indefatigable in settling your affairs, and will consult me more than his own intelligence stands in need of; but on every occasion I remark entire fairness and strict honour.

The *Sorrows of Werter* will come in to-morrow's packet.

Dr. Wilson's legacy to us both is, I understand, to be paid in six months. Send me your order; I will endeavour to receive it for you; but whether I do, or not, you may draw for what you will, and when you will.

I have engaged Sir Wm. B———'s servant Thomas, who I understand shaves and dresses hair very well, and Sir William recommends for honesty and sobriety. He is to have the same wages as my present servant, to wear a livery, to go behind a coach when desired, and to do whatever he is ordered.

I hear that what passed at Captain Sutton's action for damages against Commodore Johnstone, prevents the young couple's leaving England at present. I am glad of it, for Lady B——— told me, that she expected to see you before I did. I have not seen very much of them, but our dear cousin's situation I believe is not to be envied, nor are all her ways strewed with roses. Sir William told me, that upon an idea of Mrs. M———'s living abroad with her son, Mrs. M——— said, she would then leave her husband, which put an end to

the plan. Mrs. Gordon will write to you more authentickly on this head. I am upon the most easy terms with our neighbours, and have once dined there—been invited several times. They came to see Sherwin's fine print at the house which glories in giving you an apartment.

Mr. Pitt is highly extolled for his late proposition to abolish smuggling, and lay an adequate duty on windows to make up the loss to the revenue, from lowering the duty on tea. He establishes himself more and more in the hearts of the people. Mr. Fox said, that the popular delusion in his favour was at an end, and the frenzy had subsided. The very popular election for the Borough in favour of Le Mesurier, who started under every disadvantage, and the most highly applauded re-election of Mr. Wilkes, so long and openly threatened with opposition, demonstrate the contrary.

Sir Cecil Wray has published an honest, but ill-written defence of his conduct, in " A Letter to the independent Electors of Westminster, in the Interest of Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray," signed by himself. The style is not flowing, but shockingly disjointed, and choked with parentheses. It is not worth sending you, nor shall I, unless you desire it.

I wish to know the *Paris* opinion of the Comte de Grasse, and his conduct, with what passed at the court martial respecting him only, which I cannot find out by our papers. Sir B-rn-rd T-rn-r's executors take by their bonds the 14,000*l.* left. The rest of the 38,000*l.* which he owed, will be totally unpaid, and one of her brothers, a Mr. S——, a creditor for 9500*l.* is totally ruined. He made an uproar at the funeral, that the body should be thrown into the Thames, instead of pomp and military procession.

Your bedchamber is finished, and this week I shall have your dressing-room entirely new done. Mr. Harris expects this week some small elegancies of spar, which I shall send the Dutchess. They will be in an entirely new style, but we bar all accidents from bad Derbyshire roads. You may however give a distant hint of what is in contemplation, and what pleasure I have in thinking what may be agreeable to her. Cox has not yet been with me according to his promise.

You did not mention when the Dutchess's fête was.

Monday, June 28.

Last night I received your packet with the letters to the Duke of Richmond, Dr. Price, &c. &c. I thank you for the book, song, &c. &c. I believe your letter of June 21 came since I wrote last. You were very prudent in

not visiting Madame Suard, whose reputation I hear is not a little tarnished. Have you seen Monsieur Suard? I have just now yours of June 24, which gave me the highest pleasure, and I saw with you the Opera at *Trianon*, and the launching of the *air-balloon*, the expense of both which must have been enormous.

I saw Elmsly to-day, and he will send you the prints you desired this week. He has had the utmost difficulty in procuring them without the book.

I am not yet certain as to the account of the medal said to be struck in honour of Captain Cook, by the Royal Society. If the fact is so, and the members have each one, mine will be a present to the Dutchess. I will make the inquiry before the next post, and let the *Divinity*, for so she is, know my intention.

I smiled at the idea of the French ladies *in white*, to represent the blessed

spirits in Elysium. Their refined purity and celestial innocence were happily figured by Parisian females *in white*; and no doubt their thoughts, words, and actions, were as pure, and free from the dross of worldly appetites.

Prince's Court, Tuesday, June 29.

The important business of this day, is the swearing in Brook Watson as Alderman, and the eating a good dinner at the Mansion-house. I dined there Midsummer-day. The Mayor is *gentleman-like*, and very good-humoured. Rosenhagen dined here yesterday, and talked of a four months tour to the south of France, from which I warmly dissuaded him. The state of his finances, and the revival of mad, extravagant ideas, are, I think, insuperable objections.

Your packet with the *Sorrows of Werter*, newspapers, &c. went last night.

Mrs. Gordon promised that she would speak handsomely of me to you, and in the *postscript* of her letter, where ladies always tell the whole truth. I have not yet received the *Almanach Royal of* 1784. Elmsly says it is not in London. Be so good as to send it.

Adieu!

Tuesday Night, June 29.

Since I wrote the other pages, I have been at Somerset Place to talk of Captain Cook's medal to the officers of the Royal Society. The members of the Society have only copper medals. The King, Queen, King of France, Empress of Russia, and Captain Cook's widow, have each a medal of gold. A few of silver have been struck for distinguished members of the Society, paying a certain sum, but not one has been sold, and the die is to be broke.

I have one of silver exquisitely beautiful, which I shall desire the Dutchesss to accept. I will not venture it by a common conveyance, and therefore I shall wait on Lord Carmarthen, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to beg that it may go to the Hotel de la Valliere with his next courier to Paris. I am really charmed with the device and execution, the shirt-collar, &c. of the modern Gothic dress excepted.

I have visited our neighbour Mrs. Smith this afternoon, where I found Mrs. Gordon, and all three joined in calling you rake, and regretting your midnight travelling from Versailles to Paris. The good old lady joins in all my fears for the excess of your hurry and fatigue, without sufficient repose; and in this only we are ready to blame the excellent Dutchess, and I wish I was near enough to tell her so.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER XIV.

Friday, July 2, 1784.

I ENCLOSE you, my dearest Polly, a bill of Sir Robert Herries on Messieurs Girardot, Haller, and Co. at Paris, for 600 livres, which I dare say they will pay, if it is any convenience to you, as soon as it is presented, without taking the three days grace, or seven days sight. I thought this might be a convenience to you, before you settle your great objects. Perhaps the same bankers will give you cash for a draft on me at two usances, as you drew before. I wish to know in time whether you return by Spa, for perhaps Sir Robert Herries could accommodate you by his bills to that place, without your running the risk of carrying with you more cash

than might be necessary for your journey.

I wrote yesterday to Lord Carmarthen, and with the letter sent a small box, containing Captain Cook's beautiful medal in silver, as the dignified mode of sending to your Dutchess by our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

I thought that you would be pleased with more tea, and therefore sent to Brookes's for two more pounds, which I have had divided into six flat parcels with thin lead for the better keeping of the tea, and the convenience of the carriage. I have already sent two parcels, and shall send one or two more next Tuesday. It must go in small parcels, as it is strongly prohibited.

Friday Night.

This has been a day of much real business in the House of Commons, the

particulars of which are too tedious to give you. Mr. Hutton dined here, and I have just received the enclosed from Lord Carmarthen, which makes me hope the Dutchess will receive the medal before this comes to your hands.

I have since dinner received the pleasure of your letter of the 28th of June, and as soon as your bill of 30 Louis comes to hand, or any other, I shall accept it, and when I accept it, it is with as much pleasure as I do any act of my life. I wish you to return Lord Carmarthen's letter.

I have seen Mrs. M—— to-day. She says that she gives up George, and that Lady B—— does not comprehend the unpleasing extent of the attack on Sir William. He desires to keep his man a week longer, which is extremely inconvenient to all parties, Sir William excepted. Poor dear Betsy! Mr. —— I

suppose will write you more. She has been bled, fainted, &c. &c. I have seen her twice. She is all goodness; but Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Gordon, &c. shake their heads about the Baronet, and remain in silence. The L— Member has much to answer for, but all reflection comes too late, and adds to the regret.

I regularly make my pilgrimage to Kensington, except that of late I have been kept in town on the Thursday. The report here is, that the King of Sweden has left France in disgust.

Good night, dearest Polly.

LETTER XV.

Kensington Gore,
Sunday, July 4, 1784.

I SENT you, my dearest Polly, by the last post a bill of Sir Robert Herries for 600 livres, and Lord Carmarthen's very polite letter to me about Captain Cook's medal, which I hope you received, and the medal, which accompanied the Secretary's dispatches. Your draft for 30 Louis is not yet come to hand. When it does, it will be duly honoured.

I wish you to inquire at *Sève* about a small dinner service for four persons, and if the master of the manufactory will undertake to send it to London, and deliver it there unbroken, or if it can be sent to Calais, and by Monsieur Leguillon to

Mr. Fector at Dover, and he will draw for his money on the *Tresorier de la Ville de Londres*, at two, three, or four usances, and what the price will be, and if he will send me by you a pattern. I should be glad that you would bring him into a regular correspondence with me by the post, and I think we can always contrive opportunities of getting over small things. You might purchase for three or four Louis for me, and pay him.

I have arranged it with good Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gordon, that after your return to Dover I shall keep you there, and in the environs, three or four days, that you may recover your fatigues, before you come to the hurry of our capital, and visiting all your old friends, for we are all uneasy, not from the fear of any immediate bad consequence, but your suffering afterwards.

Prince's Court,
Monday Morning, July 5.

I am just returned from Kensington Gore; and although it is not seven, the *Almanach Royal* arrived here this morning before me, for which I am much obliged to you. I believe from Elmsly's account that it is the only one in England.

I hope to be in time for a present to the Dutchess on her *fête*, and I wish you to send me the copy of a proper short letter on the occasion.

You will see by an advertisement from the Navy Office in *this day's Morning Post* what is doing about *Navy bills*. I mean to dispose of that whole property, and replace the part due to the City in other securities of the same nature, taking my right of the profits, which of those even to April 1782, will I trust finish easily whatever you can want for

October 3, and the whole winter. You shall know more soon.

I have just received your letter of July 1, with one enclosed for the Dutchess, which I shall forward by to-morrow's post, and a little addition about Captain Cook, and the medal. The *Sève* china is a maggot which bites me at present, but I do not mean any thing expensive. If in the Rue St. Honoré you find some odd pieces tolerably cheap, or odd plates, &c. at the manufactory, a little cracked, I should be glad you would purchase, and if you sent them before you to Calais to Monsieur Leguillon, you would easily contrive to put them on board your packet, and I could contrive to get them here, when we are at Dover.

I have no objection to your seeing Ermenonville and Chantilly, if you do not return by Spa, which I suppose can-

not be contrived. Lady B—— talked to me this morning of an engagement to meet you at Lille, and hopes to set out for the continent this week. This plan will, I imagine, be impracticable. Sir William was not at home. Captain and Mrs. Montgomerie are at Lille. Another revolution has happened about Sir William's servant Thomas. Mrs. Molineux commends him highly. He is very desirous of being out of livery, which I have at last agreed to: no vails of any kind: thirty guineas standing wages.

Your note was brought at three, which I have accepted.

Tuesday, July 6.

By the advice of Mrs. M—— and other learned ladies, I am beginning to change my mourning, which they have settled for six months, after the inquiries

made by the said lady from the late hope of her own wearing sables.

Mr. White, a very old, and the senior attending, Clerk on Election Committees told me yesterday that I might be assured there was an end of the Middlesex petition, although he was not authorized to say so. He loses by its not proceeding. I am however going on procuring all legal evidence to substantiate my own votes, and invalidate Mr. Byng's, that I may leave nothing unprepared for every event.

Good night, my dearest Polly.

LETTER XVI.

Friday, July 9, 1784.

YESTERDAY I had the pleasure of my dearest Polly's letter of July 5, with the enclosure about the legacy. I shall return it to you, for I do not find that the Hoares act as executors, and therefore we must both wait till we hear from the other parties. I desire that this may not in the least check your drawing upon me in the former way of two usances, for I am now *almost at a certainty* for every thing you can wish, and likewise for *October* 3.

As you now propose to make a short stay both at Ermenonville and Chantilly, you might contrive to get a day's quiet and leisure before you reach Calais, and dedicate it to the excellent Dutchess,

Madame de Chantereine, &c. by letters, which you might put into the post before you embark. This attention cannot fail of pleasing, and then a very few lines at Dover will be sufficient just to mention your safe arrival.

If there is any new elegant book of Maps in 4to, lately published, I should be glad to purchase it, and odd pieces of *Sève*, or other French china, which might be cheap. You might send such things before you to Mons. Leguillon at Calais, ordering him to keep them till your arrival. I do not regard small imperfections, or even little cracks. *Monsieur's china* I wish to possess one piece of, however small, and I would expend from twelve to fifteen guineas in the china.

You will now soon make your calculations about Paris, and you cannot have less than 30 Louis in your pocket for travelling expenses. As to what you should

leave among the Dutchess's servants, it might be prudent to talk of it to any of the Dutchess's relations, in whom you have confidence. It will thus be known in a distant way to her. She will hint probably her opinion to her relation both as to the sum, and the mode, and you will be sure to please by following her opinion. It should be on a *liberal scale*, as a gentleman's daughter, who *felt the distinction*, without its being imagined you did not know the value of money, as well as the French, who are great economists.

If you stay beyond August 2, at Paris, you mar the compliment to the Dutchess, and you might settle with the coach for the time by the week, or have an allowance, or give up a few days, for the grace of the thing. The 8th of August is Sunday, not the 9th. I will set out so that I may have every thing ready for

you at Dover. Do not regard any moderate expense for what you like, but I wish you not to apply to Mr. Paice, as there is no occasion. You may draw at two or three times, if you prefer it, but let it be always at two usances.

I had several little things to mention, but Rosenhagen is just come, and I foresee that I have no chance of re-assuming the pen. I therefore conclude, my dearest Polly, with every compliment of respect and gratitude to the charming Dutchess, Madame de Chantereine, &c. &c. &c.

Adieu!

LETTER XVII.

Tuesday, July 13, 1784.

I HAVE been engaged, my dearest Polly, for some days about the proposition of Government to fund the Navy and Victualling bills. Many applications have been made to me to join the cry against the Minister, and to proceed at law against the Treasury upon a supposed breach of the public faith. I have resisted every attack, and refused to lend myself to a measure hostile to Administration. Public faith is not in my idea injured, for the bargain with the public was to pay 4 per cent. interest after the expiration of six months from the date of the Navy bill till it was paid off, but no time whatever was fixed for the paying it off. This is the condition

of all the Navy and Victualling bills which I have seen. The proposal now made for the terms of the stock is not so advantageous as we flattered ourselves with obtaining, but it is still great for me, who possess so much Navy prior in date to June 1782. I shall dispose of all this, and still I have a noble parcel behind, the interest of which is to be regularly paid. The uncertainty of when the Navy bills might be paid at all, and the ridiculousness of private persons going to law with the Treasury, are strong motives on my mind. Mr. Montague approves this conduct, the consequence of which will be a very tolerable round sum from the profits of the Navy bills to June 1782, and the money, which I replace to the City, I intend to lay out in new Navy and Victualling bills, the handsome profits of which will come to the Chamberlain.

This business being settled so greatly to my present accommodation, and for *October* 3, let us now, my dear daughter, look forwards to the charming time of your return, and the future conveniences of us both. Whatever you may wish for your own apparel, laces, fringes, &c. &c. you may purchase much cheaper and better than here, I suppose. Perhaps ten or fifteen guineas you might lay out for ruffles for me, or any other things you might think of, which would answer in the purchase at Paris. Scarlet cloth sufficient for one suit for the winter I should like to have made up with the Dutchess's buttons, and one embroidered waistcoat of about eight or ten Louis. Whatever you purchase, I think you should either take with you, or send before to Monsieur Leguillon, and bring it with you in the packet. I shall contrive to be at Dover a day or two before you,

and will arrange all matters with Mr. Fector. I will write in time to Mrs. Belcher at the *City of London* to secure the best apartments in her house.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker are going abroad for some time. He is very intimate with that unaccountable animal H—t-n W——, who shewed me a letter from him, that as he was determined to go on with his law, and it was not likely to produce him any thing for a good while, he chose to go to St. Omer's to avoid a prison here. I have neither seen, nor heard of, him or my niece till now since your tour. Mrs. Hayley is arrived well at Boston, but nothing more is known.

Mr. Saumarez has sent me a noble present of 102 Guernsey lilies, which are only just beginning to shoot, and therefore can save from the accidents of those the foregoing years.

We have had very fine weather for ten

days, and the hay-harvest has been very good.

Yesterday I had the favour of the parcel with *Mercier*'s two volumes of the *Bonnet de Nuit*, and the letters to Lady Effingham, &c. of which I have taken care. I do not recollect receiving any *caisse*. I wish to know what it might contain. I received the *Almanach Royal*, but nothing else at that time. I have sent you *six* flat parcels of tea, besides the first pound and a quarter, and the *Sorrows of Werter*.

The French *post* charms me by its exactness. Your letters are generally received the fourth day after the date, and the packets come tolerably regular.

I should be glad of twelve bottles of *ratafia à la fleur d'orange à la créme* at five livres per bottle, to be sent to Monsieur Leguillon before you leave Paris.

I shall send you six parcels more of the same tea in the same manner.

Sir Thomas Rumbold and his family are going abroad, really from distress, and the impossibility of raising money at present. The new *Thomas* is to come to-day. I agree with you about his character, and I shall ride him with a tight rein, nor will I suffer James, or any one here under my protection, to be ill-used. Within this week James is much improved, and from being on the point of discharging him, I have raised his wages to sixteen guineas from the next half-year, but with a declaration of sending him away directly, if he relapsed. The maids have behaved very well, and always send their duty. Your apartment is in great order, and your bed looks better than ever. It will only be a *celestial* bed when it receives its *celestial* inhabitant.

I gave Thomas a guinea for himself, when I settled his wages.

Many compliments to the Marquis de Travaunet, and Abbé Morellet, and above all to Madame Helvetius—Poor Sir W—— I hope is innocent, and I will believe it; but he is so foolish, and so tiresome, since Sutton's trial, that every creature avoids him—I hear much of Lille in about ten days—I have seen the family not very often, but I have had several long, too long audiences from Sir William—Many thanks for your letter of July 6th and 8th.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

Friday, July 16, 1784.

I UNDERSTAND from Mr. Spragg, my dearest Polly, that Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r are arrived at St. Omer's, but this intelligence you need not know, unless you choose it, when you pass through that town, should your course steer you that way. Lady B——— is hourly teasing Sir William to go abroad, and I suppose will succeed. Every person condemns her; and I know not how it is, but our little cousin ceases to be a favourite with Mrs. Gordon, &c. &c. and Sir William falls into perfect insignificance. He is now the greatest *bore* I know. He says that he will return by the next term, when the new trial comes on, unless Lady B——— should be on

the point of lying-in, yet he is writing to Lord Howe for leave of absence *for a year*, the consequences of which I stated to him, and told him the handle which would be made against him by wrangling, foul-mouthed counsel. Mrs. M——— loses her temper in the whole of this business, and complains highly of Sir William's neglect. She says, that she has been asked, "Who is the father of Lady B———'s child?" an instance of insolent cruelty scarcely to be paralleled, which would be ventured against few men.

I have brought more forward the circumstances of Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r, and the B———s, because I suppose you would wish to avoid the possibility of seeing either family. You may make me always the pretext of not staying where they are, if the unlucky star of the hour should bring you together.

Mrs. Gordon, I believe, agrees fully in sentiment with me. I find this agreeable neighbour increase every day in my esteem, and she could not make her court more effectually to me than by talking in the style she always does of my dear daughter.

I shall send you by the Paris diligence of next Tuesday a present for the Dutchess's fête from me. The box will be directed to you, and on the direction will be at the top +++. You will know by this it is for the Dutchess. I wish you to give it her in my name, the veille of her fête, and only mention the anxiety I had for its arriving safe, and that you do not know the contents of the box. The present is *de toute beauté et de toute magnificence*, and will convince her of the sense I entertain of her goodness to you. It should be carefully unpacked, and in case of an accident, let

the blame fall on her servants, and let it happen in her presence, for I am satisfied there can be no misfortune to it previous to its arrival in Paris. I hope likewise to write in time to her on her fête, that you may receive it, and present the letter too in the most *a-propos* moment.

I mean to leave London Thursday, the 5th of August, in the evening, to lie that night at Dartford, and on Friday, the 6th, to reach Dover, and lie at the *City of London* there. I shall write to Mrs. Belcher in time to secure the best apartments. Considering the uncertainty of the passage from Dover to Calais, the last parcel I shall send you will be by the diligence of Saturday, July 24, but I shall probably write you a few lines by the Tuesday's post following, which will be on the 27th of July.

While I thus mention to you my ar-

rangements, I desire to interfere with yours, and I wish you not only to see Ermenonville and Chantilly at your leisure, but to give a day or two to repose and writing letters, as I mentioned in my former. My noble companions of antiquity will comfort me at Dover till I have the higher pleasure of your society, and I shall daily inhale gales of health from old ocean.

My nephew Charles Wilkes has accepted the office to the new bank of the States of New York of cashier, with a salary of 200*l.* a year; and he goes there the beginning of August.

I received this morning the patterns, and I so well like them all, that I wish you to order six of each, and three fruit-baskets of the pattern No. 1, the sides to be open, and to settle about the safe conveyance here, and the paying for them by drafts on me. I should be glad

you would give three or four hours to pick me up a few odd pieces in the shops, of no great expense. I know your taste so well that I leave the management of the whole to you.

Are the patterns of the china to be sent back? I hope not. I wish you to bring a catalogue of new books, new maps, &c. with you from the most celebrated booksellers and mapsellers. I will go to Madame de Cageneck's again the first opportunity, and mention what you desire about the *vin de paille*, &c.

Friday Evening, Seven.

The French post is just come in, and has brought me your letter of July 11th, and the 12th, at half past seven this morning. I feel for all you have suffered from the character of Mademoiselle Sophie. I entirely approve your conduct, and I will take care that Susan shall at-

tend you at Calais. The time you will fix in a future letter. You have done right in taking the Dutchess with you in the whole business. A few guineas are not to be regarded. The Dutchess should be your pole-star to guide you through these intricate paths, and when you can draw on me, you cannot be at a loss to complete your own plan without any embarassment. Some French female of her recommendation must necessarily attend you from Paris to Calais, till Susan meets you. This needs not alter your plan about Ermenonville or Chantilly.

You will of course write, and I shall likewise by every opportunity till we meet at Dover.

Adieu!

LETTER XIX.

Tuesday, July 20, 1784.

I ENJOY by anticipation, my dearest Polly, the pleasure, which I think I may be sure the excellent Dutchess will receive by my offering at her shrine the day of her fête. I dispatched the box last night. The direction is marked + + +, as I believe I mentioned before, that it might not be opened till the propititious hour. I wish to know what you pay for the carriage, for it is very heavy. It is fastened with screws, and must be gently unscrewed. I have seen nothing of the kind so perfect.

The contre-tems of Mademoiselle Sophie is unpleasant, but it will so soon finish, it cannot occasion you much regret. I foresee it will be an additional

expense of ten guineas at least. Susan shall certainly come in time to Calais, but I wait another letter from you before I speak to her on the subject.

Dr. Wilson's legacy we cannot receive till Christmas—I do not send you any parcel after next Friday, the 23d inst. unless I receive any particular commissions from you.

I send you two new ballads on the new taxes, which are not so much grumbled at as I expected.

I often transport myself with a wish to your pretty gallery, and enjoy the fragrance of your stocks and minionet, and still more the wit and elegance of the Dutchess and her society.

I shall continue in sables while you do; but I understand that six months should by all modern rules finish the whole.

I have the favour of your letter of the 13th from the Chateau de Bonnelles, and hope your little tour will be as salutary to your health as adding to your pleasures.

Your parcel by the diligence contains a letter from me to the Dutchess on her fête. I have just received a charming letter from her dated July 14th, full of your praises, and gratitude to me for the medal. I have, after two hours hard study, decyphered the whole alone, except three words, which our Moravian perhaps can make out. It is really incomparable, and speaks throughout her excellent character.

I have told Susan of her tour, and she seemed very well pleased to be made as useful as possible.

Tuesday Night, July 20.

The director of the diligence to Paris sent to desire I would sign a declaration about the box, on account of the size and the weight, and that I would direct it to the Dutchess, not to you. Accordingly I signed, "*Je declare envoyer à Madame la Duchesse de la Valliere son hotel une boite contenant curiosités naturelles. A Londre ce* 19 *Juillet* 1784. *J. W.*" I said that it was a present to the Dutchess for her fête, and wished to contrive that she might not pay the carriage. He therefore advised you to send to the Douane, and take it out from thence. I have it at heart that the box may be laid at the Dutchess's feet in the propitious moment, and without her having the least suspicion. It will shew my sense of your obligations to her.

Now is my dearest Polly on the ten-

terhooks of female expectation to know what this same box contains, about which her father is so anxious. I shall not however gratify your curiosity, and I hope you will not know till the eve of the fête of St. Anne, and that you will learn all from the Dutchess herself, or perhaps you will be present at the opening, about which too much care cannot be taken. I wish for a line immediately after the receipt of the box, or you will have another kind of *box* at your return on a part which in me is now almost well. It begins however to tremble, both at the right and left, on the approach of August, from the fear of your renewing your attacks in that quarter.

LETTER XX.

Friday, July 23, 1784.

I HAVE remarked in none of your connexions, my dearest Polly, so much real regard and tenderness for you as in our agreeable neighbour Mrs. Gordon. Her frequent and anxious inquiries about your health have been very engaging. To give a faint instance of my gratitude, I have sent her the most beautiful haunch of venison which I ever beheld; a great sacrifice for an alderman to make, but very trifling for Mr. Wilkes to a friend of his daughter. I have not forgotten a little sacrifice of Newbury fish, when it has been peculiarly fine. The good lady has paid me a visit this morning, and I have shewn her the complete order in which your

apartments are arranged. I asked, if it were her opinion, that I should receive you again. She declares herself decidedly of that opinion, so that we shall fling open all the doors for your return. We settle for Susan to go to Dover on Monday the 2d of August, so that we expect she will be at Calais on Wednesday morning, the 4th, to wait your arrival, and recover herself a little of her fatigues. I expect to be at Dover on Friday, the 6th of August. The French mail not being arrived, I do not know if any alterations are made in your plan. If there are, I shall conform to them.

By the packet of this night, which is the last I shall send by the diligence, you will have two more parcels of tea, the newspapers, &c. and six of my speeches, which you will give to my friends who wish to throw away an idle half-hour on politics. The Baron, Hol-

bach I mean, would probably wish to read it.

Lady B——— has at present fixed Saturday sevennight, for her tour to Lisle. Mrs. S——, our neighbour, says she does not believe her to be breeding, and that Sir William and she are two fools come together.

Pray let the Dutchess know that I shall celebrate next Wednesday in the English mode by full libations to her health *with a few friends*, and prayers, and vows, for frequent opportunities of keeping the festival.

Your account of the Duke d'Uzés, and his reception of you, is charming. The French only really possess the *savoir vivre*, and the rare art of making all who approach them, perfectly happy.

I am glad that Mademoiselle Eleonore pleases you.

As it is probable you may not receive

another letter from me by the post, I have only to wish you a very good journey, and a quick, safe passage, with earnest entreaties that you would not travel by night, nor in any way fatigue yourself. You will find me at the *City of London* in Dover, rejoiced to embrace you, and to receive you again in your native country.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

Your letter of the 19th, with that enclosed for Susan, is just arrived. Susan desires her duty, and will attend you at the time. I will send to-morrow about the *caisse* with the China figures, &c.

Bon soir.

LETTER XXI.

Tuesday, July 27, 1784.

I ONLY take up the pen, my dearest Polly, to renew my warmest wishes for your good journey, and happy passage to Dover, where you will find a tender and affectionate parent.

To-morrow I shall celebrate your excellent Dutchess's fête with real regard and gratitude.

I forgot to mention that I wish you to purchase a good map of the *environs of Paris* for about forty miles, which will include Fontainbleau and Compeigne as well as *Bonnelles*, and will be a high amusement to you. It will prove a good supplement to the large map of Paris, which I purchased a few months ago.

Lord Rodney is in great affliction, that

his eldest daughter run to the blacksmith at Gretna Green last Thursday with Sir William Chambers's son. One of Lord Rodney's sons played the same game with I know not whom the week before, and is said to have contrived it for his sister.

The Major dined here yesterday, more mad and slovenly than ever. It is the only time I have seen him since your absence. He says, that he totally disapproves me, since I have declared for Mr. Pitt, because I am now a party-man; but I do not answer a madman.

Susan is much alarmed about the sea; but Jenny laughs at her very heartily, and wishes you would order her such a jaunt. I am uneasy about Susan, for she says she is afraid that she shall never muster up courage enough to venture on the sea. In this dilemma Mrs. Gordon and I have concluded to send her

next Monday, August 2, to Dover to Mrs. Belcher; and if she continues the fool we suspect she will, I shall direct Mrs. Belcher to send you to Calais some female to escort you over, and Susan will attend you the rest of the tour. As I cannot be so soon at Dover, I cannot use any arguments to her on the spot, nor do I believe any would avail against the single strong idea of being drowned.

Your draft for 50 guineas came yesterday, and I duly honoured it. I have likewise the pleasure of your letter of the 22d instant. As you are so well pleased with your new servant, suppose you were to keep her. Prince's Court could contain her even now, and you know we look forward. Mrs. Gordon tells me this is Mrs. Smyth's birthday, so I am setting out with a superb bouquet for the worthy old lady.

I trust that no accident has happened

to my offering to the Dutchess. If it is unlucky, Mr. Harris tells me, that any fractures may be repaired by a person who lived with him, a Monsieur Maugé, chez Monsieur Chenu, Sculpteur-figuriste, rue neuve St. Laurent, proche les Peres Nazareth.

Your offering to the Dutchess is beautifully imagined, and the execution I hope will answer the excellence of the thought, with which she cannot but be struck. You will find that your last draft will not do, and you may draw again for what you will, but you cannot leave Paris with less than 30 or 40 Louis. I wish you to settle it with the master of the Sève manufactory how he is to be paid, and how the things are to be sent. Perhaps the Dutchess's homme d'affaires will take the trouble of all our little commissions.

I wish for a catalogue of the books printed in 12mo. by *Didot l'ainé, rue*

pavée S. A. I have the *Boileau*, and *La Fontaine, Fables*, and the *Collection des Moralistes Anciens*, but no others. If you send a servant, he would readily furnish you with his catalogue.

I shall write in time to Mrs. Belcher, and secure the best apartments at the City of London for Friday, the 6th of August, where I hope we shall have a happy meeting; and so, dear girl, once more bon voyage.

LETTER XXII.

Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1784.

MY DEAR POLLY,

At Paris, and in every capital, of Europe at least, you will create to yourself a superior regard and esteem; but your consequence in a country-town must originate in a very different way, and even this letter is of some moment, because it shews there are people out of such a country-town as Calais, who interest themselves for you.

Home news.—Susan set off for Dover yesterday morning at five, in good spirits as I am informed. The same day arrived two letters from my dear daughter, and the excellent Dutchess, both which I greatly admire. I am happy that the pillars came safe, and above all in the

auspicious moment; and considering their value, I do not much mind the Dutchess's paying the carriage, although I wish that it had been otherwise. Every thing has been fortunate, and most luckily timed, but unluckily Lady Effingham has been in New Palace Yard, and has read our now *great* cousin your long letter, which by no means seemed to please the Baronet's lady. It is however of no consequence, as I believe, from the little peep I can take into futurity, neither the intimacy of the B.'s, nor of the M.'s, will be much cultivated by you in future.

I wrote to Mrs. Belcher about a person to attend you, and shall be impatient for her to-morrow, should Susan be ridiculous.

Sir Francis Samuel Drake is to be sworn in at Guildhall on Thursday, after which I set out for Dartford.

Nothing can be more elegant than all the turns of the Dutchess's letter, nor more affectionate, and respectful, to you, as well as grateful to me.

The new Thomas is very attentive, and seems willing to learn, but is exceedingly awkward.

The weather is now become very fine, and I hope will favour your passage. Were I a poet, I should *ode*fy Æolus; but as I am not, in plain prose I have only to wish propitious gales, and sunshine. You will find me wandering on the coast, like one of the ghosts in the sixth book of the Æneid, notwithstanding my aldermanic quality, and straining the visual orb after your packet.

Adieu!

LETTER XXIII.

City of London Inn, at Dover,
Saturday, Aug. 7, 1784.

DEAR POLLY,

I COULD not miss a Dover packet going with a favourable wind to Calais to tell you of my safe arrival here, and to wish you the same good luck. It blew a hurricane last night. If there should be the least danger, I entreat you by no means to venture. I shall wait your arrival, and as my holydays commenced yesterday, the public cannot suffer by the delay, although the impatience of a fond father most anxiously thinks with reluctance of your being detained one hour longer than you intended on the Gallic coast.

May the most propitious gales fill your sails!

Adieu!

LETTER XXIV.

South Parade, Bath,
Monday, May 16, 1785.

The lowering sky of this morning, my dearest Polly, has more charms for me than the blue ether of Italy, for I expect *the clouds to drop fatness* shortly, in the Scripture phrase. The earth in general is quite parched up, but the meadows which border on the Avon have the usual tender verdure of spring. The nightingales are in full song, and I only regret that they do not charm your ear as they do mine in the morning as well as the evening.

When I breakfasted at Salt Hill on Saturday, Mrs. March carried me to what she called her *cottage*, a small house wonderfully neat; almost close to

the field adjoining to the late Castle. There are three very good bedchambers, an excellent eating-room, and breakfast-parlour. It is separate from every thing, and I find the great people sometimes have it for four or five days. If the scheme is agreeable to my dear daughter, I would propose to have it from Saturday sevennight to the Monday following. I would meet you there on my return from Bath to dine at three on Saturday the 28th, the next morning go to chapel with our Sovereign at Windsor, dine at the famous Cliefden spring, should the weather prove favourable, and in the evening see the company on the terrace of Windsor Castle. The *cottage* is engaged on the Monday evening on account of the Tuesday races. I wish you to let me know by the next post, if you relish my plan, that I may write accordingly to Mrs. March. If you choose to bring Mrs. Gordon, or

Miss Gordon, in *Miss*'s coach, there can be no objection, and you would dine in town easily on the Monday, May the 30th.

I was at the rooms last night with the French Ambassador, who is surprisingly recovered. Lady Fleming, Lord Conyngham, &c. &c. lords and ladies, all make many inquiries after you. To-day I dine in the Circus with my old friend Mr. Plunkett. Lady Fleming is wonderfully agreeable, but rather too saucy for her matron age, &c.

My compliments to all the Prince's Court gentry. I have not yet seen the Molineux's, who are at the public breakfast, and yesterday at private parties all day.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XXV.

South Parade, Bath,
Tuesday, May 17, 1785.

I AM just starting, my dearest Polly, for a great fair, which is to be held at Holloway, but I thought it proper to put up first in an envelope Miss Molineux's letter to you, and a note to me from her mother.

Since I wrote the above at ten this morning, the post is arrived, and brings me your charming letter of Saturday night, with the Bulletin, for which I am much obliged to you. I return it.

I am glad we have so many volumes of Voltaire. Why should you leave them in my cabinet? Why not undo the packet, and look them over?

Good morrow, *très chère et très aimée fille.*

LETTER XXVI.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, May 18, 1785.

I BEG the favour of you, dear Polly, to tell Mrs. Gordon, that I went myself to Colonel Gould's, in River Street, with her little packet for Miss Gwynn. She does not live at the Colonel's, but was to dine there that day, and Mrs. Gould took charge of it. The Colonel is confined to his bed. The *quarter of a guinea* is at a relation's, still very ill from a great swelling in her neck, a complaint under which she has laboured for many months.

I saw Mrs. M——— and her daughter yesterday, and they are both in perfect health. She complains much about a letter from her son since Mr. M———'s

visit to Lisle, which I am to wade through after dinner to-day. I sincerely pity her, but I do not comprehend how two females can contrive to *rusticate* more and more every month at Bath. My attentions to her are redoubled from her unfortunate situation.

Mr. Hartford has new furnished and papered the upper apartments, and with the aid of my prints they look very gay, but not cheerful without you.

I have at eleven this morning received together your two letters of Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon, for both which I thank you, and for the extract from the Dutchess de la Valliere's letter. It is well written; yet were I a subject of France, I could not sing the praises of the minister who conducted the war before the last. I believe however in all the amiable qualities and lively wit of the Duke of Choiseul, but not

quite in the Dutchess's assertion, " Je suis sure que sa femme en mourera de douleur."

Colonel Barré is here, and I have much conversation with him. We go to Bowwood to dine next Sunday, but return in the evening.

I am happy that you like my plan for the *cottage*, and I will write to Mrs. March in time, and enclose you the letter for fear of its miscarriage by a cross post.

Bath is not alive, even to scandal, and only two cotillon balls remain to be danced.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XXVII.

South Parade, Bath,
Friday, May 20, 1785.

I AM very glad, my dear Polly, that Cawdron's draft to *bearer* came safe. It was a great indiscretion in him to risk it by the post. It ought to have been on a stamp, and to *order*.

Company arriving soon after dinner at Mrs. ——'s prevented my being teased with the foolish young Squire's letter; and the squabbles of every part of that family are tiresome and uninteresting to all but relations.

Lord Lansdowne has just sent me an invitation to Bowwood, which I accept for Sunday, but return here in the evening.

Mr. L-sc-lls is arrived, not wafted here, as I understand, by the warm

wishes of Lady F——. He has just been to see me.

Lady Conyngham had a grand rout last night, at which the beautiful waistcoat, which you brought me from France, was displayed and admired. These routs bid fair to ruin Bath, as a public place.

Monsieur D'Adhémar is surprisingly recovered, but appears to me very low-spirited. He talks more of his *regime* than any thing else, and is very shy about accepting dinners from some late sufferings.

Clarke is so stupid, that he is almost useless, except for the dressing my hair. I am always shaved by a barber. I cannot long keep him, yet do not think of parting with him in a hurry, and when I do, it will be in perfect good humour, for he is honest and sober, but, from his ignorance and *gaucherie*, he is really troublesome. I have not yet for this

reason given any dinner, and doubt whether I shall or not, upon this account.

Lord N——t has just left me. He complains much of a scratch on his leg, which has assembled all the foul humours of his body, and they are not few. Be so good to keep Cawdron's 50*l.* till my return.

I mean to leave Bath next Friday, to lie at the Castle at Speen Hill that night, and hope to join you by two at the *cottage*, on Saturday the 25th.

Adieu!

LETTER XXVIII.

South Parade, Bath,
Sunday, May 22, 1785.

I REALLY ought, my dearest Polly, to make you the *amende honorable* for repeating the *fi donc, fi donc,* on the supposition that you did not write last *Wednesday,* for this day's post has brought me your letter, and the Morning Post of that day's date, marked on the cover, *Mis-sent to Maidenhead.* I thank you for the Bulletin, which accompanied. The Bulletins on such interesting subjects are worth preservation.

Poor Mrs. G——! to be so suddenly struck! *Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow,* shall always be a part of my Litany at every age, for poor Mr. P—— at eighty, *bien sonnées,* has been within the

two last years ruined, in finance as well as reputation, by an artful jade of this place. He is now at a distance well watched at a relation's house. My wines, &c. were all however untouched.

I am sorry to send you so bad an account of our legacies from ———. Mr. P-t-n, the executor, has put the will into Chancery, and pays nobody. The Doctor left in legacies many thousands more than he was worth. Mrs. C——'s 10*l.* for mourning unpaid, the servants' year's wages unpaid, nothing paid but the rings. No prospect of any near arrangement. The Parson C——l has been many months removed into Berkshire. A legacy there of 1500*l.* unpaid even in part. I believe that you and I shall scarcely seek a remedy by throwing our own guineas after the Doctor's.

Mr. Hancock has not yet been able to please himself in fish, delicate enough

for you or the Lord Mayor, but hopes that to-morrow's market will answer to his mind.

It is truly barbarous of you to remind me of my former sufferings, now my *ears* are recovering, but I hope before next Saturday to be enough recovered less to dread the combat.

I am just stepping into the post-chaise to proceed to Bowwood, and therefore bid my dear Polly

Good morrow.

LETTER XXIX.

South Parade, Bath,
Tuesday, May 24, 1785.

I WAS too late yesterday for the post, my dearest Polly, or I should have told you of my Sunday's excursion to Bowwood, where I had a most flattering reception from the Marquis and Marchioness. I was however walked off my legs from two to five, when we dined, and I returned to Bath at eight, sleeping half the way in the post-chaise from mere lassitude. The chateau is truly magnificent, and well furnished, but no three rooms lie together, which must render it extremely inconvenient. The environs are gay, in the style of Brown. I was much pressed to stay, but I could not contrive it. The warm-

est invitations to return for a long abode. Lord Wycombe, who is an amiable young man of Christ Church, Oxford, I became acquainted with at Colonel Barré's here.

I wish you to write a line to Mrs. March, at the Windmill, Salt Hill, Bucks, to acquaint her of our intention to dine at the *cottage* on Saturday, lest my letter should have miscarried.

I do not desire any letters, or papers, should be sent here after Wednesday afternoon, five, because the letters are not distributed till eleven in the morning, and I leave Bath on Friday at six.

I return you the Bulletin; the three first lines of which made me laugh *à gorge deployée*, and I likewise received this morning a packet of books, papers, &c. by the coach.

I beg the favour of you to write to me by *Thursday*'s post, by five in the

afternoon, *at the Castle, Speen Hill, Berks,* and I shall have your letter on my arrival in the evening.

I have not given any dinner for reasons you guess, but have dined always alone, or from home.

I wish you to keep the parcel rolled till my return.

The Molineux's are well, and send their compliments.

Bon jour, ma très chère et très aimable fille.

LETTER XXX.

South Parade, Bath,
Wednesday, May 25, 1785.

I HAVE just received my dear Polly's letter of yesterday, and, as soon as I have finished this dispatch, I shall proceed to execute your commission about the coach carpet, with which I am much pleased and honoured. Mr. Coward, in New Bond Street, had my orders some days ago to search every where for the best things of the kind, and now I have the measure, there can be no delay.

You may very well contrive to dine at Cranford Bridge next Monday. The house is very neat, not far from our former dwelling, and the situation rural. We must quit the *cottage* Monday morn-

ing, as it is to be got ready for Lord Craven, &c. &c. in the evening. My time must be uncertain, for should it be the third reading of the Tax on Retail Shops, I must be at the House to vote against it, from the warm opposition made to it by the city. In that case, I should go on in a post-chaise, and you would return to Prince's Court in the cool of the evening.

Poor Mrs. M———! My heart bleeds for her. I have given her a little of my fine tokay.

I beg you to say *mille choses* for me to your Dutchess.

I wish you much entertainment at Bellamy's benefit.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

Friday, July 30, 1785.

I WRITE to you, my dearest Polly, as you desire, although I have very little to mention. One particular will give you pleasure. I have this morning got the *caisse*, which you sent so long ago as the 26th of June. This afternoon all the letters were forwarded. Every thing came perfectly safe. I went myself to the Custom-house, was detained three hours, and obliged to pay 2*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* I am however exceedingly pleased with all the cups and saucers, as well as with the *shepherdess*. The charming *Bergere* will always please me; and I am sure that she will not make any complaint of *fifty-six*, nor look graver than before, when she finds she is not placed on a *bergere*.

I hope this will kiss your hands in good time after your arrival, to make you easy about the *caisse*. I wish you to contrive to have every thing sent to Leguillon put on board the packet, as well as what you bring, and it would be right to take a note of how many parcels there are. It will be much easier to arrange this from the Dover custom-house, than from that at London.

Susan now talks very courageously, but I doubt her prowess, if the least gale of wind should arise. By to-morrow's post I shall write to Mrs. Belcher, that a female attendant may in all cases sail with the first packet after next Monday, when Susan will arrive at Dover. I still continue in the resolution of being this day sevennight, August 6, at Dover. I have arranged every thing for *October* 3.

I have this day a letter from Mrs.

Hayley of her safe arrival at Boston. She seems highly pleased with her reception.

Mrs. Smith at last agrees to the pregnancy of Lady B———, who, against all remonstrances, *now* determines to go to Dover in her way to Lisle next Friday. Their things being packed up, this house accommodates the foolish young couple with tea-urns, waiters, &c. &c. Mrs. M——— is gone to Mr. H——'s, at Charlton in Kent.

My dearest Polly, adieu—bon voyage.

LETTER XXXII.

Prince's Court,
Friday Morning, May 19, 1786.

JAMES is just arrived, my dearest Polly, and has brought me the welcome news, that you were in perfect health yesterday, and the wind quite propitious for your passage. I have to thank you for three favours, the billet left on the table, and your letters from Sittingbourn and Dover.

I went yesterday to Sir Robert Herries's, and purchased you a bill on Paris, at seven days sight, for 960 livres, or 40 Louis. I paid for it only 39*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* so that reckoning guineas and Louis as the same in travelling, you gain near 6 per cent. I am to return you 13*s.* 4*d.* out of the 40*l.* I enclose the bill.

I paid yesterday your coach, servant's tax, &c. 6*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* Mr. and Mrs. Gordon dine here to-day, and I enclose the lady's note, and the account of Dornford's defeat.

I will see the Swinburnes to-morrow. I suppose you will write to Mrs. Swinburne as soon as you arrive at Paris.

Lord Surrey's motion for a committee to inquire into the state of Parliamentary representation, was lost yesterday by 31.

I desire to be laid at the feet of the Dutchess de la Valliere, with a thousand expressions of attachment and devotion.

I am impatient for the account of your arrival on the Gallic coast.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, May 23, 1786.

YOUR letter from Calais, my dearest Polly, made me very happy, and gave great satisfaction to our good neighbours, who are become impatient to hear of your having passed the sea with safety. I went with it to Blenheim Street, and gave your compliments to all that worthy family, with our joint acknowledgments respecting Mrs. Susan. Mr. Swinburne is going into Yorkshire for ten days, but he goes en garçon.

I received your letter by the Dover post yesterday at three.

A French gentleman brought here a letter from Lady B—— directed to you or me. It contained only the common

news of Lisle, and the hope of seeing you there.

I wrote to you last Friday, and enclosed Sir Robert Herries's bill for forty Louis at seven days sight.

I wish you to send me, to the care of Monsieur Leguillon at Calais, "Voyage en Italie, par Monsieur de la Lande, avec un Atlas, 9 vol. in 12mo. brochés, seconde edition, corrigée et augmentée."

The Gordons dined with me on Friday, and talked of you with great regard and affection.

Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Smith, &c. &c. &c. have made many inquiries.

Tuesday sevennight is now fixed for Mr. Burke to exhibit his first charge against Mr. Hastings, respecting the Rohilla war, and I think it probable that may terminate the whole business. I saw him yesterday, in the same calm, philosophical temper, which has always

distinguished him, in the most trying situations.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER XXXIV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, May 26, 1786.

YOUR letter from Paris of the 21st arrived in good time yesterday, my dearest Polly, to comfort me under the loss of the single article in the Portland Museum, on which I had set my heart, to present to you. I thought that I had left a splendid commission, 35*l.* It sold for 38*l.* 17*s.* I inquired the name of the purchaser, and was directed to Jefferies and Jones. I went to them, but

was informed that it was purchased for the Duke of Portland, who had ordered them to bid 100 guineas, or rather by no means to suffer it to be sold. Such an answer ruined all my hopes. I soon however recovered the disappointment, when I had the account of your agreeable journey, and safe arrival at Paris, and I lost sight of "the thirty circular portraits of illustrious personages, finely modelled and coloured by *Holbein*," to turn my view towards the illustrious personages, the Dutchess de la Valliere, the Princesse de Tarente, the Dutchess de Chastillon, with whom you are at present.

Nothing can exceed the polite tenderness of their manner of receiving the English traveller.

I am highly flattered by the Dutchess's being used to wear the *cross*, and *watch-chain*, which I had the honour of pre-

senting to her. It is something to be about her person even in that manner, and where—but the pleasures of a wild imagination are not to be indulged.

The Comte de Gramont called here this morning, when I was absent, and left me a packet from the Comte de Lusignan. It contained one of the most elegant Greek books which I ever saw, the charming Anacreon, printed at Parma, and superbly bound, with two French brochures. If you see the Comte, let him know how kindly I take such a *royal* remembrance of his humble servant.

Middiman has sent here two copies of No. 6 of *Select Views*. I paid ten shillings for them. Are they to be sent to you at Paris, or kept here?

The Exchequer bills of 1785 to the amount of two millions are paying off by Exchequer bills of 1786.

Prince's Court and courtiers remain, as before, fixed and quiet.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXV.

Guildhall,
Tuesday, May 30, 1786.

From this place, my dearest Polly, you will only expect a dull letter of business. My thanks and praises shall be given to Mr. Palmer for his new regulation of the post, by which on the Monday I have the favour of your letter from Paris of the 25th, with great exactness, and I likewise received the packet with the letter for Mrs. Swinburne, the Memoire of the Cardinal de Rohan, &c. &c.

I am greatly obliged by your kind attention. I sent immediately to Mrs. Swinburne, who had made many inquiries.

Much good humour prevails at present in the city, but no small pains are taken to raise a commotion respecting the new excise on wine; however, there is little probability of success.

Stocks have risen four per cent. within these three days.

D-rnf-d will still go on:

> "Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain—
> The creature 's at his dirty work again;"

but he can do no mischief.

I rejoice that the Dutchess is so cheerful. She does honour to her sex, her nation, and to the present age.

Mr. Hastings has purchased Beaumont Lodge near Windsor.

The Ambassador will of course give a splendid entertainment next Monday. I

do not pay my duty that day at St. James's, and consequently make no new clothes; but as the House will adjourn on Friday, I make a little tour early on Saturday to Brighthelmstone, and return on the Wednesday of the next week, June the 7th, to attend the House on the 8th.

I beg to be affectionately remembered to all the Holbach family, and to Madame Chantereine, and Madame Genlis.

The weather is very fine, but rather sultry.

I was glad of the accurate information which you sent me respecting the abolition of torture in France.

Be careful of that first of blessings, health, and continue to love me with tenderness.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXVI.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 2, 1786.

I FLATTERED myself yesterday, my dearest Polly, with the fond hope of giving you the pleasing news of the full justification of Mr. Hastings from the first charge of being the cause of the Rohilla war. I am however disappointed, and after a long weary debate of all yesterday afternoon, night, and a part of this morning, it is adjourned till this afternoon, and I suppose will scarcely be concluded before to-morrow. Mr. Burke was tiresome, and even dull *, when we all expected the highest animation from him. It is supposed some words of

* Yet in the reading nothing is more lively and imaginative. EDIT.

amendment will be made by the friends of Administration to Mr. Burke's motion, which will be exculpatory, if not a complete justification. I mean to submit my sentiments on this business to the House, if I can have an early opportunity, but I will never address a tired audience, except from necessity.

I have sent you by Guyon a little packet from Mrs. Gordon, the sixth number of the *Views*, only one copy however, and a golden thimble, as Hannah tells me you desired. From hints I have from Mr. Elmsly, and some other circumstances, I should not choose to send you any thing of considerable value by that conveyance, but what is not, you shall have sent you regularly by his machine.

I am sorry for the bankruptcy of Thomas Lozanoy Fresheda, your Spanish tenant in Red Lion Court. It is said to

be owing to the non-arrival in time of remittances from Cadiz, and that his character is good, and assets sufficient to pay every one, when they can be got in. Mr. Paice will of course not forget your first claims, as landlady. I beg you to have no obligations to him, but to draw on me, if you want any money.

Heaton has just left me. Nancy's matrimonial proposal does not proceed, and the gentleman has declared he cannot contrive money-affairs, owing to the backwardness of an aunt and brother. Mr. Rotch has been in France, and is returned to London. It seems nothing could be settled with Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r.

Your attention in sending me the *Leiden Gazettes*, *Mercures*, curious *Memoires*, &c. &c. obliges me exceedingly, but above all the particulars in your letters, which are highly entertaining and

interesting to a father. Now and then I oblige a friend with a perusal, if the letter contains only amusing anecdotes, and the friend has discretion, which is not the virtue of Mr. H. The Roman poet says, "the curious and inquisitive man is always the blab." It is greatly exemplified in ——. The Hastings tell me of two or three gross indiscretions in public conversations on the walks at Cheltenham, which seem to have been one cause of their coolness to him. He has however many virtues, but none, I believe, which are not *factise*. They do not spring from the rich soil of natural goodness. I have him here twice a day, but I should be quite satisfied with seeing him once in the twenty-four hours.

The conduct of the Dutchess to the poor persecuted servant of Normandy, merits every praise. I am struck with admiration. Nothing can more exalt the human character, nor give more real

dignity. I am happy when I read such anecdotes. Madame de Genlis should record it. Accursed be the *ignoble* family, who would plan the destruction of humble innocence, even under their protection as a servant!

If Mr. Hastings's business should be concluded by that hour, I shall go to Brighthelmstone at seven to-morrow morning, and shall scarcely return before Wednesday, which will prevent my writing by Tuesday's post, but I hope to epistolize you this day sevennight. Let me have all your commissions. Mr. Elmsly says, that he has a surer conveyance than Guyon's.

I wait for your directions about the other copy of the *Views*.

Mrs. Gordon is recovered from her bad cold and fever. Mrs. Smith is well. They both desire their best compliments.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XXXVII.

Brighthelmstone,
Wednesday, June 7, 1786.

I CAME here, my dearest Polly, last Saturday to dinner, for I was too far exhausted to wait the end of the debate on the Rohilla war. It was not finished till eight on the Saturday morning, when Mr. Hastings gained a complete victory. I paired off at eleven on Friday night, and stepped into my post-chaise before seven on the Saturday. The weather is so very fine, that as the Chamberlain's office does not open in the Whitsun week, I shall not return to Prince's Court till Saturday morning.

I have the pleasure of your letter of May 31st, and shall write to the Dutchess, as you desire, by Friday's post.

I heartily congratulate the Rohan family on the happy issue of the *collier* cause, and the public on seeing the end of so tiresome and teasing a business.

I hope you have before this received the 6th number of Middiman's Views. I have not mentioned it in my letter, but I shall send the Dutchess a wonderful beauty, called *an egg grotto*. It is to be seen through the magnifying glass at the end, and *held up against the sun*. I only wait for a safe conveyance, and it will be matter of no small pleasure and surprise, I believe.

Mr. Elmsly has sent me a curious new book, entitled "*La Vie de Voltaire*." The title-page has "*à Geneve*, 1786." There are many interesting anecdotes, some not favourable to Madame de Genlis. I suppose you have seen it, or I would have transcribed these particulars.

Susan's letter to her brother shall certainly go in a frank by Saturday night's post.

Lord Mansfield and Mr. Forth are drolly coupled as giving letters to Madame de Genlis. The peer is really most dangerously ill—The Duke of Northumberland still lives.

The Steine here is quite spoiled by the number of red-brick houses, which almost entirely exclude the view of the corn-fields and the downs.

I wish you could have some of our mackerel, soles, brills, shrimps, &c. &c. which are in high perfection.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, June 13, 1786.

YOUR box, my dearest Polly, which brought me the obliging present of an elegant cup and saucer, will take back the *egg grotto* for your friend the excellent Dutchess, and I believe it will charm wonderfully, provided there should be sunshine, and the magnifying glass is kept to the eye.

Many thanks for all the pieces on a late affair. I will imitate your prudence, and make no remarks; but I am infinitely curious about the minutiæ of an affair which interests all Europe, and in which the seeds of all jurisprudence are included.

I returned here on Saturday morning.

The weather was so fine at Brighthelmstone, that as the Chamberlain's office was shut for the whole week, I did not return to the capital till the end of it, by which I avoided, like an old soldier, all the teasing business of the new excise on wine, and objections might have otherwise been had against me on the very near Midsummer-day.

I sent Mrs. Swinburne a noble present of fish and mutton from Brighthelmstone, and wrote to her by the post. This morning, on my return to town from Kensington Gore, I called in Blenheim Street, but she was from home, and he in Yorkshire. Her son has been here, and brought three letters, which I shall send by the first opportunity, and some curious prints, of which I beg your acceptance.

I have not yet received the *Marquis de Chastellux's Voyages*, nor *De la*

Lande. Be so good to send me "*Amusement du Sultan, estampe de* 14 *pouces sur* 18, *No.* 29, *au deuxième, dans les nouveaux batimens du Palais Royal. Prix* 18 *livres.*"

I shall send Hannah this morning to execute your commissions, and they will come in the next packet.

You acted with your usual propriety respecting Mr. and Mrs. B-k-r, and they very absurdly. The idea of their *settling* so far off as Nancy in the present *unsettled* state of their affairs seems very strange, while negotiations of an important, pecuniary nature are still carrying on. I rank them in the same class with the rest of the relations of the family, and say with La Chapelle to his friend Moreau,

Oui, Moreau, ma façon de vivre
Est du voir peu d'honnêtes gens,
Et prier Dieu qu'il me delivre
Sur-tout de messieurs mes parens.

I hope you admired the fine writing of my letter to the Dutchess.

We expect to pass the night and morning in the House of Commons, on the business of Mr. Hastings.

I wish you to subscribe for the *Journal de Paris*, and I will be at the expense —I sent your letter immediately to Mr. Paice.

The quarrels of the A-b-rys and H— tease me, who am obliged to hear the whole; and I pity you, who must read a long nonsensical letter from him on the occasion, which he shewed me yesterday. He is the most indiscreet man I know, and unfit to see any confidential letters.

I am sorry my friend George Pitt should neglect the *petite morale* so much. It is certainly of more consequence in France than the *grande morale*. Your conduct would strike the French still

more than the English, notwithstanding the particular of the day.

I wish you to tell the good Dutchess that I received the letter with which she honoured Mr. Filistry, the young Italian poet. I have likewise been at his miserable lodgings in Little Suffolk Street. His object is, to be patronized as a superior Italian poet. I beg you to say that I will do him what services I can, but I fear they must be trifling.

Monsieur Chambellan is set out, and Le Comte de Kageneck goes to Brussels in about a week—Monsieur Barthelemi set off yesterday for a fortnight's tour to the North with the President De Viry.

All the *Prince's Courtiers* are well, and send you many compliments, so do the Hastings's.

My dearest daughter, *bon jour*.

LETTER XXXIX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 16, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

After the surprising revolution on Tuesday in Mr. Hastings's business, you will naturally imagine how much occupied my friendship for that gentleman, and my firm persuasion of his innocence, has been in his service. After the *first* charge had been voted unfounded, and it was brought forwards *first* avowedly by Burke and Fox as the clearest and most enormous, no man entertained the idea that a second charge, unproved and of less moment, could have been supported. I paired off at ten with Merionethshire Vaughan, and therefore did not hear Pitt's speech, but I understand the beginning and middle

were rather a fulsome panegyric of Mr. Hastings, and the end a furious attack on him for *extortion*, which is not the charge. He is therefore by the *Committee* to be reported that he should be impeached for a crime, with which he has not been charged, but I hope the *House* will negative such absurd proceedings. The *Solicitor General*, and several others, having no suspicion of what was to happen, were gone, as well as Mr. W. The treachery in this business I dare not develope, yet I think it will end, in a few months, in the downfall of the present powers. Pitt acknowledged not only the *rebellious* intentions of Cheit Sing, but the *overt acts*, yet afterwards talked of extortion, for the necessities of the state, against a man, who had forfeited his life and all. I went to see Mr. Hastings on the Wednesday, and sat a long time with him. He still rises superior to the

faction, but she is timid and low-spirited.

I hope you received the packet with Mrs. Gordon's letter, &c. &c. Yesterday I sent you a variety of prints, of which I desire your acceptance. Those of Johnson and Boswell are excellent. I should however have said, that the print of the Princess Sophia I designed for the Dutchess. The same packet contains several letters, the needles, and scissars: I wait to hear of their being received before I send the handkerchiefs, which are ready. I am embarrassed about the *egg grotto*, and believe it must wait for Mrs. Swinburne, whom I saw yesterday, and Mademoiselle D'Eon, &c. in Blenheim Street.

A dead calm in the city, and a prospect of its continuing, at least till after Midsummer-day.

I desire to be affectionately remember-

ed to the Baron and Madame d'Holbach, and to Madame Helvetius.

Three or four new prints have appeared on the old subject, and a family scene or two, in Grosvenor Square, but they are 7*s*. 6*d*. each, which I thought too extravagant.

The hay-harvest is very abundant, and fine weather to get it in. India stock has fallen five per cent., and the other stocks rather drooping, but my stock of affection to my dear daughter rises daily.

Adieu !

LETTER XL.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, June 20, 1786.

No, my dearest Polly, it is impossible that your letters can be too frequent, or unentertaining, and I am greatly obliged by their frequency. You have a fine field before you, and you cultivate it, *con diligenza, con studio, con amore.*

I am to seek the *mot* of the enigma about the Prince of Condé, which probably ought not to be trusted to the post.—I was heartily sorry to dash the cup of joy on the first success of Mr. Hastings by the particulars of the second business. Friday next I hope will

bring complete satisfaction. My only alarm is the postponing the other charges to the next session, and his being kept in hot water so long a time. That business will probably prevent my writing on Friday, but on Thursday I shall send a large letter, or rather packet, from Mrs. Gordon, and the handkerchiefs which you desired. By Tuesday's post you will have the full account of the East Indian business, and of Midsummer-day, which I believe will pass very quietly after a few fine speeches.

Our neighbourhood is much incommoded by the silly pomp at Northumberland House, which is to finish to-morrow. The show has been by tickets. I sent mine to Mrs. Swinburne, with which she was much pleased.

Your last letter is dated June 14th. I have not yet that by Captain Wilmot.

I rejoice that Madame de Chantereine

is able to make the excursion which you mention. I hope it will be propitious to her health. Pray assure her of my great regard.

Alderman Peckham has resigned, and we give him 360*l.* a year for life, or till he is otherwise provided for: a noble provision! My friend George Macaulay succeeds. One vote for D-rnf-rd —At the Society for propagating the Gospel, D-rnf-rd was black-balled twenty-six to three white; the three white, his son and two nephews.

I have carefully put by all your *Mercures* and *Bulletins*, as well as the *Leiden Gazettes*.

Monsieur de Vergennes's marrying a Greek is a singularity, from the strong national prejudices of the French. He must possess a strong mind. The revolutions in Sweden and America are efforts of his genius in the opposite ex-

treme, and equally beneficial to his country, France.

I sent Mrs. Cosway a haunch of venison.

Adieu!

LETTER XLI.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 23, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I MUCH feared, from the hurry of Parliament and city business, that I should not have been able to pay my compliments to you by this post, but a very early hour of this morning has given me a quarter of an hour's leisure.

Yesterday I was favoured with your letter of the 18th, and the day before

I received that by Captain Wilmot, the waistcoat, and all the books in good order. The embroidery of the waistcoat is in perfect taste, but the ground is grave enough for an Alderman. Accept many thanks for it, and the care of all the articles. *Numa Pompilius* is beautifully printed. The merit of the work I do not know, but I love *Florian* as an author.

I was much embarrassed by a note from Baron de Wessenberg, which goes in this day's packet by the diligence. On a full explanation with the Baron and James, the parcel which the Baron has for you, contains only the books from Elmsly. The Baron leaves us next Monday. The packet has a letter from Mrs. Motte, some handkerchiefs, &c.

Mr. Wright has declared, that he will nominate Sir Watkin to-morrow as Chamberlain. All my friends laugh at

the idea. Sir Watkin does not, openly at least, lend himself to it. I have taken pains to have a great appearance, and I believe the whole will pass as usual, after a few wise speeches from the Auditors, &c.

The business of Mr. Hastings will be postponed by a particular Bill till next sessions; an event which I have long expected, but could not persuade Major Scott to believe.

God has not given the Baron much understanding; but in lieu of it, he has an enormous *sotte vanité* of his own procuring, which disgusts the Dutchess, but only amuses me, and I pardon every thing in consideration of his excessive good-nature, the first and most amiable of companionable qualities.

I dined yesterday very agreeably with Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Boswell, a Miss E—, good-humoured and greasy,

Andrews, &c. They all inquired much after you, and desired many compliments. Every thing moves there as usual, in an easy and elegant style.

The weather has been very gloomy for several days, with much rain, but the crops of hay have been well got in, and are very abundant. I understand that it is not so, neither in Flanders, nor Holland.

The servants are all very orderly, and send their duty; but I believe they wish your return, as does their master.

I glory in the vigour of our government for all the circumstances attending the prompt execution of Fitzgerald for that foul murder.

D'Eon is returned from the country in high spirits.

A change of ministry in a month is much talked of, generally supposed in favour of Lord Lansdowne, but a coali-

tion between Fox and Pitt is likewise suspected, from their late mutual forbearance—Pitt is spoken of with great severity on account of the vote against Mr. Hastings, the most illogical conclusion from the most logical premises—Aubery has alarming fits of giddiness.

Mr. Swinburne is still in the North, and no day mentioned for his return.

I have bought here *la première livraison de la Galerie du Palais Royal.* Be so good to get me *la deuxième livraison.* It costs twelve livres. It should come by a private hand, to save the enormous duty on prints, or you may put it among your baggage.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

LETTER XLII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, June 27, 1786.

I HAVE the satisfaction, my dearest Polly, of announcing to you the perfect success of the Chamberlain at Midsummer. No opposition of any kind. Every hand was held up for me. I made a speech, which was highly applauded, and indeed it was firm, collected, and spirited. After my re-election, I thanked the livery in warm and animated expressions. ———— certainly wished to trip up my heels, but I stood too firm. He maintains his old character of being faithless and foolish. I had taken no small pains to obtain a great attendance of my friends, who were indeed very hearty in the cause; and at no time have

I found the people more zealous in my support. This is a most pleasing reflection to me; for it has settled on the firmest foundation, for the rest of my life, the honourable rank which I now hold in the metropolis of my country.

The contest of the Auditors is a matter of mere amusement, in which I take no part.

The second part of the *Picturesque Beauties of Boswell* was published yesterday, and is still better than the first. I shall send it to you on Thursday morning, with the remainder of your handkerchiefs, &c. &c.

I have the favour of your letter of the 22d, and am much concerned at the good Dutchess's indisposition: I beg you to assure her of the tender part I take in it, and of my warm wishes for her speedy recovery.

Yesterday I gave a venison dinner to Sir Charles Bunbury, and Messrs. Jekyl, Gordon, Penn, Vaughan, Boswell, and Mainwaring. The members were chance-customers, allured by the flavour of the venison, which they scented from afar. It was a cheerful day, but we all regretted your absence.

The weather has been for several days rainy and sultry.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings are both delighted with Beaumont Lodge. Last night they returned to town. We have strong invitations to the Lodge.—Heaton was not at Guildhall on Saturday! It is expected that the Parliament will be prorogued at the end of the next week. My colleague, Mr. Mainwaring, is become the subject of much popular abuse on account of the Lottery bill, which is approved by all men of sense.

Your account of Madame La Motte amused me exceedingly. So much for the House of Valois!

I have sent your bounty to Burt's family.

H. shewed me your letter to him. I selected two of yours, which I carefully perused first above stairs, and then let him read.

Adieu!

LETTER XLIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, June 30, 1786.

I was highly pleased, my dearest Polly, that I had an opportunity yesterday of giving you so great an enter-

tainment as the *Second Part of the Picturesque Beauties of Boswell*. The *first* you admired; the *second* will please you still more, for it has still greater merit, contrary to the received idea, and it is a just one, of almost all *second* parts.

I have just now the favour of your letter of the 27th, and I am happy that the good Dutchess is so far recovered: I hope her perfect cure is not far distant. By the last post I sent you all the detail of Midsummer-day, and its propitious conclusion for the Chamberlain.

I received the *Mercure*, No. 24, yesterday, the *Leiden Gazettes*, which are exceedingly curious, and four numbers of the *Journal de Paris*, which are sad trash, and I think not worth continuing beyond the present abonnement. I forgot to mention the good Dutchess's letter, which is in the highest degree obliging.

I will not fail to communicate to Mrs.

Swinburne a piece of intelligence so interesting to her, as the repeal of the *edict respecting carriages*.

I am sorry for the King of France's journey to Cherburg. It shews an attention to the marine, which, as an Englishman, I wish he did not possess.

I shall certainly get acquainted with Cagliostro, but I have heard nothing of him yet at London.

Mr. and Mrs. Necker have all the Swiss pride and ill-breeding, but they are distinguished enough for you to wish being acquainted with them, as well as the ugly Ambassadress*.

* Why is the reserve of Necker attributed to pride? Mr. Wilkes's good-nature might have afforded him a more natural solution. To seek too an acquaintance with those whom we dislike, merely *because they are distinguished*, is not, perhaps, consonant either to *the petite* or the *grande morale*.—EDIT.

What an eternal, stunning alarum belongs to the lady in ——— Street! She has however a little smattering of knowledge and taste, but a very small portion of wit. She sunk us all last week into a deadly lassitude. He escaped it by being in the North; but use may have reconciled him to it, as it does a miller to his mill.

Adieu!

LETTER XLIV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 4, 1786.

YESTERDAY morning I received, my dearest Polly, the favour of your letter, and the three prints. That of *L'Amour Ramoneur* is truly whimsical, and the female figure interesting. Soon after came the *Mercure*, &c. with Cagliostro's new *Memoire*; for all which I thank you very much.

I was yesterday at the Cosways'. Mrs. Cosway said smilingly, "Miss Wilkes has forgot me, Mr. Wilkes, but you have not." I had sent her a fine haunch of venison. She put me in mind of a promise to breakfast there, and wanted much to send you something. I found it was a drawing to be taken of me, but I evaded

it, by referring her to Buffon's Histoire Naturelle, where was a great likeness of me among the *Sapajous* and the *Sagouins*. He has lately done some very pleasing things.

Mr. Swinburne is returned from the North in improved health. That family intend to leave London on Thursday sevennight, and go to Paris by Brighthelmstone and Dieppe. I shall send the Dutchess the *egg-grotto* by them.

To-morrow I give a turtle to Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, Mademoiselle D'Eon, Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne, Mrs. Motte, Major Scott, and Mr. Rigby; when I am sure we shall not forget libations to your health.

Lord Rodney talks of impeaching Lord Lansdowne for giving up the letters and documents in his office, which proved the guilt of many British subjects at St. Eustatius, who are now suing him, as no

proof remains against them. There are ninety actions against him, and he told me that he should soon be 200,000*l.* worse than nothing. He talks likewise of suing Lord Lansdowne for damages to the amount of 500,000*l.* All this seems very strange, and I see no relief but by an Act of Parliament in the next session. I send you Rodney's curious affidavits.

Sir William B—— and Captain M—— have given up housekeeping at Lisle, and are gone into lodgings, though without any formal quarrel; yet separate lodgings. The Captain is come on a visit to England for a short time. Mrs. M——, Miss, and the Captain, are now at No. 48, Charing Cross; but the Captain chooses not to appear. I think he is more trifling and silly than ten years ago. The father returned with the Captain, and a variety of negotiations are carrying on in that distracted family. Lady Cler-

mont has received the ring and letter by Mrs. Hubbard.

Adieu!

The sale of the Portland Museum ended on the 7th of June. The Barberini vase sold for 900 guineas; the Jupiter Serapis, cut out of green basaltes, for 165 guineas; the Augustus Cæsar, a cameo onyx, for 225 guineas; the works of Hollar in 13 folio volumes, 385*l.*; and Henry VI.'s missal 213*l.* 3*s.* I did not purchase a single article, and indeed only longed for one, and for you.

LETTER XLV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 11, 1786.

I WAS so exceedingly hurried, my dearest Polly, the latter end of the last week, that I found it impossible to give you the detail of my turtle dinner. La Chevalière D'Eon was prevented coming from the reason you will find in her billet to me, which I sent to you by the diligence. Mrs. Hastings was ill, and Rigby in the country; so that all our company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne, Mr. Hastings, Major Scott, and Alderman Newnham. The dinner was complete, all dressed by Jey, with a little help of Newcombe and a maid, except the turtle; the bill of fare from the London Tavern—a dessert of ices, &c. &c.

I went with D'Eon, and his French friends, and some English ladies, by the Prince's invitation, to see Carlton House. I was highly pleased, but none of the Prince's people had the attention to offer us fruit, or ices, or creams, or chocolate, although we were near four hours in the house and gardens. I was much struck and hurt at the omission of what would have been offered in almost every nobleman's and gentleman's house in the kingdom. The Prince was at home, but did not appear. D'Eon's friends will tell this in France not to our advantage, and they will repeat with a sneer the famous words of Lord Bolingbroke, "*c'est une famille si bourgeoise, que le tróne méme ne la peut annoblir.*" It is however chiefly the fault of Weltje*.

* Whatsoever other charge, justly or unjustly, be whispered against the noble personage alluded to, that he possesses "*l'esprit bourgeois*," is that which can be made with least foundation.—EDIT.

Tattersall yesterday advertised all the Prince's horses, not only race-horses, but coach-horses, saddle-horses, &c. &c.

Cagliostro lodges in Sloane Street, Brompton, at Swinton's, the author of the *Courier de l'Europe*. I have not yet seen him. Count Nesselrod is here in his way to Petersburgh, but stays a month or six weeks. The Countess is dead, and has left him only one boy. I am sorry to have lost her, and what is more, so is he.

Many thanks for your two letters of the 4th and 6th, which I received together, and I sent yours to Mrs. Cosway. I understand that the Duke of Orleans comes to Brighthelmstone races, without coming to London, and that immediately on his return Mr. and Mrs. Cosway make a short tour to Paris; but I will soon let you know more. Mrs. ——— is very indiscreet, and therefore I rejoice

at the delay of her coming to France, not being interested about Mrs. Susan: some of my friends looked grave at all her talk of the *idle boy minister*—and even her husband. I have once seen Mr. Paice in a great hurry at Guildhall. He came to recommend a Hannah Noaks, a widow of sixty-nine, a second cousin of Sir Isaac Newton's, to the vacancy in Lady Dacre's alms-houses. He is well.

I am very glad that you paid your compliments to the Maréchal de Biron, a great character, and the true pride of nobility, seeking to do generous, splendid actions. He stands almost alone in this respect in our age.

I have read Cagliostro's *Memoire contre Mad. Chesnon, et le Sieur de Launay*; and I think it the clearest, the most convincing, and best-drawn piece, which has appeared since the beginning of the

Collier business. I should be glad to have the answers of Chesnon and De Launay, if any appear. I shall think Cagliostro an idiot, if he returns to France, after the last *Memoire*.

I regaled *Miss* Smith and Mrs. Gordon, each with a good bason of turtle.

The servants all behave well, and are very orderly. They desire their duty.

I beg the favour of you to purchase for me a couple of small groups of the Sève biscuit. The subjects I leave to you, and should be glad that you would have them packed separately, and bring them with you, and let them take their chance at Dover. I wish likewise for the best collection of French maps. I do not limit the price, but desire they may not exceed one volume in 4to. Dornford is to be a candidate to-day for the vacant sheriffalty.

I can give you a bon mot of a servant-

maid still better than "les épreuves avant la lettre." The Conway lately married, looking out for a ready-furnished house, saw a pretty servant-maid, whom he asked, "if she was to be let too, as well as the house?"—She answered, "No, Sir, I am to be let alone." Whichever way you construe it, I never heard a truer piece of wit. Mackintosh's book is unknown to me.

LETTER XLVI.

Prince's Court,
Friday, July 14, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY I received the favour of your letter of the 10th, and I am not a little concerned at the indisposition of the good Dutchess, on both

your accounts. These frequent returns are not a little alarming at her advanced age.

The whole conversation here turns on the late extraordinary measure of the P—— of W——. The letter to him is said to be very strong, and to have originated from a loss at Brookes's. I hate affectation; why then is Tattersall to advertise coach-horses, saddle, and hacks? The Newmarket stud, it is very proper, should be given up. A prince, no less than a private nobleman or gentleman, may be ruined there; but it is meant to have coach-horses, saddle-horses, &c. I would not tax the people 30,000*l.* a year, to divide among the black-legs at Newmarket, nor vote a subsidy of 50,000*l.* for the sharpers at Brookes's, but I would maintain the Heir Apparent in splendour and dignity. The step of the P—— has made no

great sensation. Patrick Cawdron and his man were in possession at C——— House, under an execution for 600*l.* The possession continued for two days. The P—— stormed and swore, though, as the man owned, more from vexation than anger. Colonel L—— threatened to throw Cawdron's man out of the window. Cawdron said, that he acted according to law, and the man should stay; the man was threatened ineffectually with having his bones broke, &c. &c. At length a Mr. J-nn-ngs was sent for; and at last, on the P—— and Mr. J-nn-ngs giving their honour that the money should be paid in three days, the man was withdrawn. The money is paid. The man courted the blows and the breaking his bones, declaring that then his fortune would be made, like the man in Molière, " A few more strokes, Sir, for my large family—a few more, Sir, for

my dear wife, who is big with child." What a subject for caricature!—What a lesson for the P——! What vigour and energy in our laws!—To a Dauphin, or a Prince of Asturias, such an event was impossible. The P—— of W——, Cawdron, Colonel L——, J-nn-ngs, and a bailiff's follower: what a noble group! Cawdron himself gave me the account.

Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, intend setting out for Paris on Sunday.

Mr. Aubery has had three fits within the week.

I remember the excellence of the statues in the gardens at Versailles, and particularly those of the Bains d'Apollon, and they have done well to preserve them.

Mr. Molliner has given me a fine chicken turtle, on which, dressed at the London Tavern, venison, &c. I regale

Monsieur Barthelemi, and the Counts of Woronzow and Nesselrod, at Kensington Gore, and the servants from Prince's Court to attend.

Mrs. Swinburne and the little folks have been here since I wrote the above, and Mr. Swinburne followed them. The party continues fixed for Sunday. Mr. S. dines with me to-morrow at Kensington Gore.

Adieu!

LETTER XLVII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 18, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

Mr. and Mrs. Cosway set out on Sunday for Brighthelmstone, in their way to Paris, but I suspect very much that the Prince will not permit them to embark very soon, and especially as I understand that Mr. Cosway has some things in hand to be finished before his departure. Among the rest I hear of the Prince's picture for the Dutchess de la Valliere. Mrs. Cosway has taken charge of the smelling-bottle, which you desired:—she is truly amiable, and attaches her friends more and more by her virtues and graces. Mr. and Mrs.

Swinburne are detained here by the business which they have to transact with Government. Mr. Sw. dined with me last Saturday at Kensington Gore, with Monsieur Barthelemi, and the Counts of Woronzow and Nesselrod. I gave them the chicken turtle, dressed at the London Tavern, a haunch of venison, &c. and was served by James and Samuel from Prince's Court, who behave very well. The day passed very cheerfully, and they all expressed themselves highly delighted. Count de Woronzow is the best Russian I have known, a gentleman and man of parts.

Yesterday I received yours of the 13th, and before one, but I have not the parcel by Lord Northington's servant. Mrs. M——— has sent a letter here for you, and says, she is ashamed that she did not write sooner. I believe that fa-

mily are still quarrelling in every branch of it, for which I am much concerned.

Mr. ——, thank God, goes to Leicestershire on Wednesday, till the end of September. He is worse than ever. Last Sunday he came to Kensington Gore, at twelve, to be ready for dinner at four. He robs me of that, which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed!—He is worse than the dog-star; but both together overpower.

Mr. Rigby has just sent me a fine haunch of venison, which I wish I could transfer to you at Paris.

Mr. ——— lost his election for Sheriff, and Alderman Le Mesurier is chosen with Mr. Higgins. I believe the plan was to have had Tomlins Under-sheriff. He is much hurt on the occasion.

I cannot bring myself to believe a syllable of the *bonne foi de part et d'autre*, as to the projected treaty of

commerce*. I doubt it on both sides, from the over-reaching principle of all trade and commerce. Good faith and sincerity have not hitherto been the distinguishing virtues of our neighbours.

Adieu!

* The quotation of the late Lord Mansfield (i.e. Lord Stormont) on this subject, is well known:

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

The event however did justice to Mr. Pitt's sagacity, as well as to his sincerity.—EDIT.

LETTER XLVIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, July 21, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE at last recovered all the things which you sent by Lord Northington's servant. He very idly went into the country, and only on his return was I able to recover the parcel by sending to St. James's Place. It is however come very well, and I thank you for your care. Yesterday in the afternoon I received your letter, dated the 16th, and the parcel by the diligence, containing the *Arrêt du Parlement*, *Mercure*, *&c.*

I saw Mr. Swinburne yesterday, and from delays in the law part of Administration, he has again put off his journey,

nor can he yet fix a day, to the real grief of Madame ——. I fear the Dutchess will not receive the *egg-grotto* by her birthday, and therefore the prints may be the succedaneum. Mrs. S. has likewise a parcel for you, containing a letter from Mrs. Molineux, of no consequence, she says; one to me from Mr. Paice, about your late tenant in Red Lion Court, and what is worth them both, the Trial of Jack Townsend for Crim. Con. with Mrs. Fawkener, the Duke of Devonshire's evidence on the occasion, &c. &c. I could not take the *egg-grotto*, nor the *parcel*, from Mrs. Sw. and she did not offer to return them, as she should have done in the uncertain state of her journey.

I send you by the diligence, the genuine trial of Fitzgerald, Brecknock, &c. one of the wonderful events of this age; and a letter, which Mrs. Gordon

has just sent here for you from Byfleet. To-morrow I dine in Harley Street with Count Woronzow, and I suppose Count Nesselrod, Monsieur Barthelemi, &c.

I wish you to state to the Dutchess the cause of the delay about the *egg-grotto*. In a post or two I mean to send her an excellent print of the Prince of Wales, on satin. It will go in a letter.

The wise-acres of the City have ordered the 15,000*l*. of the Bridge-house cash, which was not a month ago laid out in stock, to be replaced in the Chamberlain's hands, by the sale of this very stock, on account of the building the Compters, an event which I foresaw and foretold, but claim little sagacity by the prophecy.

I am glad that you were so well entertained at Livry.

Adieu!

LETTER XLIX.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, July 25, 1786.

I RECEIVED yesterday, my dearest Polly, your letter of the 20th instant, and a parcel by the diligence, containing two Mercures, the Leiden Gazettes, &c. &c.; and I hope the same day you had the parcel of Fitzgerald's Trial and Life, and the letter from Byfleet.

I passed an agreeable day with Count Woronzow, Monsieur Barthelemi, and most of the foreign ministers. He lives in a great style, and every thing passes in the most perfect order, and with great ease. I am much pleased with his society, and of all the Russians him only I admire. D'Eon was with us. The Count does not confirm every part of

the Chevalière's account of her transactions in Russia, and denies her ever having been *femme de chambre* to the Empress Elizabeth.

I shall be very glad to see Madame de Warens's justification.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings are just come to town on business. I saw them for a moment at Mrs. Motte's. She looks ill, and complains much. They inquired very affectionately after you. I met George Pitt yesterday, just alighting from his horse at Carlton House, where he was to dine with the Prince of Wales, who came from Brighthelmstone for the day. Mr. Barthelemi had no commissions from France for any of his stud. I greatly admire the propriety of conduct in Louis XVI. during his stay at Cherburg, but I wish that he had never taken the journey.

I desire you to assure the good Dut-

chess of the joy I feel by anticipation for the return of her fête next Friday, and that she has no Gallic friend more sincere or more zealous than myself on the occasion. I shall be happy to hear that she has recovered from the natural fatigues of such a day.

The wind has for many days been north and east, and colds very frequent. The number of burials here increased last week 176. I wish for a neat map of the environs of Paris, for three or four leagues only. Is Mrs. Cosway arrived, and where do they lodge? The French, I believe, will admire her.

Adieu, my dear daughter.

LETTER L.

Prince's Court,
Friday, July 28, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

A VARIETY of reasons make me wish this day passed, and the Dutchess's delicate state of health not affected by all the tumult and trouble of such a fête.—I received your letter of the 23d, and to-morrow I am to see your coachman, and will give directions about his livery and frock. He comes here regularly, but I have not seen him, even by chance.

I send the Dutchess by this post a beautiful print of the Prince, which I had struck off on satin, and is, I think, a very good likeness of him. It is said that all the best horses were bought in at Tattersall's, except the racers.

I am glad that the Cosways are arrived, and desire to be particularly remembered to them. The Swinburnes are gone to Hampton Court, and have fixed no day even for their return to London.

I admire the propriety of the Duke d'Uzés's remark.—Mr. Fox disclaims the most distant knowledge, or suspicion, of the late step taken by the Prince. He says, it was done by the Prince immediately on receiving the King's letter, without consulting any person.—The Prince's friends say, that 110,000*l.* the arrears of the revenue of Cornwall during his minority, are owing to the Prince. Lord Loughborough, and other great men, are cited as legal authorities on this occasion. Lord Mansfield is reported to be gone into opposition, and to countenance the doctrine.

Hannah has looked every where in the

closet which you mention, and cannot find the lace for the coachman's hat.

I saw Mrs. Smith yesterday in perfect health, but complaining of the sultry weather.—London is more deserted than I remember. Weymouth is I believe the favourite watering-place of the year.

Adieu!

LETTER LI.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Aug. 4, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE robbery of the French mail last Monday near Canterbury makes me uncertain as to the plan of your return, and I wait with much impatience

for all the particulars. I received your letter of July 27 by the post, and the little billet of July 28 by the diligence. I rejoice that your French tour is drawing to an end, and I shall be most happy to receive you in Prince's Court. Hannah and James shall attend your orders.

The conversation of this capital turns now from the Prince to the King, on the wicked attempt of Wednesday; but as I can give you no other particulars than what you will read in the papers, I shall not dwell on a subject so full of horror, not in the manners of this people, although so frequent among our polite neighbours. The Common Council address on this occasion next Tuesday, and I shall give the Lord Mayor something, which I have prepared on the subject.

Mrs. Swinburne was here yesterday, and expects to have the ministerial business settled to-morrow, and in a day or

two after to set out for Paris by the way of Brighthelmstone. All this however depends on the pleasure of Mr. Attorney General.

Margaret Nicholson it is now supposed will be arraigned at the Old Bailey on the 30th instant. The counsel will of course plead her being insane. That fact will be tried by a jury, and if established, she will be confined for life, not executed, as Damien was, and ought not to have been. The summons to the Common Council express, " to congratulate his Majesty upon his providential escape, in the late wicked attempt against his Majesty's life."

I am quite charmed with the two prints of Regnault, and wish for any others in the same style. I beg you to bring with you the last edition in 12mo. of " *Abbé de Lisle's translation of Virgil's Georgics*," and " *the 29th and 30th*

volumes of Abbé Garnier's Histoire de France, commencée par Velli & Villaret, in 12*mo.*" chez Nyon, libraire, rue du Jardinet, which costs six livres, and four bottles of the Dutchess's Fleurs d'Orange, which I desire you to pay the Maitre d'Hotel for. They will be allowed you as stores at Dover.

I saw yesterday on a door in Sloane Street between Brompton and Kensington, *Comte de Cagliostro, No.* 4, and *No.* 5 is Mr. *Swinton*.—There are letters in town, which mention Mrs. H-yl-y's being lately married to a Patrick J-ffr—, one of the raw-boned Milesian race I suppose, at which —— is outrageous, as he says her fortune ought to have come to I——'s and his children. Marshal Richelieu's song is a model of gaiety; I have lent it to Mrs. Swinburne. I sent James with the letter to Lady

Mr. Paice gives me good news about your Red Lion Court house, which he intended to write to you by this post.

Mrs. Gordon wrote at my desire for a house near Windsor till October; but as your return will be protracted beyond what I imagined, and the period of your return the last tour, as well as from the uncertainty of the time, I have deserted the idea, and have no plan for my holydays, which expire on the 4th of September, and will probably pass in Kensington Gardens, or the Parks, or in the environs of the metropolis. It is intended that the Parliament shall meet on Tuesday, the 21st of November, and I believe that I shall not be the least active Member in the next session.

Captain Montgomery has lost his daughter. He is at present very ill. The season has been very sickly. I am recovering from a violent cold and fever,

of which I complain only to Mr. ——, keep my hair well dressed and powdered, not putting on my hat, and then of course I am complimented on the appearance of health, even youth, &c. Temperance, and moderate exercise, are my only doctors during this rage of Sirius.

Mrs. Swinburne has just sent the enclosed, which she desires may be immediately forwarded to you.

I rejoice that you have escaped all the sickly influences of the season, and hope that you will bring back to Prince's Court a long-lasting stock of health and spirits.

Adieu!

LETTER LII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HEARTILY rejoice that the fête of the good Dutchess is past. It passed as I expected, very magnificent and very melancholy, nor could it be otherwise when the guardian angel was ill and absent from the festive tables. The state of her health for the last three months, and twenty other reasons, will confirm to me, that any strong *presentiment* is founded, whence arisen I know not, but always to be attended to, as Socrates did to the whispers of his good genius. With all these ideas, I am certainly the least superstitious of men, but I never did neglect any such inward warnings of futurity.

I send you by the diligence three new caricatures respecting the P., two of which are very good, " Lord North smelling, &c. &c." and a letter of Hutton.

Hannah and James I suppose you intend should set out together, and I shall send them in the Dover diligence, and advance five guineas to each of them; but I suppose you will give directions to Hannah to pass the water to Calais.

As to the Sève groups, as the price is so much beyond my ideas, I wish only for one, and the price of that not to exceed six Louis. If no group pleases you at that price, then I shall be content with a single figure, or two, for that sum. Be so good likewise to buy me a Sève *veilleuse*, for about two Louis.

The coachman has his new frock, but nothing else yet, as we can find no lace.

I wish you to bring two of the best French wax-candles as a specimen; and if any body at Paris would undertake to deliver a good quantity at Prince's Court without any risk or trouble, I should not hesitate giving a very good price.

I should be glad of any new prints of Rigaud in the style of the two last. When Sir Joshua Reynolds was at Kensington Gore, he was much pleased with those the Baron de Castille gave me. As he is at Paris, he might purchase them before your return.

I have read the "Mémoires de Madame de Warens, et de Claude Aret," and think them wretched, unentertaining nonsense. If the picture prefixed is like her, I am sure Rousseau has told the truth. Did the print of the Prince arrive undamaged, and how much was the postage charged?

You will be remembered the 16th,

although you pass *that* day in France.—I am much oppressed by the suffocating heat of the dog-days, but rather better.

Adieu!

LETTER LIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Aug. 11, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM very glad that this is the last opportunity of my writing in consequence of what you mention, that you shall set out from Paris next Thursday, the 17th instant. I rejoice that the weather seems at last settled, and I have now only to wish for prosperous winds to waft you over to your native country,

and a good journey to Prince's Court. The days are now of so good a duration, that I hope no consideration will induce you to travel in the dark, and, if you find yourself greatly fatigued, it would be prudent to rest a day or two at Dover.

Mrs. Swinburne was here yesterday, and cannot fix any time for her departure.

If you are not too much hurried, I beg you to purchase for me the two maps in the printed paper enclosed.

Hannah has received your letter, and I shall send her and James to Dover next Tuesday morning, the 15th, and direct her to get to Calais with all convenient expedition. I have taken so much trouble about the *egg-grotto*, and do not wish to chagrin Mrs. Swinburne, that I do not approve sending it by a servant, and cannot trust it but in hands on which I can rely, for dexterity as well as

safety, or it may become another pretty piece of contrebande. It is besides now a matter of indifference when the Dutchess receives it, the fête being over.

If you can contrive six bottles only of the Dutchess's ratafia, and four of the Baron's vin muscat, to take with you to Calais, and leave at Guyon's to come over by a private hand, I should be much pleased, and be so good to thank in my name the generous donors.

Many thanks for the three prints. The *Bain* and *Lever* of Regnaud I had before, the present framed of the Baron.

I am just returned from St. James's, where the City has been graciously received. There is only one new Knight, Sir Benjamin Hammett. The Address was not my composition. Mr. Harley attended.

Adieu, ma chère fille, bon voyage.

Chez Dezauche, rue des Noyers.— Carte Topographique du Diocèse de Coutances en quatre feuilles, avec les Isles de Jersey, Grenesey, Cers et Aurigny. Les Rochers et Ecueils qui bordent cette Côte ; et les Travaux qui constituent le nouveau Port de Cherbourg, avec une Explication qui y est relative, 5 livres.

Nouvelle Carte l'Evêché et Principauté de Liege, avec les Pays qui l'avoisinent. Dréssée en 1785, par Dezauche, 1 livre 10 sous.

LETTER LIV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, August 15, 1786.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the pleasure of your letter of the 10th yesterday, and answer it by Hannah, as you desire. She and James are to set out in the mail diligence this evening at seven for Dover, and will be there to-morrow morning at seven. I paid two guineas for their places, and they have five guineas each besides.

I have not seen or heard of Mr. Rotch since, who is, I believe, in London.

To-morrow the freeholders of Middlesex meet to address. Yesterday I dined with many of them in great har-

mony at the annual buck-feast in Enfield.

I shall be very curious to see Monsieur le Comte de Morangies's Memoire. The case of the brother and sister is very common in France, when known to both parties: in this case it was not known to either. Such a depravity of manners is not suspected in England.

I thank you for the Life of Voltaire, which I read two months ago. I wrote to you about the passages respecting Madame Genlis. It was a large 8vo. which I read, and still have. The author is, as I hear, Dom Cawdron, a Benedictine monk.

I have seen Mrs. S——— again today, and she says, that now she only waits the engrossing and the signature; but I suspect you will find her in Blenheim Street at your return.

Little laughing Guyot dines tête-à-tête with me to-day. The Gordons are both rusticated.

I have now only to wish you a lucky passage, and a good journey to Prince's Court, and to an affectionate father.

Adieu!

LETTER LV.

Kensington Gore,
Sunday, July 6, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE suffered perhaps still more than you from the pain in your stomach. I am particularly uneasy that

it has continued so long, but I hope you can now send me the good news, that it has entirely left you, and I shall then eat my Sunday's dinner in comfort. I beg you not to indulge in any fruit for a day or two. To-morrow morning I shall come in person, and give you all my medical advice, as a disciple of Leyden.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille.

LETTER LVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Sept. 14th, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ARRIVED here yesterday afternoon at three after a lucky passage of an hour and five minutes. There was very little wind, and that quite adverse. I therefore hired for *4s. 6d.* a wherry with two oars, not larger than a Thames boat, and committed myself to our English deity, old Neptune, who favourably heard my prayers. The opposition of a little wind to the tide at high water made the beginning of this long voyage rather rough; the rest was exceedingly pleasant.

The preceding evening I lay at Lip-

hook, and directed Mrs. Keen to send you this week a fine goose, and a brace of partridges.

I rode a Welsh poney from Ride to the cottage, and found myself benefited by the exercise.

The road from Guildford quite to Portsmouth is really enchanting. But I wanted you to enjoy with me these glorious scenes of nature. I hope however that the quiet of your present situation has chased away your feveret, and restored you to sweet sleep, nature's best nurse. Pray send me such welcome news.

Methinks I have still before me the wonders of yesterday.

Ever charming, ever new,
The landscape never tires the view,
The verdant meads, the river's flow,
The woody vallies warm and low,

The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream:
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon' summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present 's still a cloudy day.

Trusty sends his duty. He improves every day in stature, and a little in favour.

Adieu, my dearest Polly; continue to love me.

Lady Oglander left the enclosed card here on Friday.

LETTER LVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RETURN you Heath's begging book and letter, of whom I never heard, nor do I believe the signature of *Adair* to be the hand-writing of the Recorder.

I thank you for your letter of Saturday. I am happy that your health so much improves, and hope that you give it every attention.

The *insurance* does not expire till fifteen days after Michaelmas, so that I shall return in full time to regulate that business, both for you and myself.

I shall rejoice when I hear that you have favourable accounts of your truly good and amiable Dutchess, who acts to win all hearts, and attach them warmly to her.

My great complaint is better. I have drank very little wine, and scarce any coffee. My breakfast is now tea and bread and butter.

I think the exercise of riding agrees with me. *Ride* has been my most distant excursion.

Adieu, my dearest daughter, and believe me always very tenderly yours.

LETTER LVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, Sept. 18, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM so oppressed with one of my crying colds, that I can scarcely see to thank you for your letter of Monday, and the French Bulletins which I shall return you to-morrow.

I rejoice to hear that your walks have been so beneficial to your health, and I beg you to continue them.

We have had a good deal of rain, and two storms at south and south-west, but the new room is unhurt, and was farther secured the last week by four strong posts, and cables as large as those of a man of war.

My feathered family are all well, and

have regained their liberty; but there is a Muley Ismael, who tyrannizes over them all, in a rude marital manner.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Sept. 21, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

We have had a hurricane and a deluge of rain for the last eight-and-forty hours, which has delayed the post from coming to this corner of the world since Tuesday. You may judge of my impatience to hear of your health, and my alarms for you in such weather.

I nursed my cold so carefully, that it left me at a rather shorter period than usual, but was more violent, while it lasted.

" And is it fix'd in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main ?"

says Armstrong.

If this weather continues, I shall be obliged to hire a vessel, embark on board in this bay, and sail for the Thames, or I shall not be able to dine with you, as I hope, next Sunday.

The only news I have is that of a country post, that the peacock and hen are become so tame as to roost with the other fowls, and to eat bread in a morning under the parlour window.

My old friend General Rochfort, Colonel Hill, &c. &c. send you many compliments.

Good morrow, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LX.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Sept. 22, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE post of this day has been very propitious to me. It brought me the most pleasing news of the improvement in your health, and the agreeable circumstance of a rise in the jointure estate in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, without the least hardship on the tenants. I congratulate you upon it. I smiled on casting up the advance, which is exactly 45*l.* a year. I enclose you the papers from James Lee, to whom I write by this post.

I have already directed shutters to be

made to your bedchamber. If you had given the least hint of it, while you were here, Tayler's people had finished them in two days, and you would not have suffered the inconvenience you mention. There will likewise be curtains to the windows.

Your letter to Mrs. Hill at St. Boniface is dispatched.

It rained incessantly all yesterday, but to-day the sun shines, although very waterily.

I ride every other day, but never more than eight or ten miles.

Colonel Hill says, that Sir Richard Worsley poisons the air of St. Boniface by smoking there his Greek tobacco. I have not seen the Baronet since my return. I understand that he is gone to Mr. Worsley.

I leave this island on Saturday morn-

ing, and hope to dine with my dearest daughter next Sunday, and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing her perfectly recovered.

Adieu!

LETTER LXI.

Thursday, Sept. 25, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the favour yesterday of yours of Monday. It is great satisfaction to me that your health improves daily, and I hope to see you on Sunday without the *morbidezza* look, which has of late prevailed over your delicate features.

This day is fine, and the country people prognosticate good weather for some days to come.

I have ordered my chaise from Ride for Saturday morning at eight, and propose to lie at Liphook, and to dine with my dearest daughter in Prince's Court on Sunday between three and four.

I wrote to Monsieur Barthelemi, and enclosed him Mr. Paice's pamphlet.

The journey you mention to Lisle is among the comicalities of life.

I continue to get on horseback most days, but my excursion to Ride on Saturday will finish my promenades *à cheval* for this year.

My tenderest love to *Mademoiselle d'Eythorn*.

Adieu!

LETTER LXII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 7, 1788.—Three.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED to-day a little before two a *Mercure*, four *Journaux*, and a *Bulletin*. I enclose you the *Bulletin*. The rest contain nothing interesting.

I trust that this will arrive in time, and just at the moment of your embarking with a favourable wind, for which I have formed more than wishes.

Let me know all your own commissions, and those of your French friends. I shall have a pleasure in executing them with a punctuality equal to your own, and I am sure nothing can exceed that. Servants are not to be trusted.

I desire my compliments to Mr. Fector, and his very ingenious son.

The number of the *Mercure* is 44. I shall lay the *Mercures* all carefully by for your return.

The weather continues remarkably fine. It is indeed a beautiful day, and I hope for a suite of such for some time, and propitious gales for my beloved daughter.

Adieu, et bon voyage, ma chère petite.

LETTER LXIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 14, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM happy that I can send you a favourable account of the King's illness. His Majesty is much better in every respect, and has enjoyed several hours quiet rest, not agitated, nor at intervals broken and interrupted, but continued and refreshing. There have been happy intervals of returning recollection, and at three this morning strong hopes were entertained of a perfect recovery.

Sills, his fishmonger, told me that yesterday he sent to Windsor two chicken turbot, of which the King is remarkably fond, and that they were approved and relished.

I was glad that your naval expedition ended so happily on Tuesday morning. I received your letter from Dover of Monday night, on Wednesday morning, and from Calais, of Tuesday morning, yesterday.

Betty and James arrived here at eight this morning, and brought me the pleasing confirmation of your good health and spirits. I like the circumstance of your approving the two new French servants, as it will make your journey to Paris so comfortable.

I have nothing to add about the house in Grosvenor Square till I hear again from Mr. Price. A very dishonourable transaction of ——'s is come out about *little H—— House*; but if he can clear his title, I shall proceed according to the plan, taking every possible precaution.

Colonel Gordon is much out of order, and Mrs. Gordon has a very bad cold.

The Chamberlain is tolerably well.

Adieu!

It is intended that Parliament should meet on Thursday next, and immediately adjourn.

LETTER LXIV.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1788.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

I HAVE nothing interesting to send you by this post. I am assured that the King is better, but his disorder seems very obstinate, and no physician ventures yet to promise his recovery, so that every thing remains in obscurity.

We have letters to attend the meeting of Parliament on Thursday, but they all mention the circumstance of the King's not being able to prorogue the Parliament before that time, and say nothing more.

It is believed that the friends of the Ministers will have a private meeting to-morrow.

L— called at Kensington Gore on Sunday, but I would not see him, as I have not yet the result of Mr. Price's inquiries. He left word, that he wondered I had not yet begun on the house in Grosvenor Square, and that he would call in Prince's Court on Tuesday or Wednesday.

Mr. Davidson is just arrived. He sent me six more grouse, but they are not yet come to hand.

I have seen Hutton but once since you left Prince's Court.

Your account of Betty and James was so favourable, that I have rewarded them both for their dutiful conduct to my daughter.

I am most impatient to hear of your safe arrival under the roof of the excellent Dutchess, at whose feet I beg you to lay me, and to say a thousand respectful things in my name to the Dutchess de Chatillon, and to the Princess de Tarente.

Adieu!

LETTER LXV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 21, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE not a syllable from you at Paris to this hour, which fills me with anxiety. Yesterday only I received your second letter from Calais, which came by the post. It was dated, like the former, Nov. 11th.

I sent you on Tuesday the Bulletin of ten that morning. The state of the King's health continues much the same, but he sleeps more, without being refreshed by it.

I was yesterday at the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt spoke with much dignity and grace.

The two Houses were unanimous to adjourn for a fortnight, and to order a call for Dec. 4th, just fourteen days.

I took possession of my new office as Chamberlain last Tuesday, and I pay the tribute of a vile cold to my rashness.

I hope your land journey has been attended with no inconvenience.

The Colonel is recovered, and Mrs. Gordon rather better. They both send you many compliments.

The papers are accurate about the proceedings of yesterday. I suppose you see them, and therefore I transcribe nothing.

Mr. Hastings has been attacked with a violent fever, owing, it is said, to bathing in the sea at Weymouth; but he is much better, and comes to town on Monday.

George Selwyn has promised me a

coloured print of Madame *Sevigné*'s chateau and gardens. He is going on with a print of those of *Grignan*.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY was a most propitious day. In the morning Mr. Swinburne brought me a letter from you, with a parcel, and at night I had another by the common post. The first was dated Nov. 17, the other Nov. 16. I was relieved from the infinite anxiety I

have suffered since the account of your arrival at Calais.

Accept my best thanks for the waistcoat, which is very elegant. I have already sent it to Marsellis to be made up, that I may figure away in it, at the next meeting of the Royal Society, at the Monday dinner.

The King is better. There are intervals of returning recollection, and freedom from fever. A Captain *Manners* was mentioned. His Majesty said, "Let him come in, he is not only *Manners*, but *good Manners*." A looking-glass in a pier between two windows had been covered with green cloth, to prevent the King's seeing how greatly he was emaciated. The King asked the reason of the green cloth being put there. The answer was, To prevent the reflection of too much light. His Majesty said, "How can that be, when it is from the light?" It is talked

that he will soon remove to Kew, and from thence to the Queen's House. The Prince is assiduous in his attendance.

I am happy to hear of your kind reception by the Dutchess, and all her family. I could not doubt it, for it is highly merited. I partake of all the joy that noble family must experience from the late events.

I shall keep the D.'s letter till your return.

I shall not communicate any of yours, nor the enclosures, unless on public topics, and ostensible.

I do not yet quite despair about the title to the Grosvenor Square house being made out, although it is highly improbable.

My kitchen was so noisy the last week, that I have put all my servants at board-wages, at half a guinea per week each, since last Saturday; and now a per-

fect calm reigns below. I bid the cook tell the coachman of this new regulation. I have sent you by Guyon a letter from Mrs. Hill of the Isle of Wight, a new Calendar, *Almanack*, &c.

I received of the *Mercures* to No. 46, and of the *Journaux* to No. 322, both inclusive.

Mrs. Swinburne expected to become once more a mother in the course of the last night. I have sent a hen-pheasant to Blenheim Street for her, if that event has not yet happened, and if it has, for Mr. Swinburne, for *having done his duty*. He is very social, and infinitely amiable.

The Lord Mayor by my advice has suppressed the *Boxing Academy* in Capel Court, and kept my secret.

No account yet from Windsor, signed by the Physicians.

Mrs. Swinburne has just now another girl.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Nov. 28, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

We all continue in the same state of anxiety respecting the King's health. His strength continues the same, and he as usual eats plain and simple food, with a tolerable appetite. There have been many gleams of returning self-command, and flattering hopes are entertained of a perfect, although not a very speedy, recovery.

The political caballing is as great as I remember at any time. The text is a *regent*, or a *regency*. The City seem very decidedly for the latter. Mr. Malone says the chances are three to one for F. I believe them to be three to two

for P.'s plan. You may guess what that is. All the monied property, and most of the landed, are for the latter. As the enclosures cost so little, I enclose two or three more.

The postman has just enriched me with two letters of yours of the 19th and 22d, and I have two likewise from the two Dutchesses. I feel as I ought their attention in answering me so soon, and I beg you to let them know it. They are both models of taste, ease, and elegance.

The Dutchess de la Valliere presses in such very obliging terms your staying till after the *chandeleur*, that it is impossible for me not to acquiesce. I observe that it happens on the 2d of February, and the full moon on the 10th. The *chandeleur* is on Tuesday; so that if you leave Paris towards the end of

that week, you will have the benefit of moonlight for your voyage and journey.

I am delighted with your description of your apartments at the Dutchess's.

As to Leguillon, I will trouble you to call on him at your return to Calais.

I shall execute all your commissions next week, and will write to Mr. Paice, although I run the risk of a folio page quite full in return.

I send you two most extraordinary prints, for which the P.'s solicitor is prosecuting Fores, three letters, and an almanack. The next week I shall send you a *Court Calendar*; but from the particular nature of what I have sent, I thought it best not to swell this parcel.

I paid last week your taxes for the coach, &c. amounting to 4*l*. 12*s*. 8*d*. which will go into our little account.

Did you see the Dutchess de Chastillon's letter? If you did not, shall I send

you a copy of it? It is well worth transcribing.

Father H-tton is dreadfully attacked in the papers, and his *confessions*, &c.

I gratify your *pious* wishes about the prayers. Ours I think the worst, and the Irish the best.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM glad that our Sovereign, as well as our other friends, has survived the last month, so fatal to Englishmen. You may be assured that his health is

rather better, and the removal to Kew has been attended with no bad consequence. I believe it is not yet settled, at least it has not transpired, what Parliament is to do on Thursday. I rather incline to think that it will be another short prorogation.

I have just received the favour of your letter to the 27th inclusive, and the same post has brought one to Betty. I shall be impatient to hear that you have the prints I sent by Guyon. Thursday's diligence will bring you some more curiosities; and you will of course examine the inside of the books, pamphlets, &c.

I received to-day *No.* 47 *of the Mercure de France*, and *Nos.* 323 *and Supplement*, 324, 325, 326, *and* 327 *of the Journal de Paris*, and the *pamphlet*.

I am much alarmed at the state of the good Dutchess's health. Such a disorder at so advanced a period of life is very

threatening, and the more under bad management.

I hope the second son of my good old friend Baron d'H-lb-ch will compensate to that worthy family for all the deficiences of the eldest.

I am very much the humble servant of the Prince de la Tremoïlle, of Monsieur Dalain, and of all who do me the honour to inquire after me.

The Gordons are well, and invited me to dinner on Wednesday, but I am engaged. He dined here last week. I have not yet been able to see *Miss Smith*.

I wish you to mention what you paid for the last letter, with the many enclosures.

"Kew House, Dec. 2, 1788.

"His Majesty has had some sleep at intervals; the disorder still continues, with some little abatement.

"G. Baker.

"L. Pepys."

LETTER LXIX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Dec. 6, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ATTENDED on Wednesday night at the Cockpit in consequence of a formal letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The attendance was very numerous. Mr. Pitt only observed that nothing new had occurred in the state of the King's health, that the Privy Council had examined the Physicians on oath, that the questions and answers would be laid before Parliament, that he meant to move an adjournment to Monday, and the call of the House to be adjourned till Thursday fortnight.

Yesterday the House of Commons met: near 400 Members attended. Mr.

Pitt presented the report of the Physicians, and moved that it lie on the table, for the House to proceed upon next Monday. Mr. Vyner wished, for the dignity of the House, that an examination might be instituted by them. Mr. Pitt replied, that *that* was a future consideration, for Monday. Perhaps the examination before us might be satisfactory, it was taken *on oath* before the Privy Council: the House of Commons could not administer an oath, &c. &c. &c. Mr. Fox was there, looked extremely ill, spoke short, but approved the adjournment to Monday.

Sh. is said to be the great favourite of the Pr.

L— referred us to Mr. —— of Queen Square, who had that house of him. H. speaks of him as a ——— —, and Seddons shook his head, when I mentioned him, and said he had heard more

than he chose to repeat. Price reduced his objections to writing, and has not yet an answer to one of them. I much fear the present scheme cannot succeed, but I shall be ready to adopt another on your return. I hear Lord Carmarthen's house is to be disposed of. I have an agent employed for that purpose.

Since I wrote the above, ——— has been here, and insists on the excellence of his title. I asked why his lawyer ——— had not answered any of the queries Mr. Price gave him in writing. He did not know. I said I would do nothing, till my lawyer assured me that I was safe. The call of the House was adjourned only till next Thursday, but it is supposed that it will then be postponed again.

I have finished all my Chamberlain's business to my satisfaction, and to-morrow morning I set out for the Isle of

Wight. The office does not open till the Tuesday after Plough Monday, which is January 12. My stay in the Isle of Wight will depend entirely on my health, the weather, &c. &c. &c. I shall write regularly to my dearest daughter, and hope to hear as regularly from her, with all the allowances of two sea voyages for the letters, and double carriage by land.

I have been myself at Kirkup's. He has no scissars under a guinea per pair, but expects such as you mention in two or three days, and likewise watch-chains, of which he had only one imperfect. I have settled with him about the packing, and sending them to Guyon's.

You will have by to-morrow's diligence the new *Calendar*, &c.

Miss Smith is amazingly well, and sends you a thousand compliments.

(Copy.)

"Kew Palace, Dec. 5, 1788.
Eleven in the Morning.

"His Majesty has had a restless night, and is much indisposed this morning.

"R. WARREN.

"J. GISBORNE."

LETTER LXX.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MY little journal is, that I left Prince's Court on Saturday morning, lay that night at the Anchor in Liphook, and on Sunday morning crossed over from Portsmouth to Ride. The passage was

short, only three quarters of an hour, but very rough, and above a mile in a boat. There has been a storm for four days on this coast, but I do not hear of any shipwreck. It is warmer here in this south aspect than in London or Kensington, and this day the frost has left us, and a mild rain succeeds.

I hope the variety of the enclosures I sent amused you, and did not cost much.

Yesterday I received your most entertaining and patriotic letter of Nov. 29, and the Journaux, Nos. 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, but no Mercure, and the second part of Monsieur Target's excellent pamphlet.

Mrs. Gordon promised me to write you all the London news. Mine would be a country post of peacocks, bantams, &c. &c. and the amazing growth of your walking companion, Trusty. I am impatient to hear that you received the two

prints, and elegant almanack. In another parcel I sent the letters, Calendar, Royal Recollections, &c. &c.

I am, thank God, well, and freer than usual from my old complaint. I walk for about two hours after breakfast, then read some useful book till dinner at three, and go to roost at nine. I rise at seven, but do not brave the morning air till after breakfast.

I found the plantations thriving here, particularly the strawberries, and a cheerfulness in the scene, which surprised me at this very late season of the year. Monday must have been a most interesting day at Westminster. The event I know not.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LXXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, Dec. 18, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YESTERDAY's post brought me together your two charming letters of Nov. 30 and Dec. 3. They well rewarded my waiting and impatience.

I rejoice that your excellent Dutchess is so much better; and from what I observed last week of *Miss* Smith, I hope the present weather will be found peculiarly propitious to advanced life. I scarcely know a life more to be prized and wished, for it seems entirely exempt from all the unsocial frowardness and discontent of age, and steadily pursues a plan of diffusive benevolence, seldom attended to in the heyday of the blood.

I am much vexed with myself that I forgot to copy for you the Dutchess of Chastillon's letter. It well merited the transcript. I have carefully preserved it, and as soon as I return to Prince's Court you shall certainly have it. If you will be so good to send me a letter for the Dutchess de la Valliere for the Jour de l'An, I will send it from hence, and I think it would arrive in time, and be well received.

I have been so much hurried, that I have not yet read *Target*. Sir Richard Worsley dined here on Friday, and desired his best respects to you. The weather is not so severe here as in the capital, and no snow lies in the fields. I sprung a covey of partridges yesterday behind the cottage.

The news about Mr. Smith gives me great satisfaction. Alderman Le Mesurier tells me that no ships will go to

India before the middle or end of January, so that I shall be in time, as my holydays expire on Plough Monday, Jan. 12th.

I have ordered James to send you the Sunday paper, as you desired, whenever there is any parcel. Mr. Kirkup ought before this to have sent your scissars and chains.

I desire you not to go shopping on my account, till the weather is less severe, and then let it be only for an elegant bagatelle.

Since I wrote the above, I have the favour of yours of Dec. 7. The most pleasing thing I see in the Isle of Wight is the smile of la chère petite.

I am sorry that you paid the unwelcome tribute of a cold to the severity of the weather.

Your little anecdotes of the Dutchess de Chastillon are admirable.

The *Morning Chronicle of Thursday, Dec.* 11, is infinitely curious. Does that paper come to Paris?

The Duke of —— will by the *arrêt* get to Heaven at last, but I once thought he would have lain in the focus of ——.

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!"

LETTER LXXII.

Isle of Wight,
Friday, Dec. 19, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD yesterday the pleasure of your two letters at the same time by the diligence and the post. They are dated Dec. 6th and 10th.

I received likewise the *Mercure*, No. 49, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, which were a source of great entertainment to me.

The weather here is very severe, but not as I understand so severe as at London or Paris. We had for three days together a violent storm from the east, but I have not heard of any shipwreck, or great damage by land. I continue, thank Heaven, well, and am made happy by the favourable accounts you send me from Paris, particularly of your own health, although I am anxious likewise about that of your noble friends.

I have ordered the tea, which is to be in a small parcel with Monsieur Kageneck's letter. I thought the *Sallust* was to be a present, after the various presents of books I made to his Excellency and Madame; but as I find it is meant to be a *barter* for a variety of prints, I wave

it, and the pretext may be from the difficulty of pleasing the taste of another, which you may mention as from me, with a variety of compliments.

Sir Richard Worsley brought his son here yesterday, a very handsome and promising youth of thirteen. He is reading Virgil and Ovid. I gave him a beautiful Elzevir Ovid.

Your remark about the probable end of the troubles where you are is highly judicious. I wish you a good journey to Versailles, if you have the courage to undertake it.

I congratulate you on the decided superiority of Pitt in last Tuesday's debate. A majority of sixty-four is superior to all accidents, and I think Parliament will now probably die a natural death in May 1791.

The sea has been the three last days as smooth as a mirror, and there is now

clear sunshine, and a dead calm, but a smart frost.

It is now said, and truly, that the King is better, and great hopes are entertained of a perfect recovery in consequence of the new treatment. As I shall return to the capital by the 12th, I shall have full time to complete all your nicer commissions, and you to receive them at Paris before your return.

It is said that Dr. Willis rules his patient by fear, and in consequence has changed all the pages, footmen, &c. and put his own people in full authority about his patient.

LETTER LXXIII.

Isle of Wight,
Friday, Dec. 26, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

ALL the cheerful compliments of this merry season attend my beloved daughter. In all the rigours of this most severe winter I can answer myself very satisfactorily a question I put to myself with La Fontaine's pigeon,

Ma fille, a-t-elle tout ce qu'elle veut,
Bon soupé, bon gîte, et le reste?

I never knew such a succession of sunshine for so many days at this time of the year, and the frost is not very intense. The sea-breezes certainly make the temperature of the air more mild

than in towns, where the winds come with all the sweepings of a continent.

To-day I give a dinner to all the men who have worked on the premises in the summer or autumn, in all thirteen, although I have now but two. Beef roasted, mutton boiled, and good plum-puddings, make their wholesome, homely cheer. I the more readily did this, as I shall not probably pass the Christmas holydays here again; but I sacrificed this month to the solitude of Sandham Cottage, that I might get every thing of planting, laying out the ground, &c. in perfect order before the summer.

I have just finished the letter to your excellent Dutchess with the best pen I could find.

I thank you much for your letters of the 14th and 17th, which arrived together yesterday. I received likewise the Mercure, No. 50, and the Journaux,

Nos. 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, and 351.

I am exceedingly pleased with the notice Lord Cornwallis has taken of Mr. Smith, and the prudent conduct he has observed. I hope now *qu'il ira loin.* I am particularly obliged to you for the care you take of your health, and I was delighted with your account of the good hours you keep, a circumstance in my opinion absolutely necessary during the extreme severity of the weather where you are. I have practised the doctrine I preach ever since my arrival in this island, and you know it is habitual to me of late. I have not had even a slight cold since I came, although I was well soused by an immense wave in the passage.

St. Thomas's day passed much to my satisfaction in the ward of Farringdon Without. The Citizens have done themselves much honour by their sup-

port of Mr. Pitt. The thanks will be followed throughout the kingdom.

I have not seen, or heard of, Lord and Lady Dudley. I suppose they are in Worcestershire.

I ordered the tea to be sent to you.

I do not envy the Prince de la Tremoïlle his journey. If he stays till the zephyrs waft him back, he will pass his life in Scotland.

I shall be glad to see the Chevalier de Boufflers's *Discours de Reception*, and the *Answer* of the Directeur. The choice of him I highly approve, but I think it a bold step, on account of many passages in the writings, which he has avowed.

Mr. Fox is said to be ill in health. Sh. is much caressed.

I have settled to leave the island on Saturday the 10th of January, so that I hope to dine in Prince's Court the next day, Sunday the 11th.

Colonel Gordon has been very dangerously ill, and for many nights was obliged to take laudanum. I desired Mrs. Gordon to write all the news *to you*, not to me.

After the 11th of January you may expect from your old correspondent all the chit-chat of the capital,

The health of the King ebbs and flows.

LETTER LXXIV.

Isle of Wight,
Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1788.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HOPE that you have received the tea, the things from Kirkup's, the letters, and your Sunday's papers, all of which went in a parcel the beginning of last week to Guyon's.

Poor Samuel has been very bad for ten days, but is now better. The whole artillery of physic has been played off against him, and yet he survives. Devaynes has bled, cupped, and blistered him, and sends him physic regularly. At length I have hopes of his revovery.

Mr. Pott died last week suddenly, to the great regret of science and genius.

Mr. Grindall is appointed Surgeon

Extraordinary to the Prince of Wales. I have epistolized my old schoolfellow on the occasion.

Since I wrote the above, I am favoured with your letter of the 21st. I am sorry that the severity of the weather continues where you are, but the improved health of the good Dutchess will indemnify you for a thousand inconveniences.

Mrs. Sturt is very prudent not to think of so long a journey during the intense cold, and I shall not consent that my dear daughter should undertake it, till the weather becomes tolerably mild, and the snow is all melted. If this does not happen till April, I desire you to continue under the noble patronage which you enjoy at present, and you may draw upon me for any sum you wish.

Poor Prince de la Tremoïlle! but

perhaps he is lucky to be blown back, and not to be able to get to Scotland.

It begins to snow very fast, but the snow does not lie. In London the thaw on Saturday was so great as to make a variation of twenty-one degrees in the glass in twelve hours; but it froze very hard on Sunday morning.

The Duke of Orleans for his late acts of benevolence shall sit, as the beggars say in Holland, on a velvet cushion in heaven.

My Chinese pigs, Mrs. Hastings's obliging present, have been ice-bound aboard the navigation barge these three weeks. Mr. Jolliffe has given me four fine Guinea-fowls, which will be spitted before you come, that they may not rend your ears, and I have two peacocks and their wives, which are likewise presents.

Every thing I think goes on prosperously in dear Old England, and I trust

that we shall now perfect what was left undone by our ancestors at the glorious *Revolution*.

I thank you already for what you have sent me in the *box*. Excuse a pun, the worse, you know, the better; it will then be a *Christmas-box*: vile Isle of Wight wit!

Sir Richard Worsley dines here to-morrow. I shall not forget your compliments. I suspect a coolness between him and Colonel H—, as he mentioned that he had not seen the Colonel for three months.

The stories of the King, Queen, and youngest Princess, are so affecting that I have not courage to transcribe them. The King is certainly better. Mr. M——— is confined by the gout, and Lady B——y with him in Suffolk Street. This has prevented the Christmas projected tour to Garboldisham. *Miss*

Smith told Mrs. Gordon, that I saluted her, for which I called her *indiscreet and giddy*, with which I hear she is much pleased.

Colonel Gordon is recovered, but does not venture out.

I shall be obliged to you at full leisure to execute these commissions, and to bring the things with you on your return.

I wish for a *plume en argent.*

3. *Carte des Environs de la Mer Noire, par De la Marche, rue du Foin, S. I. au Collége de Maitre Gervais, prix 4 liv.* 10*s.*

4. *Voyage en Turquie et en Egypte, fait en l'Année* 1784. *A Paris, chez Royez, petit volume de* 150 *pages. Quai des Augustins près du Pont Neuf.*

The doubts about ——'s title begin to clear up a little. He has just sent a copy of the will of Sir T—— S——,

the former occupier of the house, and promises the remainder of the title very soon. I am in earnest to oblige you in this business, and Mr. Price has powers from me to conclude, if —— can make out a *tolerable* title, but not if a lawsuit is to follow from another party, to keep us in hot water for three or four years. Mr. Price has taken great pains, and all his objections were given in writing.

LETTER LXXV.

Isle of Wight,
Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MANY thanks for your letter of December the 24th, which I received yesterday by the post, and by a messenger from Ride, the *Mercure*, No. 51, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 352, 3, 4, 5, 6, the "Cinquième Question," the "Petition des Citoyens domiciliés à Paris," Catalogues, &c.

I am very glad that the thaw is arrived, and I hope the danger of the frost returning with fresh violence will not be realized. It continues to freeze here, but not with great violence.

How greatly am I obliged to your ex-

cellent Dutchess for the elegant china! I beg you to assure her of my respectful gratitude; but the emblematical figure will only remind me of how infinitely I fall short of that great admired character. I wish you to bring it, not send it, from the fear of accidents.

The poor Speaker, Cornwall! and after so short an illness! This is a very fermenting ingredient in the boiling state caldron.

I am already packing up for the end of the week, and if I have a good passage hope to dine in Prince's Court on Sunday next, the 11th, from whence I do not mean to be absent again till May.

I shall have the pleasure of writing to you from Prince's Court by next Tuesday's post, and I desire you to send me all your commissions great and small, that I may make some little return for

your punctuality and exactness, in which you excel all the world.

I have not had the slightest cold since I have been in this island, and hope to return as well to the capital.

My dearest daughter, adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ARRIVED here to dinner on Sunday after no small trouble in cutting through the ice in the harbours of Ride and Portsmouth, and wading through the snow all the rest of the journey. I cannot bear the idea of your going

through such complicated difficulties, and therefore I make a point that you should not think of travelling till this intense frost is entirely gone, all the snow melted, and the atmosphere has resumed the usual mildness of these climates. I do not doubt that your noble friends at Paris join with me in admiring more and more your many virtues and amiable qualities on a longer and nearer acquaintance, and therefore I am persuaded you will be detained no less by their generous regard and friendship than by every prudential motive. I am now fixed in the capital till May. I would by no means have you draw on Mr. Paice, should you want any sum whatever. A father is still, or ought always to be, a better friend than any trustee, and I shall have a pleasure in accepting any of your drafts, and they need be at only one usance.

By the last diligence I received the *Mercure*, No. 52, and the *Journaux*, Nos. 357, 8, 9, 360, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. By the post I received your two letters of December 27 and 31, and I desire you to accept my warmest thanks for the many favours of that kind, which the last year afforded me. I long for a recommencement of your correspondence, and I hope that mine will not be so very insipid as I fear you found it from the Isle of Wight, from whence I am returned without the usual tribute to Neptune of a cold.

I hope that you received the letter I wrote just before I left the Isle of Wight about the house in G——r Square, &c. and therefore I will not make it repetition-day.

The Report from the *new* Committee about the King's health will not be made till this evening, nor printed before

Thursday. I will send it you. There is a most violent quarrel between the —— and ——; it is thought irreconcilable. It is proposed to give the —— the sole power over the whole household, the Lords of the Bedchamber, &c. and all personal property. The friends of the —— declare that government cannot be carried on with such a defalcation of power, for he is not to have the power of creating peers, nor granting any patent places, but for a short time, with other numerous restrictions. I give you this from the first authority, and likewise of the open war now declared between the friends of the—— and——. This is certainly the most novel and unexpected of all possible situations. The violence on both sides is extreme. The D. of —— gives political *dinners* twice a week, *et brigue les souffrages ouvertement, avec les plus belles promesses du monde.* Are

you Q. or P. ? is now the sole question. —You guess my attachment to the fair sex, but I have settled it for pairing off, whenever a debate is likely to go beyond midnight—I have stated this to Mr. Steele—Pitt will I believe carry all his questions—I hope so at least, for they appear to me truly constitutional.

I write no more to you about *ducks and fowls*, but *dukes and fools*, as the Scot said, and we have at least some such —.

I was yesterday at the House of Commons. No debate. Mere forms. Captain Luttrell, Member for Dover, is dead. Trevanion stands against Pybus, a banker, supported by Fector, &c. &c. ; Trevanion supported by Lord North, &c.

The finest, weightiest hare I ever held up, is just arrived for *Miss Wilkes*, from Eythorn Court. As the dear Lady of the Manor is so far, I must necessa-

rily not suffer it to be wasted, but eat it with some of her friends and neighbours, and make libations to her health.

I enclose two *lists*, and a *protest*, but no comments on the last hasty and most incorrect production.

I shall be impatient to hear of your receiving this.

I found every thing in good order on my return here, and Samuel better, but James's head is dreadfully bruised. He pretends that the night before my return, one pickpocket stole his handkerchief, then twelve men surrounded him, beat, and almost killed him. He went out, as he says, only to see sights on the water, at five o'clock, and all this happened before six. It is a curious story, and the *twelve* men, like Falstaff's, all in buckram. The truth is not worth developing. He can scarcely walk about, or see.

I have seen *Miss* Smith perfectly well, Colonel Gordon almost recovered, and the Colonel's lady in good health.

Our own family I hear are well, but I have not seen Heaton. I had the receipt for Koenig's bill, and thank you.

I am glad the good Dutchess approved my *etrennes*, and I am obliged to you for so lucky a thought.

Mr. M—— is, I hear, very ill with the gout in Suffolk Street. Lady E——y, &c. with him. I intend to call to-morrow.

The disputes at the London Tavern about the thanks to Mr. Pitt, were very outrageous. Neither Newnham nor Sawbridge were suffered to speak. Bearcroft, Bank Director, advertises that the thanks were carried by a large majority. Alderman Pickett has signed a paper, that they were negatived by a majority of five to one. I was luckily absent,

and I hear no peevishness either in the House, or City, against me. They have kindly made every allowance for an *old veteran*, as Beckford said.

Has the Dutchess yet my letter?

The new Speaker, Grenville, is wonderfully gracious to me. He is unluckily very short-sighted.

To-morrow I give a twelfth cake, wine, and punch, as usual, to the servants; and your coachman is invited to drink his Lady's health with the others.

LETTER LXXVII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Jan. 16, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THIS is truly a halcyon day for me. The post has just brought me your two charming letters of Jan. 4th, and Jan. 7th, with Suard's note; and the diligence brought me the *Mercure, No.* 1, 3 *Janvier* 1789, and the *Journaux's, No.* 366, 1788, and *Nos.* 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1789, with the *Supplements*. To all the pleasing accounts in your letters I am to add that of a fine thaw. On Tuesday a subscription was opened for the poor. The City directed me to subscribe 1500*l.* as Chamberlain. It was settled among ourselves that the Members for the City should subscribe forty guineas, and the

Aldermen twenty each. Skinner, Sanderson, and myself, paid our subscriptions, but a thaw succeeding, the Committee ordered our monies to be returned, and no more subscriptions to be received, unless the violence of such a frost should return. The Bank sent me yesterday 100 guineas, which, with every possible acknowledgment, I declined on the same account, and several very handsome private benefactions, taking down the names of the benevolent parties, in case of any future great distress.

* * * * * * * *

I received this evening the prettiest waistcoat I ever saw, and a compendium of every thing really useful in all the French almanacks, for which I am highly obliged to you; and yet I wish you to bring the *Almanach Royal* for this year with you, in blue paper, that I may have it bound uniform to complete my sets.

I wish much for the "Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Gréce," and for the 4to. edition of it in 5 vols. although it will cost me sixty livres. I would have it only broché. It is printed for *Debure l'ainé, libraire, rue Serpente, Hotel Ferrand, No.* 6. I should be glad you would consult him about the sending it, and let him pack it up very carefully. It is too large for you to bring. I wish Debure would undertake to convey it here.

The House meet again to-day, and we are all on the tiptoe of expectation. My letter of Tuesday would fully explain to you the very critical state of parties. The *Report* is indeed very wonderful. It forms a great folio. I will contrive you shall have it, if only piecemeal.

I highly approve your attention to the Dutchess's livery-servants, the jour de l'an. The King, alas! is not at all better.

The Prince will have the power of dissolving Parliament, which he will certainly use at the end of April, or beginning of May.

I am glad you exceed even Aldermen in good cheer; and a Geneva trout at Paris is not only an exquisite delicacy, but a wonder. I have had grouse twice, and from our good friend Davidson, who is confined to his bed by gout in both legs and hands.

Mr. Hastings is got to his new house, No. 12, in Wimpole Street. I have not yet seen him, but he has called here, and yesterday I sent Madame a couple of grouse.

Mr. Hutton is just come to dine; and sends his best compliments.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

My dinner yesterday was interrupted by a much more agreeable repast, your letter of the 13th and 14th; and from the local situation of us both, I trust that our correspondence will in future be much more regular.

This courier carries your excellent Dutchess a letter in my very best writing with a new pen. The whole arrangement of your return I leave to yourself, but I consent to no risk, nor travelling in the night, and I hope you will contrive to be on the sea near the full moon. The length of my tether till May will be Kensington Gore. It cannot escape me,

how much time you have lost by the cruel severity of the weather.

The weather has been tolerably mild since last Wednesday, and the snow has disappeared, to fructify, I hope, the earth. Last night we had a gentle frost.

I desire to be very affectionately remembered in the Rue Royale.

Suard's letter is neat and correct. The Dutchess's to me is highly polished and pathetic—I mean the Dutchess de la Valliere's.

Lord Lansdowne has gained great applause by his speech on the Regency—and in the House of Commons Lord North; but Pitt's was that of the statesman.

I am glad that you have resumed the elegant amusement and exercise of dancing.—My answer to the Dutchess leaves you at full liberty to act according to cir-

cumstances, and you need not determine any thing for a considerable time.

Mr. M——— is dangerously ill, and sees only Lady B——y.

Politics are more embroiled than ever. Lord Rodney is gone over to the Prince. Sir John Aubrey has made a foolish speech against any *limitations*. Mr. Hutton is exceedingly angry with them both. He has dined here once since my return, and complained of *our* long absence. I thought Guyon would scarcely be able to send you the large folio of the *Report on the King's Illness*, and therefore I purchased the 4to. edition, which goes this morning with two letters. I have likewise sent you by the post part of two curious newspapers. I wish you to mention what this letter costs.

Major L— has just left me, sunk into a deadly lassitude. The press is *groaning* under a new pamphlet of his.

At two this morning Mr. Pitt carried all his motions. There were two divisions:

229	and	220
165		164
64		56

This moment arrived the *Mercure, No.* 2, and the *Journaux, Nos.* 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, with the *Chevalier de Boufflers' Discours,* &c.

(Copie.)

Paris le 24 9bre, 1788.

Je suis honteuse, Monsieur, de n'avoir pas plus-tot repondu à la lettre que Mademoiselle votre fille m'a apportée de votre part, je suis infiniment sensible à tout ce qu'elle contient d'obligeant. Je vous en rend mille graces. J'avoue que

j'ai un droit à votre interêt, c'èst mon amitié pour Mademoiselle votre fille. Vous me faites un grand plaisir en vous prétant au desir que j'avois de la revoir dans mon pays, elle ne doit pas me savoir mauvais gré si je ne lui rend pas sa visite, je voudrois bien pouvoir aller en Angleterre, mais je ne songe pas à ce projet. Je suis attachée à Paris par un lien bien doux, il est triste en ce moment par le mauvais etat de la santé de ma mere. Elle vient d'avoir une grande joye, j'ai même craint que son emotion ne fut trop vive, ma fille a pris pó but de sa premiere sortie de venir presenter sa petite à sa grand mere, et d'etre relevée dans sa chapelle selon la pratique de notre eglise. L'on ne peut voir une meilleure nourrice. Je vous ferois des excuses de vous decrire tous ces details, si votre cœur paternel m'etoit moins connu par la confiance de mon amie.

Je la quitte à l'instant, je puis vous assurer qu'elle se porte très bien et qu'elle à l'air de partager notre satisfaction de la voir. Je suis bien aise, Monsieur, de savoir que votre santé est parfaitement retablie.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

LAVALLIERE Duchesse de CHASTILLON.

Mr. Wilkes, Senateur et Chambellan.

LETTER LXXIX.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Feb. 3, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

ALL the gay scenes of yesterday in the Catholic country of France passed before my mind's eye, and made me partake of the entertainment, which I am persuaded you enjoyed with your good friends. I shall be much pleased with the detail.

I am favoured with your two letters of the 24th and 28th of January.

I am in doubt whether the good Dutchess means *goldbeater's skin*, or the *Court plaister*, and therefore I send some of each.

I enclose the *Answers* of the *Queen* and *Prince*, which are incorrect in all the

papers; but as the Regency will, I believe, be settled to-morrow, you will probably have few more political enclosures.

Many thanks for the trouble you have so kindly taken for *le Jeune Anacharsis*.

Elmsly has sent me *l'Almanach des Muses*.

I beg you to tell Madame d'Holbach how deeply I regret the loss of my old and excellent friend the Baron.

We have still fine open weather, and gentle rains. I do not object to your passing all this month at Paris, and the beginning of the next, but I entreat you not to run the risk of the equinoctial storms. The full moon of March is on the 11th day, and the equinox on the 21st. If therefore you contrive to be at Calais the 9th, 10th, or 11th, you will have the advantage of the moon, if you want it, after tolerably long days. All this must however depend on the season,

and the roads. I cannot bear the idea of your running any risk, and I insist on your not leaving Paris till you have a good prospect of a safe journey and passage. The frost may return, &c. &c.

The Parliament will not be dissolved this year, it is at present agreed.

LETTER LXXX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Jan. 23, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

The House of Commons having adjourned from Tuesday to next Monday, cannot furnish you any amusement, and I almost suspect that you are weary of politics. Contrary to

the usage, the *Report* was made from the Committee to the House on the same day. Mr. Rolle however has promised an amusement we did not expect so soon, the interlude of Mrs. F. and her marriage *in law, or equity*. He is not a man likely to be put from his purpose, and I understand that he has given some indiscreet promises to some of his constituents in Devonshire. The B——p of B. told *me*, that a most respectable lady of his particular *friendship* said to the said B. "The P. came in here yesterday, overjoyed, saying, 'I 'never did better in any thing; I behaved 'incomparably well; I could not have 'thought it, as the case was quite new 'to me.' The Lady answered, 'Your 'R.H. always behaves well; what was the 'case, that was quite new to you?' The Prince replied, 'I was at a marriage, 'and gave the lady away.' The Lady said,

'Was your R. H. never before at a 'marriage?' The P. answered, laying his right hand with eagerness on his breast, 'Never, on my honour.'"

Trevanion has carried his election for Dover at a most enormous expense. I am truly sorry for the contest. His family is large and increasing, and the great interest of the Fectors against him will keep him in hot water all his life.

Mrs. Swinburne is ill; Mr. Molineux worse. Our neighbours all well; so are the Hastings's, with whom I am to dine on Wednesday. My Chinese boar departed this life last week; and has not left his relict in a promising way, but Mrs. H. engages for a successor to him.

I enclose you the only account of yesterday's debate in the House of Lords, which has yet appeared. It is very partial, but we shall have no other till ten this evening. Only three of the five

propositions were carried: the other two will probably pass this day.

Banks has left P. Adieu that peerage, as well as A.'s.

My hopes of the house in Grosvenor Square are much diminished since my return to town, yet are not desperate. Mr. Price has taken uncommon pains.

I understand from Guyon that there is ice above a league from the harbour of Calais. Yesterday we had all day a mild and warm rain, yet some mad boys continue to skait in the Park.

Guyon tells me, that the *boar's head, l'hure du sanglier*, I believe it is called, may now be sent without paying any duty. I wish you therefore to desire one to be bought for me, not exceeding three guineas, and to be carefully packed in a box, to come by the diligence.

You will soon receive some curious prints, *pantins*, &c. The candlesticks are safe at Dover.

LETTER LXXXI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE but a few moments by this post to thank you for the two letters of the 18th and 21st, and to express the great joy I feel at your favourable account of the incomparable Dutchess's health.

Elmsly and Edwards have both *Les Voyages de jeune Anacharsis*, which I did not suspect. If therefore you have not already made the purchase, I will not give you that trouble, but take it of Elmsly.

The Gordons, Captain Guyot, and Mr. Swinburne, dined here yesterday, and remembered you with great regard.

Dear *Miss* Smith is extremely ill.

I beg you to let my old friend, Baron d'Holbach, know how greatly his illness has affected me.

I received last night the *Mercure, No.* 3, and the *Journaux, Nos.* 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

The weather is now quite mild, and we have had fine rains, but the ice still floats in amazing cakes in the harbours of Calais, Dover, Portsmouth, &c. so as to render the navigation very dangerous.

The poor have been so greatly relieved, that we do not accept your generous offer of two guineas.

I have got the *Almanach des Muses* from Elmsly.

Nothing new on the political horizon.

Adieu, my dearest daughter; consult your health above all other considerations.

LETTER LXXXII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Jan. 30, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I DO not remember to have experienced so much prevaricating trouble and uncertainty as in the business of Mr. —— respecting the house. Mr. P—— has been indefatigable, but not a tolerable title can be made out. The principal deeds, lease, and even a counterpart, cannot be found, and there are other claims and mortgages. The perplexity was infinite. I therefore yesterday cut the Gordian knot by the following letter to Mr. ——, which I sent by Mr. Price's clerk, after he had taken a copy.

Prince's Court,
Jan. 28, 1789.

" SIR,

" I FIND so much delay in the business of the house, and so great an uncertainty in the title, that I am determined to entertain no farther idea of any lease, or any transaction in relation to it.

" I am, &c.

" J. W."

Thus has ended all connexion with Mr. ——, and I guess that his strange title was purchased very cheap from the consciousness of the invalidity of it in the other parties.

I continue my inquiries about another house, worthy of you, and of the Chamberlain; and if I am not successful, I shall desire you on your return to give your

whole attention to an object which I know you have at heart, and which I shall have a real pleasure in accomplishing.

We were beat yesterday in the Common Council by six on an *absurd* question moved by our friends for an address to a *future* Regent; yet I am satisfied that we have a majority there in the present contest between Fox and Pitt, notwithstanding the *shop-tax* hangs like a millstone round our necks. I took little share in a debate which I disapproved, and only as to some points of form, but I would not desert my friends on a division, because that might lead to more serious consequences.

I passed a happy day with Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, who are both well, and remember you with affection, Major Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, at

their new house, No. 12, in Wimpole Street, which is very splendid, and very insipid—a street, brick walls, before, behind, every where.

Yesterday I received the candlesticks, which are *de toute beauté*, and an elegant cup and saucer. I beg my two generous benefactresses to accept every grateful acknowledgment from their devoted, humble servant. I believe it is certain that the Parliament will not be dissolved this spring, and notwithstanding the P——'s answer to Mr. Pitt, in which the P—— seems to have committed himself, a change of Ministry is thought a moot point.

I have sent you five excellent prints, but the *pantins* were imagined and made by a private family, and not allowed to be copied.

The *World*, as usual, *takes my name in*

vain, and even *forges* it, as witness what I enclose.

The Duke of Portland strongly advises the P—— against a change of Ministers at present, because his Grace says the P—— cannot *now* go on without them.

Poor Parker is laid up with the gout. He has not attended once, nor the Chamberlain missed once, this year. He is, I thank God, in good health.

I called this morning for the first time on Rosenhagen in Duke Street. He is in bed, in agony, in the gout.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 6, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

Mrs. Sturt is arrived, and has brought me the most beautiful print of "La Bonne Mère," with the "Almanach des Muses for 1789." I desire you to accept my best thanks for both.

I likewise received from Guyon the Mercure, No. 4, and the Journaux, No. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, with a small packet for Mrs. Swinburne. I sent it directly. She has left Blenheim Street, and has now a ready-furnished house, No. 37, Somerset Street, Portman Square.

The field of politics has produced nothing for the last four days, and we do

not expect the business of the *regency* finished till the end of the next week. The fermentation of the two parties is exceedingly great, and has much soured both.

I transcribed in my last what I wrote to Mr. ——, which concluded the business with him; but as I am truly intent and anxious to comply with your wishes for a larger house, and I mean to leave the whole arrangement to yourself, for you to proceed upon immediately on your return, I wish you to consider whether you will not bring with you a femme de chambre, whom you may thoroughly like, from Paris. By this you will save the useless journey to Calais, and back to Paris, of a French woman; you will save Betty's tour to Calais, and back again, twice crossing the sea, &c. &c. These arrangements have occurred to me, but I desire that my dear daughter

would take her own plan, and I shall approve whatever she determines. A lodging might be had near for two or three months at the utmost.

James is recovered. Samuel is rather better, but still dangerously ill. *Miss* Smith and Mrs. Gordon are both well. You will have three new prints by tomorrow's diligence, not very excellent, but in the times. Mr. —— has just been here. He complains bitterly of Sir T—— S——, of Mr. H——, &c. &c; acknowledges an important deed not forthcoming, and thinks it might be supplied by the consent of Mrs. W——, who is abroad, and others. I repeated to him my determination to have no farther concern about the house, and we parted very civilly.

The weather still continues very temperate, with kindly rains.

If any very neat and elegant book of

maps in 8vo. or 12mo. such as I sent you from Naples, has appeared, I wish you to purchase one for me, and the new beautiful map of the environs of Paris in one sheet, not on rollers, but well coloured.

Hutton dines here about once a week on invitation, but scarcely ever calls in. He wanted to know if you had told me that he wrote to you at Paris.

Be so good to inquire of De Bure, if any books have been printed at the *Louvre* of consequence within the last ten years, what they are, the price, and if they are to be purchased.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Chamberlain's Office,
Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD only five minutes to read your two letters before I was summoned to a Court of Aldermen, and to make a Mr. Anderson free. He offers his services to Aldersgate Ward in the room of Sir Thomas Halifax, who died last Saturday. He is a very respectable merchant, and agent here for Dantzick. I believe he will succeed.

I cannot say, that I approve your return by Boulogne instead of Calais. 1st, It is farther by sea. 2d, The vessels, accommodations, are not so many, so good, or so certain. 3d, That passage must

be best, which has been so generally, almost universally approved for centuries, and the other only practised in the case of particular winds, &c. Why seek the *better than well?* I think it seldom answers. "I was well, would be better, took physic, and died," is an Italian adage.

I sent you last week with the prints, and a letter, the most daring pamphlet ever published even in this country.

We were eight days without hearing from France, and I have yet no news of *le Jeune Anacharsis*, with whom I long to be acquainted.

The chocolate shall be sent to-morrow.

I have read "Lady C——'s Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople," and found it a very silly performance indeed, neither amusing nor interesting, and in some instances disgraceful to our

country. It is a large 4to. but if you wish it, I will send it you by the diligence. The print of the *Bonne Mère* is *manqué*. She should have looked with fondness on her children, while she was making the soap-bubbles. In the print she looks from them, and seems to be wholly intent on her own play. It is beautifully graved.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXXV.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 13, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD but a few minutes to write to you by the last post from the Chamberlain's Office, and could only mention the receipt of your two last letters, which came together, not their dates, which are Jan. 31, and Feb. 4.

I have since received the *Mercure*, *No.* 5, and the *Journaux*, *No.* 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33; but I do not find any tribute to the revered memory of my old friend, Baron d'Holbach.

I sent on Wednesday from Smith's in Pall Mall, the four pounds of chocolate, directed to the good Dutchess, and I

wish you would offer her that small tribute from me.

You will have by to-morrow's *diligence* some more prints, and letters, &c.

I have the happiness of assuring you that the King recovers very fast. He now generally dines with the Queen, and plays at cards with the Princesses all the afternoon. The *Regency Bill* will scarcely pass before Tuesday next.

Anderson is chosen Alderman, and has given me the warmest assurances of support for Middlesex, and on every occasion. He is much esteemed. The Irish seem as usual very wrong-headed.

Mrs. Gordon is much out of order with a feverish complaint. She desired her *love* to you, and your maid Betty begged I would send her *kind duty*.

The weather is very unsettled at present, either slight frost, or mild rain.

I am quite delighted with Necker's conduct to the Dutchess of Bourbon.

I have had this week one of those crying colds which the Turks say their Prophet should not indulge infidels with; but it is almost gone, and has not been so violent as usual.

Almost all our acquaintance are slightly indisposed, but those of a gouty habit are generally extremely ill.

Sir John Macpherson is gone over to the Opposition, and is much attended to; but the party continue very weak.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE just received the pleasure of your letter, dated the 11th, and I look forward with rapture to the beginning of March, as the time of my dear daughter's setting out from Paris, always keeping the idea of your running no risk from very bad weather, &c. I hope to hear that you have taken every precaution against even very disagreeable occurrences, such as the staying three or four days longer on the road, or a week at a sea-port from the badness of the weather, contrary winds, &c. and too great fatigue, which is remarkably prejudicial to a delicate constitution like yours. I

trust you will not overlook the pecuniary resources you ought to have at hand on such an occasion, and I need not repeat that before you set out you may have every succour from me, which you may wish, or can find convenient.

Before you leave Paris, I wish you to purchase for me a *slight* morning waistcoat, which I mean for a present to Colonel Gordon. I would not exceed the price of two or two and a half guineas.

This afternoon the *Young Anacharsis* arrived in London, and Guyon has sent me the *Mercure, No.* 6, and the *Journaux, No.* 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, & 41. The letter to Miss Swinburne I carried myself, but she was from home.

Mr. Soderini has very politely got me from Padua the volume of his countryman I wished.

Poor Samuel died at four this morning. He has for several nights lain in Chapel

Street, at his wife's. Two children are left, a boy of two and a half years old, and one of six weeks. I sent the widow a present of a guinea. His wages, and board-wages, were paid up within four or five days. He wanted for nothing. Of late he has only been here an hour or two in the middle of the day.

Who is *Nageon*, who writes the eloge of Baron d'Holbach? I wish you to ask him for an unmutilated copy for me.

I enclose the good Dutchess some more gold-beater's skin.

Heaton told me of a house in Downing Street facing the Park to be let, but no such thing exists. Mr. Seddons has my directions to find out Lord Grosvenor's agents, and get every information he can from them.

To-morrow begins my embarras to replace poor Samuel.

Mrs. Stafford is returned to town a per-

fect skeleton, owing to a violent rheumatism caught by travelling in the bad weather.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 20, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE not yet the favour of your letter with the detail to which you allude, but I hope it will arrive before the next post, that every thing may be settled for your return entirely to your satisfaction.

Yesterday the Dowager Lady Dudley declared herself not pregnant, to the great joy of our two friends.

The Prince's friend, Colonel Lake, lost his election at Aylesbury by seventy-seven.

Nothing is now more admired than the curious faces of the Opposition since the most welcome news of the King's convalescence. Swinburne and I have amused ourselves much on the occasion. His nephew, Sir John, is decidedly against us—Would Lavater were here!

I am much taken up in the House of Commons with a petition from Sir William Gibbons for an enclosure at Stanwell in Middlesex; but I hope to reconcile the discordant parties, and that every thing will proceed smoothly. I am now a great Parliamentarian.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

I desire to be laid at the feet of Madame de la Valliere.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Prince's Court,
Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I DID not enjoy the pleasure of your letter of the 13th, till last Friday night, too late to thank you for it by that post. It holds out to me the greatest satisfaction I can have, that of soon seeing my dearest daughter in perfect health. I am making all the arrangements for your return to this humble habitation, being as comfortable as it can be made, and fires are now burning in your bedchamber and dressing-room.

Mrs. Gordon is just returned from Mrs. James's lying-in, who has a son, after a sharp labour of thirty-six hours. Mrs. G—— hopes to write to you on

Friday, but at present is exceedingly fatigued. We have settled that Friday will be the last day to write, or send parcels to you, for the chance of their being received before the 7th of March, when you mean to set out.

This morning the diligence brought me the *Mercure, No.* 7, and the *Journaux, No.* 42, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, *and* 48, with *Ceruti's and Lauragnais's Letters.* What an excellent letter is that respecting Baron d'Holbach in the Journal of Feb. 12! It should be printed in letters of gold. I do not know where *Contrexeville* is, nor can I find it in my books of geography. *Lauragnais* seems to me madder than ever, and *Cerutti* a *mauvais plaisant.*

I am charmed with the *Jeune Anacharsis.* Italy, France, and England, cannot boast of such an accomplished traveller as the *Scythian.* I have not yet seen Monsieur Barthelemy to congratu-

late him on one of the greatest productions of this, or indeed any age. Betty and James are to set out on Thursday, March 5; by which I calculate they will have a day and a half's rest at Dover, and two whole days at Calais, supposing the time of their passage short and regular, before your arrival.

Poor Samuel was buried yesterday in a decent manner. His wife's relations attended, but none of his own. The widow is well spoken of. I have not seen her, but did not forget her.

Your letter of the 18th is just arrived, and gives me the pleasing confirmation of your health, and that of the noble family where you live.

The Colchester election will take up the House of Commons till after six this evening, so that I shall not be able to send you any account of Parliamentary proceedings till Friday. The Bulletin of the 22d stated an *uninterrupted* "pro-

gress in recovery;" that of yesterday said, "Advances *in every respect* towards a recovery." The present *Regency Bill* cannot possibly proceed; the very preamble is now happily a falsehood. But I believe nothing is absolutely settled as to the mode of the King's resuming the government. We expect this day a short adjournment.

The Irish Parliament justify Swift's remark, that they are to an English Parliament what a monkey is to a man, but now they have the mischievous qualities of the monkey without his imitative faculties. Lord Buckingham sent away his wife and children, who are arrived at Stowe. He says that he will weather the storm, and has refused to transmit to the Prince of Wales the *illegal* * address of the two Houses.

* I never could understand the argument, which pretended to prove this address *illegal*. Its *policy* is a totally distinct consideration.—EDIT.

I wish you to write a line to Suard three or four days before you leave Paris, to ask if he has any thing to send.

I wish you to bring me "Lettres de Henry IV. à Corizandre d'Andoins, Comtesse de Guiche," brochure in 12, 75 pages, chez Gattey, Palais Royal, No. 13, and 14; and Histoire de la Maison de Bourbon, in 4to. 646 pages, par Desormeaux, *only the 5th volume*, which is the interesting period, from 1574 to 1589, the whole reign of Henry III. It is printed for Monory, rue de l'Ancienne Comédie Françoise, and just published. The four first volumes I do not desire.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Prince's Court,
Friday, Feb. 27, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MRS. Gordon has written you by the post all the political, and other, chit-chat of the day, in three large columns, that I will not fatigue your eyes with a long letter; and I chiefly take up the pen to send you by the post my warmest wishes for a prosperous journey and voyage, as this will be my last epistle.

The account from Kew is not yet arrived, but yesterday's was quite satisfactory, that "There appears this morning to be an entire cessation of his Majesty's illness." It is believed, that after a

message to both Houses on Monday, the government will proceed as before.

There are two blazing hearths since Tuesday in your bedchamber and dressing-room. We have had almost incessant rains since Tuesday, and much wind. I hope you will not risk any roads which the floods may have rendered dangerous. I cannot bear the idea of danger, or even great inconvenience or difficulty, on no pressing emergency. You will have servants with you, and I hope you will provide against all accidents. Be assured that I shall accept any bills which you draw.

Betty and James set out next Thursday, as I mentioned in my last letter.

You have been so highly distinguished by your two Dutchesses, that I think you should epistolize them both from Calais before you embark for your native country.

No prints have appeared worth sending, and therefore I send no packet by the diligence, as only two common letters have been left for you—If you think of a trifle about a guinea value for me to present to Mrs. B——n, I wish you to bring it.

Adieu, my dearest daughter. *Ayez bien soin de mon petit agneau. Bon voyage.*

Mrs. Swinburne has just sent me word, that she sets out for Paris on Monday.

The French post is not arrived at five this afternoon.

LETTER XC.

Prince's Court,
Wednesday Night, March 4, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

As the two servants set out to-morrow morning at four, and will arrive at Calais before you embark, I embrace this opportunity of wishing you again a prosperous passage, and of saying how welcome a guest you will be at Prince's Court. Nothing could come there more to complete my fondest wishes than my beloved daughter. May her voyage and journey be in every moment and circumstance propitious!

I gave James five guineas. One he paid for the earnest to Dover of Betsy and himself. Betsy I gave three guineas.

I have hired a good-looking footman, in the room of poor Samuel, on the enclosed recommendation of Mr. Walwyn, Member for Hereford. He comes here to-morrow.

Your apartments here are perfectly well aired, clean, and in order.

The King, thank Heaven, continues well.

Adieu, ma chère fille, bon voyage.

END OF VOLUME III.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.

LETTERS,

FROM THE YEAR 1774 TO THE YEAR 1796,

OF

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER,

THE LATE

Miss Wilkes:

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

MR. WILKES.

VOL. IV.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

Letters addressed to Miss Wilkes, from Sandham, in the Isle of Wight, from 1789 *to* 1796:

WITH

Mr. Wilkes's Introduction to his History of England.

LETTERS,

&c.

LETTER I.

MANY thanks, my dearest Polly, for both your letters, and all the papers, which I received regularly.

I had a favourable passage both to and from the Isle of Wight: two hours in going, three in returning. I was not much fatigued, and the sea air has done me some little good.

The situation of Sandham cottage is indeed most pleasing, and beggars all description. The style of the house is

very humble, but there are great conveniences, especially for servants, and stabling, out-houses, &c. in abundance.

I hope you will like it, and very much too, for I think with Colonel Sloane, that it is the most beautiful scene in the Isle of Wight.

The post only gives me time to wish my dear daughter a good night, and to say that I hope to be with her on Tuesday, soon after nine. I shall bring a quarter of the Isle of Wight lamb, which is so justly celebrated, according to the usual mode of the Alderman's travelling.

Adieu!

LETTER II.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, May 11, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I THANK you very much for your letter, and your solicitude for my health. I am rather better, but not so much as I hoped, for my stomach is *fort derangé* still, and in the night I am always sick for two or three hours.

I am more and more charmed with my fellow-traveller, but I regret that I am to restore him to the capital so soon as next Monday morning. We had a tolerable passage from Portsmouth to Ride of about an hour and a quarter, and every thing auspicious on our land expedition. On Wednesday we make war on the

rooks at Sir W. Oglander's; on Thursday we visit Steephill and Appuldurcombe, and lie at Newport. On Friday we make war on the foreigners, who keep such an uproar on the Freshwater rocks, and afterwards intend to land on the coast of your great island, and lie at Southampton. I wish you to send the letters and news to me at the *Star in Southampton* by Thursday night's post, and nothing after that day. I hope to shew Monsieur Barthelemy the wonders of Holbein at Midhurst, and the beauties of Petworth, so as to keep to his too narrow circle of Monday morning. I wish him to dine in Prince's Court that day, but I find it inconvenient after the absence of a few days.

Adieu: take care of your health, and continue to love your most affectionate.

LETTER III.

Sandham Cottage,
Wednesday, June 1, 1789.

YESTERDAY I was happy, my dearest Polly, by your favour of last Sunday, and I read with much satisfaction the account of your dear health, and the improvement of your voice, even in the late cold and tempestuous month of May.

We are impatient for the descending showers to call forth all nature's sweets, and waken all her flowers, for the earth is as thirsty as Boswell, and as cracked in many places, as he certainly is in one. His book however is that of an entertaining madman. Poor Johnson! Does a friend come and add to the gross character of such a man, the unknown

trait of disgusting gluttony? I shall bring his two quartos back with me, and will point out numberless mistakes; but there are many excellent things in them. I suspect not unfrequently a mistake in the *Dramatis Personæ*. He has put down to *Boswell* what was undoubtedly said by *Johnson*, what the latter did, and the former could not, say. The motto to his book should have been the two lines of Pope,

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lies not, must at least betray.

In the packet from Portsmouth I received the *Mercure*, No. 21, and the *Journaux of May* 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22. I shall certainly attend to Deputy Brewer's wishes about the *petition*.

I am sorry that Sir W. L. exposes himself so much about his salary as

Bailiff of the Borough. The Chamberlain never can accept any drafts. If the salary is not paid on the day it becomes due, the Chamberlain would be highly culpable; if he paid it the day before, he would be highly culpable.

I am much pleased that your bed, book-case, and wardrobe, are finished to your mind, and I trust that the workmen will give you as much satisfaction in every thing else respecting the Grosvenor Square house. It will be a high gratification to me to give you a complete town residence. One of the most desirable things in this country, which affords the most frequent enjoyment, is a convenient and elegant house where you generally reside.

I hope your Sunday with Madame de la Fite and Miss De Luc was not *triste comme une dimanche Anglicane*, but as

cheerful as a May-day in a more propitious season.

I thank you for another lamprey. By a note in the basket, we are not to expect any more this year, the season being over.

I hope to dine in Prince's Court on Thursday the 9th, and shall follow your wishes entirely as to the time of removing to Grosvenor Square. By the plan you mention, we shall suffer as little inconvenience as possible in the change of our habitation.

Lieutenant Watson of the navy brought here some Government dispatches for Admiral Hotham, who had left word at Portsmouth that he was coming here from Dr. Walker's. I have not however seen the Admiral, and Watson is returned to Portsmouth.

Should not the *View of the Park* be cleaned, as well as the frame gilt?

Ten thousand respectful things to the two Dutchesses.

I take a share in the disappointment of Colonel G——, but I think he should not resign. We know his situation, and every little helps out. *Ireland* does not produce such another etourdie as *M-cn-m-r-*.

Bon jour, ma chère petite, et continuez de m'aimer.

LETTER IV.

Sandham Cottage,
Saturday, Aug. 7, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

Mr. Rolleston, and a variegated group of females and males, numerous enough to take Sandham Fort, have just been here, and brought me your letter of the 4th. I have the highest satisfaction in hearing that your voice is so much better, and its perfect recovery will charm me more than the favourite air of the *Mara*.

I shall certainly be early at Portsmouth on this day sevennight, the 14th, and come to Coveney's. I please myself with the idea that the change of air and sea-breezes will be propitious. If you find the probability of a perfect cure, I

would advise you to continue here till October, and I will return after my excursion to the capital to open the Chamberlain's office. If your hoarseness should increase by the sea-air, your stay here should be very short, and I would accompany you to Portsmouth on your return.

I am glad Mrs. Mary Minton has made so good a debut, and I hope the whole performance will equally please you. I have pitied you for the many dull hours the change of such a servant must have occasioned, and to struggle through them during the rage of the dog-star.

I have no news of Sir Richard Worsley. Mrs. Hill is returned, as I understand, most forlorn and disconsolate. Mrs. and Mr. Bissett were expected in the Island yesterday.

We have had a great deal of rain and

bad weather, but the cold demon of the ague has kept aloof from me.

I have just received a packet from Ride, containing *Eloge civique de Benjamin Franklin*, &c. &c.

If contrary winds should prevent your receiving another letter in time before next Friday, I wish you a good journey to Portsmouth, and shall be there as certainly on Saturday, as if I was appointed to the command of a first-rate.

LETTER V.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, April 18, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ENJOYED the smiles of heaven from town quite to this rural retreat in two clear sunshiny days, and found old Neptune in a very placid mood, which protracted my passage near two hours. The spring is rather more forward than in the environs of the capital, but all the fruit-trees are nipped by the lagging rear of winter's frost, and the blossoms entirely swept away by the late cruel easterly winds. The hedges wear their first gay emerald green, with its beautiful glossiness, but the trees appear as dead as in January.

Liphook garden looked cheerful, and the landlady as dull and solemn as usual.

The Cottage improves every hour even with this cold wind, but it will not for many days be recovered from the blasts of the north and east.

My anxiety for your health follows me every where, and I am impatient to hear that the progress of spring is attended with what I most wish, your perfect recovery of voice, and enjoyment of every other symptom of *bien-être*.

Good morrow, my dearest daughter.

LETTER VI.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, April 20, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM much obliged by your letter of Saturday afternoon, but I was sorry not to find a *petit mot* about your voice, that your hoarseness is abated, and that you are recovering your soft female note.

We have not been caressed here by any Zephyrs, but Boreas has visited our faces much too roughly, nay he has almost flayed us. You know that I am very chilly, and I assure you that I have shivered ever since I left town; though, I thank Heaven, it has been with cold, not by the paroxysms of an ague.

I return Ashmore his parchment duly

executed by the Alderman of Farringdon Without.

Mr. Pitt is lucky in the tobacco business, as in all the rest; but I hope he will relax, and permit the constitutional control of juries, the glorious and peculiar prerogative of Englishmen.

My Chinese colony go on very prosperously, and I shall soon make a sacrifice of some of them to you, for they seem very delicate. Pray communicate this piece of intelligence to Mrs. Hastings.

Trusty sends his duty, and will be glad to be fed by your fair hands.

Adieu, my dearest Polly, and send me the best news, that of your perfect recovery.

LETTER VII.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, April 23, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM not only highly pleased, but much obliged, by your *three samples of prudence*, as you call them, for they will probably recover to me a sweet-toned daughter, a quality more necessary than in any harpsichord. It is observed that the sound should be an echo to the sense, and therefore I should expect from you an harmonious vehicle of it, as in former times. The zephyrs are returned to us this morning with Sir Richard Worsley, who sends many compliments; and I hope now that the air which you breathe has all the balmy qualities of genial spring.

I congratulate our neighbours of Franco-Gallia that they have at length found out the real essence of liberty by adopting juries, both in civil and criminal causes, as a fundamental of their new constitution.

Many thanks for the French papers. I return the Bulletin. The others I will bring with me.

The country-post can only furnish you with the intelligence of the arrival here of an owl and a pair of beautiful pigeons from Appuldurcombe Park, and a fierce battle between a pea and turkey cock, in which the latter was victorious. I have taken bark regularly every day, but without any alarm of an ague.

Portez-vous bien, et m'aimez.

LETTER VIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, April 25, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THIS is the first day of this wayward month, which gives the idea of spring, and the approach of genial May. The humble flowers of the vale, the primrose and cowslips, just begin to lift their beauteous heads from the dull mould which surrounds them, and to perfume the air. That modest favourite of nature, the lily of the valley, looks abroad a little in the middle of the day, to see if the ruffians of the north and east are gone.

I have not the pleasure of any letter from you since last Monday, but I hear that the post was retarded two days by

the contrary winds, and I am not uneasy on your account, because I trust that these soft zephyrs bring healing under their wings.

I have been of late deeply read in *Voltaire*. His last volumes cannot be called, like the last volumes of *Swift*, his *dotages*, but there are strange passages in them, and his rage against *Shakespeare* approaches to madness. D'Alembert is his second. The one from envy, the other from hatred of the English, and the total want of taste of the real sublime. The *ordures* of *Shakespeare* offend D'Alembert very highly, but I do not recollect any passage in him, so disgusting as the following of D'Alembert: "*Ce qui me fache c'est que la graisse de ces pendus (les deserteurs et faux frères parmi les gens de lettres) ne sera bonne à rien, car ils sont bien secs et bien maigres.*" This

too said in a letter to Voltaire—*bien sec et bien maigre.*

I ask pardon for such a quotation.

Sunday Noon.

The post is just arrived, and has brought me your pleasing letter of Friday last. I rejoice that there is so favourable a change of weather, and I hope that you will be one of the first, and the most, to profit by it.

The books I fancy are *Soame Jenyns's Works*. If they are, you will find great entertainment in them.

You do not mention any thing about your researches for a better town-house.

Poor Lady R——y! That spirit of wanton outrage ought to be checked, and M-cr— hanged.

I desire to be kindly remembered at Prince's Court, to the Hastings, Mrs. Bosvile, Lord and Lady Dudley, &c.

Bigelstone behaves very well, is perfectly sober and orderly.

Sir Richard dines here to-day. He understands that the intention is not to dissolve the Parliament till the next year.

I am always, my dearest Polly, more than I can ever say, affectionately yours.

LETTER IX.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, April 30, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THIS sickly month in its youth reminded us of its boisterous parent March, but now in its gentle decline, ushers in propitiously its lovely offspring, the blooming May. We have violets,

primroses, and cowslips in great abundance; and our peach, apple, and apricot trees are in full bloom, and perfume the air. The fine continued rain of Monday has called forth all the sweets of nature; and in the Scripture phrase, "the clouds dropped fatness."

I have the French *Journaux* regular, and No. 15, and 16, of the *Mercure*. Mirabeau is mistaken about the signal for the *massacre of St. Barthelemi*, which was the striking of the clock at the Louvre; although it is true that Charles IX. *canardoit ses sujets avec son arquebuse à giboyer*, in the remarkable words of Mezeray, which he ought to have quoted—he *fetched them down like wild ducks with his fowling-piece*, in a literal translation. Mirabeau's pointing at the window of the Louvre must have had a good effect. I heard Lord George Gordon say in the House of Commons, that

he held in his hand a petition of the Protestant Association, which would reach from the lobby to the centre window of the Banqueting House at Whitehall; the only thing worth remembering of his speeches, except the calling *Nugent the old rat of the constitution.*

I enclose the Bulletin, and will bring back all the French papers.

Many thanks for your letter of Tuesday.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER X.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, May 2, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS much disappointed, that I did not find in your last letter an article about your voice, which is always pleasing to my ear, though of late it has lost its wonted harmony. The hoarseness of winter I trust is gone, and the soft notes of May returned in melodious cadence to my dear daughter, as well as to all the warblers of the spring.

Sir Richard Worsley dined here yesterday, and desired many compliments. He has scarcely been an hour from Appuldurcombe Park for the last four months, except the three days he has been so obliging as to come here. He is

on the tiptoe of expectation to read Bruce's Travels.

The country begins to be in high beauty; but, however, I mean to leave it in a few days, and in my next shall probably fix the time of my return.

Trusty is obliged to you for some nice bits given him in your name.

Every part of this little island is frantic about electioneering, except Appuldurcombe Park and Sandham Cottage, where we talk of better things. I am glad to hear of the general tranquillity in Middlesex, and hope it will long continue.

I find myself necessitated to part with the cook here, and she comes to town at the same time I leave this place. All future arrangements I leave till I have the pleasure of seeing you. The gardener continues at present in my good graces.

Bon jour, ma chère fille : je vous aime de tout mon cœur.

LETTER XI.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 6, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM very happy to hear that the weather and your regimen have operated so favourably for the recovery of your voice; and I hope in the course of the next week to hear that sweetest music to my ear in the usual sweet note.

I am not a little surprised, that Colonel Gordon should not have had a long previous notice of the dinner meeting advertised in the *Diary* for Mr. Mainwaring's friends. I think it a bold, hazardous measure. If the meeting is not very numerous of real freeholders, it will hurt Mr. Mainwaring; at which I should grieve.

The sweet Muse in Pall Mall has more than my best wishes.

I received the *Mercure* No. 17, but I miss the *Journaux from April* 18 *to April* 20, both inclusive. Perhaps the next post may bring them.

Every year's *Exhibition* disgusts, by the strong proof of English vanity in the number of portraits, and our want of taste in the paucity of historical subjects. I hope that Sir Joshua maintains his decided superiority.

The weather continues cold, and we have rain every other day, but warm sunshine is more wished for; and the farmers, as usual, complain; although they own the wheat looks very well; but their maxim is the reverse of Pope's, *Whatever is, is wrong*.

Soame Jenyns's epitaph on Johnson is excellent. I had admired it before, but it was well worth transcribing. There

is another not bad, that Piozzi and Boswell impertinently told us how Johnson *coughed, sneezed,* &c. I believe by Jenyns.

Adieu, ma très chère fille, et continuez d'aimer votre très affectionné.

LETTER XII.

Isle of Wight,
Sunday, May 9, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE news respecting the Muse in Pall Mall surprised and charmed me. She seems however more *sly* than *shy*. The Prince's Scottish porter I believe is at this hour inferior in stature to his painter. News still more pleasing to me

is the benefit you receive from this genial month, which I hope will soon restore you to your former state of voice and health, and then I have no more to ask of indulgent Heaven.

This week will certainly conclude my little excursion to the Isle of Wight, but I cannot yet fix the day of my return, but I will write again on Tuesday.

The Spanish business is a curious political event. Much depends on the personal character of the Spanish Prime Minister, who is said to be rash and impetuous. If the *King of the French* had more power, he would instantly seize this lucky occasion of diverting the attention of his people; but he is *le plus chatré des Rois*, and I agree with you, that the whole will end in a negotiation similar to the affair of the Falkland's Islands.

I desire to be particularly remembered

to our Prince's Court neighbours, and the Hastings's.

I contrive to do all the business at the Chamberlain's office myself, in the week prior to Whitsun holydays, that my absence may be less noticed.

Adieu, ma chère fille.

LETTER XIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Wednesday, May 12, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE only time before I set out to buy you a fairing at Brading, to mention that I hope to rejoin you in Prince's Court next Monday, but probably not till the evening.

I wish you to send me the letters, &c. here till Friday inclusive, and on Saturday to send them to me at Mrs. Keen's, the Anchor in Liphook.

I will write again to-morrow.

Adieu!

LETTER XIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 13, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the pleasure of writing half a line to you yesterday, and of mentioning my intention of returning to Prince's Court next Monday evening. My letters I desired to be sent here on Friday, and on Saturday to Mrs. Keen's, at the Anchor in Liphook, Hants.

Many thanks for the variety of French papers I have received. I have kept carefully all which have come to hand, but some are missing.

Much good and pleasure to Colonel Gordon from his marches and countermarches.

I have now disposed of all my Tuscan vases, with several prints, from Sir Richard Worsley, in a room, which I call the Tuscan room, and I hope my dear daughter will approve as much as Sir Richard says he does, *most cordially*. I have now completed all I wish for Sandham Cottage, and shall not have any farther idea for the place, but preserving a rural neatness.

Sir Richard seems in raptures with *Bruce's Travels*, particularly what respects *Egypt*, where he staid many months.

To-morrow I go to Appuldurcombe to

see all his new acquisitions. I regret so good a friend's mistake to desire a trifling *bason*, which will draw him into so enormous an expense, and sacrifice of rich land, in the very face of old ocean.

I enclose for you a humble tribute from Brading, but the fairest production of the fair.

Adieu, jusqu'au plaisir d'embrasser ma chère fille Lundi.

LETTER XV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 11, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

My little tour here has not afforded a single incident which could entertain you.

Lord Howe passed me in the road to Portsmouth on Friday, and yesterday I saw at Spithead ten large Dutch ships, of which they spoke very disrespectfully wherever I went. I hear orders are hourly expected for them to join our fleet at Torbay.

Friday was rainy, and really cold. Yesterday I had both wind and tide adverse, but however I made this short passage with Captain Banks in little more than two hours. It blew a strong gale the whole time.

My new cook, Joseph Acton, I found at Portsmouth, and brought him here. I like his appearance, for he seems modest and good-natured. His age is about twenty-two. I have hired him to the 18th of September.

The country is in wonderful beauty. The late rains have brought back all the verdure of spring.

I dread the consequences of next *Wednesday*. What *monster*, in the modern phrase, conceived so mad an idea? I believed the late barbarities in France exceeded those even of their own St. Barthelemy, as well as of all other nations, but I was mistaken. The Italians are supereminent in all wickedness. I have just read the Memoirs of the Duc de Guise, who went to Naples in 1647. He applauds highly Don Francisco Toralte, Prince de Masse, and his Princess. The Neapolitans however, in a fit of po-

pular frenzy, attacked him in the most barbarous manner: "*On lui coupa la teste, le cœur lui fut arraché, qui fut porté dans un bassin d'argent à sa femme, et son corps fut impitoyable traîné par les rües.*" Such in most ages has been the savage madness of the mere multitude, when uncontrolled, ignorant, and fanatic in any cause. History necessarily records such events, but at the same time becomes quite disgusting.

I shall be impatient to receive your first letter from Windsor. I hope much from that air.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

LETTER XVI.

Sandham Cottage,
July 14, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

JULY seems to me a most unlucky month in this island, for it has rained a good deal every day since I came here, and the heavens are still overcharged with clouds. Last year I recollect at this season, that we had all the Pleiades against us, and the earth was quite drenched with rain. I hope the drier soil and air of Windsor will be more favourable to you, and to the removal of your cruelly obstinate complaint.

From the power of sympathy I am in no small agitation of spirits on this day, and I apprehend all the fury of Bellona in the Champ de Mars, from such a col-

lision of parties, which must be as violent as flint and steel. I guessed that *Philippe Capet*'s heart would fail him, and I doubt not that he is ready with some paltry excuse, or fib.

I have had no ague, nor fear of it, but prudentially I have taken two doses of bark.

By some little alterations I have contrived for you to make the tour of these premises almost entirely, without going on the turf, so that the thinnest silk shoes would not wet.

I have not yet seen Sir Richard Worsley, but had an invitation to meet Sir Henry Clinton, ladies, &c. &c. for a late hour last Saturday. To-morrow I dine at Captain Field's.

Your letter of the 12th I received yesterday afternoon, and shall always be particularly happy when you can send me the best news from Windsor, that of

your own health, and the recovery of your voice.

I wish for more information about Count Luchesi's house.

I shall direct to you in Prince's Court, and James will of course obey your orders as to the rest.

Adieu, ma chère fille.

LETTER XVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, July 19, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS more impatient to hear from Windsor than even from Paris, although expectation was on the tiptoe for the great, the important day of the

14th, big with the fate of the Gallic monarchy, if it is still to be so called.

I had the favour of your letter of the 14th, on the 17th in the evening; and if I had the wings of a dove, as I have all the innocence, though I do not retain the cooing qualities, I should take a flight to Windsor, and perch between you and Mrs. De la Fite, with the hope of hearing again your former soft notes. I trust that your next letter will tell me that your voice is recovered.

I am persuaded you find in Mrs. De la Fite the easy, good-natured, and sensible friend, perfectly accommodating to you, whom reason and discretion rule.

Sir Richard Worsley dined here to-day, but brought no news of the 14th. I cannot prevail even for a suspension of the drowning several acres to burlesque old ocean, and consequently I no more touch a string which sounds so harshly.

Read and the cook both behave very well, but the first is very awkward. The other I quite approve. He is orderly, and I believe economical—a rare quality in a man-cook.

I have not a workman on the premises, and generally dine alone : *tant mieux pour le vieux et gai Anacreon, et pour les deux drames, de Hipparchus, et de Jules Cesar.*

I am tolerably well, but have had one very violent fit of the strangury, after the most exemplary temperance of many days.

Health, peace, and happiness under *le Chevalier Le Cointe*'s roof, is the prayer of your most affectionate friend and father.

LETTER XVIII.

Sandham Cotttage,
July 27, 1790.

I HAVE the truest satisfaction, my dearest Polly, to find, by your letter of the 22d, that your voice is *certainly better*. The anxiety which I have suffered on this occasion, is more than I can express, and especially since the obstinacy of such a complaint did not at first yield to the kindly warmth of genial spring. Your perfect cure has been the great object of my wishes, and from the very good opinion I have of Mr. Devaynes, I wrote to him on the subject, and I enclose you his answer.

The primary idea is undoubtedly your health, and every consideration must in reason yield to that, for expense is out

of the question. My finances are in the best order, nor can I so much to my own heart expend any part of my fortune as for your good and pleasure.

Every expense you have, or may be at during your stay at Windsor, shall come into my account, as well as your journey to Portsmouth, when your health gives you leave to come; and that must be your guide.

I will come to Portsmouth very early in the day when you are to arrive there, and will have Captain Banks ready with a good vessel. I believe Liphook would be the best place for you to lie at, and then without fatigue you might arrive at Portsmouth the next morning about eleven; but I leave the whole plan to your prudence, either to stay at Windsor, or come here, where you would be infinitely the most welcome of all guests.

I have my Buck-warrant, but it is not

to be served till August, and therefore I wish you to purchase a fine neck of venison, and present it from me to Madame La Fite. Mr. Deputy Birch in Cornhill is my venison-factor, and I should be glad you would order him to send half a buck to Prince's Court, and that you would bring it here with you, to be dressed two or three days after your arrival, as should be mentioned in your card to Birch. Green tea, coffee, sugar, &c. I am provided with for a few weeks.

Barthelemy returned my *handkerchief* with a pretty note *en stile diplomatique*. If a lady had returned a *handkerchief*, I should have been hurt at the cruelty, unless I had as splendid a seraglio as the Grand Sultan.

Sir Richard Worsley dined here yesterday, and desired many compliments to you. On Saturday he goes to London, and remains there till after the

meeting of Parliament. Mrs. —— has left St. Boniface; the house is shut up; and many unpleasant circumstances are circulated about the finances of that family. She is much esteemed and pitied.

The weather here is showery, but warm, and the corn ripens very fast.

The King of the French refusing to take the oath at the altar, appears to me a mean and pitiful quibble, of which I suppose he intends to avail himself hereafter.

Adieu!

LETTER XIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 1, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM told by a lady, now in this island, a Mrs. Croft, that she was cured of an obstinate hoarseness by the use of the bark. I wish you to mention this circumstance to Mr. Devaynes, and take his opinion. If it is favourable, you will then bring with you the powder, or Huxham's tincture, or both.

I wish you to put up in your trunk half a dozen table-spoons, and a dozen silver-handled knives and forks, and a marrow-spoon, and six dessert-spoons. They will be useful here, and may return in the same trunk to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Went-

worth, &c. were here last Friday, and very sorry you were not in the island.

Thirty blackbirds were yesterday morning on the large cherry-tree near the bed-rooms in the garden. I hope they will hail your arrival in their sweetest notes.

I have four Mercures, No. 26, 27, 28, and 29. Moore says, "that oil of tartar will entirely remove the pain arising from the sting of a wasp, in the space of a minute." Be so good as to bring a small phial of it.

I have just received from Ride your letter of July 29, but I wait till to-morrow for that I expect by the post, and then I will settle every thing about both our journeys.

Monday, Aug. 2.

I have a very good letter from Madame La Fite, which I will soon an-

swer. I give her joy of the recovery of her son.

Last night I was favoured with your letter of July 31. I rejoice exceedingly that your voice is so much recovered. I quite agree that the 13th is a better travelling day for you than the 12th, and therefore I shall certainly contrive to be at Portsmouth early on Saturday the 14th, and will have Captain Banks and a good vessel ready. Perhaps you may have forgotten some part of the road. It is to Kingston, the Castle, 12 miles; Cobham, the White Lion, 8 miles; Guildford, the White Hart, 10 miles; Liphook, the Anchor, 16 miles; Petersfield, 8 miles, Palmer's, the Dolphin, I believe; Portsmouth, 19 miles, Coveney's, the King's Arms in the High Street. If you approve my plan of your staying at Liphook on Friday night the 13th, I would advise you to write a line

before to Mrs. Keen, to order your dinner, &c. Tench are there very delicate. If the sea air is hurtful, I would advise you to return very soon, and I will accompany you back to Portsmouth. If you receive advantage from it, you will probably choose to continue here till Friday Sept. 10, when I return to town for the winter. It is one more experiment which you are making for your cure.

I am grateful to Heaven for the 16th. I wish you to bring with you half a buck for that day from Birch's, who has directions to obey all your orders.

I desire to be remembered to all our neighbours, the *charming Miss* in particular.

Mr. S——'s daughter, Jemima, whom you thought a modest, pretty girl, and so she certainly was, and unaffected, is gone mad for love of a designer in the

island, and now confined. "Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow."

The *Mercure*, *No.* 30, is just received. And so the *National Assembly* are turned tailors, and make the soldiers appear merry Andrews, with one lappet of the *constitution*, and the other of *liberty !*—Surely there is a calenture in the air.

LETTER XX.

George at Portsmouth,
Saturday Noon, May 7, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE weather has been so favourable this day, that I find my frail and feverish being much meliorated, and I hope that your voice has received the same benefit.

I am just going to embark for Ride with a favourable wind.

Little parcels may be sent to Portsmouth directed to the *care of Mr. Palmer, at the George, in High Street*; and greater may be sent to the *Rose Inn, Holborn Bridge*, directed to the *care of Mr. Wild, Bugle Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight*, to go *by Brookman's Southampton waggon.*

Let me entreat you to take all possible care of my dearest daughter, and to run no risk from the smell of paint, dampness of new furniture, &c. &c.

Bon jour, ma chère petite.

LETTER XXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, May 8, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE first feature in a tour to the Isle of Wight is the passing the great herring-pond, which I did in an open boat yesterday with two oars in an hour and three quarters. All the winds were asleep, and I was not fanned by a single zephyr.

My late complaint has subsided, and I find the disorder has been very epidemical.

The weather is now very fine, and yesterday there was scarcely a cloud; but it is very cold.

I found the garden perfectly neat and

in trim order, but the cold winds check all vegetation.

I forgot to mention that I wish you to order Walther to pack up with the books the *new map for Anacharsis*, which Monsieur Barthelemy gave me. It is pasted on thick paper, and is in my book-room against the wall near the window. I desire you however not to send Boswell's new work, till you have fully gratified your own curiosity.

I beg you to express to Lady and Lord Shuldham my concern that I have it not in my power to accept their kind invitation to the musical party with my old friend Lord Abingdon.

I wrote to you from the George at Portsmouth, and now renew my earnest request that you would not fatigue yourself, nor risk any cold in removing to a house so little inhabited for many months.

Trusty sends his duty, and seems to possess all the fidelity and gratitude of his species.

I desire to be remembered to our good Prince's Court neighbours.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

LETTER XXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 12, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I CONGRATULATE you on a very pleasing discovery made in these environs a few months ago. It is of a large bed of oysters at the bottom of the sea about half a league from Sandham bay. I have several times counted near fifty ships, of no small size, employed in this

fishery. It reminds me of the Brighthelmstone fishing fleet, but the vessels are larger. The oysters are said to be small, and are carried afterwards to oyster-beds, and deposited in rivers, to fatten.

I hear that Lord Hood is at Portsmouth, and that the preparations for war are carrying on there with great spirit, which I trust will ensure peace, and I think it probable.

I have had no small pleasure in adorning your seat; and the myrtles, lilies of the valley, pinks, &c. &c. look very pretty among the concretions of the oyster and other shells, and perfume the ambient air.

Your two letters of Monday and Tuesday I received yesterday, and I thank you for the pleasure and entertainment of them.

I enclose a draft for Jerrard's Portland

mutton, which I wish James might take to Lewis and Boucher's, No. 84, Cheapside, and bring back Jerrard's draft on me, with the receipt indorsed, and I beg you to keep it till my return. The next winter will I hope see many sheep of that perfect kind suspended in your new larder.

I return Ashmore's parchment properly authenticated to him by the post. I find the *mal-aise generale* much diminished. I have three times had recourse to my old friend the *beaume de vie* with success, and my regular walks on the margin of old ocean I find very salutary.

Dr. Harrington very rationally guessed what was in the musical composition of the Death of Mary Queen of Scots from what ought to have been there, and the most striking part of the whole.

I exceedingly applaud your prudence

in not braving the east or north winds after sunset, and I hope your voice has already benefited by it.

I expect soon a line from Grosvenor Square, but not too soon.

I have not seen the advertisement you mention about la Chevalirèe D'Eon. I am sure that I shall approve whatever you do in my name for the female Chevaliership.

I beg you to lay me at the good Dutchess's feet, with the most tender expressions of regard and esteem.

I laughed much at the French condescending to copy the canaille of this country in the barbarous absurdity of burning a *Pope*; but I should have been better pleased, if their insults and outrages had extended only to wooden images.

What a rage there is among us for politics, and foreign politics too, when

such men as Fox * and Burke spit so much venom at each other? The greatest rancour is always from bosom friendships soured to resentment.

Adieu, my dearest Polly, and continue to love me.

Just setting out for Brading to fetch you a fairing.

* Mr. Wilkes is at all times unjust to Mr. Fox. If ever man was without venom, Mr. Fox is so. Even to the irritability of Burke I would apply a different expression.

LETTER XXIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, May 17, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I THANK you for your obliging care of three parcels which I have received safe from Portsmouth, two of the *Mercures* and *Journaux*, and one of a stewed lamprey. The *Mercures* are No. 18 and No. 19. The *Journaux* go to May 8 inclusive.

I shall be impatient to read the *Lettre Pastorale* of the new Bishop of Paris, but I am at present hurt by the shocking description of the horrors of Avignon, the Comté de Venaisin, and many places in the South of France, who have refined on all the cruelties of their Spanish ancestry. I am forced to make many

pauses before I can get through the barbarous detail. The Bishop I hope preaches peace on earth, and good will towards men.

I have just been called down to Mr. Bisset, who sends you many compliments. He dines here to-morrow. No company are yet come to Knighton House.

The weather is still very cold, and yesterday there was a most mischievous and destructive blight.

The son of Mr. Turner, late partner with Staveley, came to see me yesterday from Portsmouth. He is an officer on board a seventy-four gun ship, which he says draws twenty-three feet water, and consequently must be totally useless on the shallow shores of the Baltic. He left forty-two sail of the line at Portsmouth.

Is the Princess of Stolberg in London,

and have you seen her? I think that attention on your part would be very polite.

I wonder it has not been said of *Charles Fox* as of *Adam*, "Some pious tears he dropt, but wiped them soon." I laughed at the idea of their being preserved in a crystal vial *. Pitt seems as fortunate as Sylla. I long to hear of the happy effects of this soft, silky, zephyr-teeming month on your voice.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

* Never were tears more honourable to human nature, shed, than those on the occasion alluded to: they are sufficient to wash away a hundred political sins, admitting Mr. F. to be guilty of such.

LETTER XXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 19, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I DID not receive till yesterday your entertainment of the 14th, and I truly sympathize with you in your present plague of workmen, who as little respect truth as any courtiers, or even favourites. Smith is particularly culpable, because he fixed the time himself.

I have no objection to the bell-hanger finishing his business through the house, for you are a perfect judge of what will be wanting.

I rejoice that the smell of the paint is gone off, but the house cannot be habitable, till you have the carpets laid down in the eating parlour as well as your bed-

chamber; and perhaps you will make the experiment of eating once or twice, or sleeping in Grosvenor Square, before you quit Prince's Court entirely. I hope to be in town the week before Whitsuntide, probably the Thursday or Friday after the birthday, and I will either come to Prince's Court, or Grosvenor Square, as you choose. If I come to Grosvenor Square, I can for three or four hours in the day go to Prince's Court to give directions about all the books, which are many, in the closets near my bed-chamber, and the prints remaining in my book-room, and return to dine or sleep in the Square.

I have read the *Lettre Pastorale* of the Bishop of Paris, and I admire the good sense and moderation of it, but I suppose it will be burnt at Rome as the Pope's late *bull* was at Paris.

The post has just brought me your

letter of May 17, for which I desire many thanks. You give me good general news of your health, but not a word respecting the recovery of your voice.

I am flattered that my fixed idea of the *Impeachment* being abated by a dissolution of Parliament has received the sanction of the Lord Chancellor's opinion. As far as I have observed, Lord Abingdon's remark on the late failure of Mr. Hastings's vigour of mind is quite unfounded, and the turn about *Hercules's club* and *distaff* was pert and low. The *Commons* I fear will equal their *Lordships* in absurdity; but the public at large, and posterity, will do that great and meritorious man ample justice *.

The anecdote of the *maitresse de pension* is admirable.

* The public begins *already* to do that justice.

I can believe any thing wild, or wicked, of Monsieur D'Orléans, or good and exemplary of Madame D'Orléans.

The weather here is very cold and churlish, and to-day we have a continued mizzling rain.

Mr. Bisset dined here yesterday alone, and talked much of his expected French visitors.

The primroses and cowslips, to which I paid so much attention last year, have rewarded me by their superior beauty and fragrance in the present.

Trusty's duty, and thanks for the good bits he has had in your name.

Je vous souhaite bien le bon jour.

LETTER XXV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 26, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YOUR letter of May 21, which I received only yesterday, gave me the most agreeable news I can have here, that of your dear health, and your voice being improved.

You report a very great progress indeed in the Grosvenor Square house. There is not a more surprising or more pleasing metamorphosis than that from the laying down a beautiful carpet on a dull floor, always excepting nature's fine green carpet of turf on the dirty mould, or black earth, the effect of which is astonishing.

As to the expense of any of the al-

terations, I believe that I am fully equal, even at this moment, to the whole. My plan is, to call in all the bills, Rogers's included, as soon as we are a little settled in the house, and to discharge them all before, or at, Christmas. If I want any assistance, I am not above asking it, for a short time, but I believe that I shall not, and I particularly entreat that nothing of the kind may be arranged till I have the whole under my eye.

Midsummer approaches so near, that I wish you to tell Jenny Rogers that I have no occasion for her services after that period, and I do not intend that she should go at all to Grosvenor Square. I mean however to part with her on terms of decency and civility. I leave the whole arrangement of servants, &c. in the new house to your prudence.

I intend to be in town the 9th of June, Thursday, and will follow your ideas

entirely whether I shall come directly to Grosvenor Square or Prince's Court.

I have not yet the books, but I am informed that they are arrived at Southampton.

I shall take an early opportunity of paying my devoirs to the *Comtesse d'Albany*. Did our court admit that title, which was conferred, I believe, by Louis XV. ?

I received yesterday the parcel from Portsmouth. I found no *Mercure*, and only two *Journaux*, of *May* 9 *and* 10.

I have not yet seen my landlord. I have nothing going on, but the common, trifling, necessary repairs. The rooms in the garden are very little damaged by all the late bad weather.

Good fish are very scarce indeed, and I have had only one fine bass of twelve pounds since my arrival, and mackerel twice.

The weather has been very tempestuous for the last week, but we have now a soft, calm, genial day.

My *kindest* compliments to Mrs. Gordon, and many tender things in my name to *Miss* Smith.

The passage to Portsmouth is so uncertain, and the weather so warm, that I do not send you any stinking fish.

I long to be gratified by the former melody of your voice, the most pleasing music to my ear.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

P.S. I have just received another favour from you without date, but it mentions James Lee's having paid me a Bank note of one hundred pounds on account. Be so good as to send it to my bankers', Lefevre, Curries, and Co. No. 19, Cornhill, take their receipt, and keep it till my return.

I leave the whole affair of the *bells* to your good taste.

Bon jour, bon jour, ma bien-aimée Marie.

LETTER XXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, May 27, 1791.

I WROTE to my dearest daughter yesterday by the post, but I take up the pen again now to thank you for the packet, which I received this morning from Portsmouth. It contained the *Mercure*, *No.* 20, the *Journaux* from *May* 16, to *May* 17, both inclusive. *May* 15 is wanting, and I believe of no consequence.

I am much obliged to you for your

attention in sending me Burke's second pamphlet, which is by no means equal to the first in the beauty of the style or composition, but I think contains the melancholy ravings of a maniac, of which the treating *Launay*'s death, after such flagrant treachery, as a foul murder, is one small instance. I agree however to half he has said about Jean Jacques. It is much Burke's own character, much splendid, brilliant eloquence, little solid wisdom.

I return the Ward papers signed. Be so good as to send them to Ashmore by the servant, and Thomson's letter by the penny post.

I enclose you a curious letter, which contains a singularly absurd request in the present moment.

The books are all arrived, and the map.

I cannot hear of any thing at Shanklin which might promise to please Miss Carter, to whom I beg many compliments.

I continue in the plan of coming to town Thursday, the 9th of June.

Adieu!

LETTER XXVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, June 5, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HOPE that you are now recovered from what must have been the suffocating heat of yesterday's drawing-room. I found myself very faint the whole day, although I bear heat tolerably well, but I am afraid that my languor

and oppression on the brink of old ocean was comparatively trifling to what you must have suffered in such a crowd.

The Duke of Wirtemberg and Mr. Francis Egerton were here yesterday, and seemed highly pleased. They did not dine, being obliged to return on business early to Portsmouth in the afternoon.

I am truly concerned for the dangerous illness of my nephew; but I trust that his youth, strong constitution, and the favourable season of the year, will triumph over the violence of the attack. I have to thank my brother for the kindness of his offer respecting Thames Ditton, but I never make an inn of a friend's house, nor could I think of staying there, when my dearest daughter was in town. Many acknowledgments however for the kind proposal.

All the particulars in your letter of

Wednesday, except what respected my nephew, were very pleasing to me, but there was too little about yourself. I hope however that your voice is improving, and your general health perfect, and I long to hear the soft accent of *my dear papa* in the former melodious note.

I should be inclined to think that the French refugee Princes would not succeed, as they seem to have both the nation and the court against them, and the popular fever rages still very furiously. Their *devices* are absurd. A *device* should be short and clear.

The summer came with June, but we have missed our spring. All the month of May was cold and tempestuous.

It will be prudent to get what you can finished this week both by Mayhew, and Ince, and Seddons, for the next: being Whitsun week, nothing will be regarded

by their workmen, but the sacrifices to Bacchus.

I shall probably not epistolize you again from Sandham Cottage, but I wish for a line by Tuesday's post to me at Mr. Palmer's, the George, in the High Street, Portsmouth; and I wish you would enclose the *Public Advertiser* of that morning, cropping the edges, and I hope to thank you for it in person next Thursday.

Trusty sends his duty.

I believe that I have now a prudent, staid, and intelligent gardener. *May* is sober and orderly, but seems to have nothing but a tune in his head: that is better however than beer or brandy.

The farmers are swearing, and the parsons praying, for rain, with little probability of success, as one of them said, till the wind changes. They both re-

verse Pope's maxim; for they think, *Whatever is, is* WRONG.

Thirty-five sail of the line only actually remain at Spithead, but there are three Admirals.

Adieu. Je vous souhaite bien, ma chère petite, le bon jour.

LETTER XXVIII.

Anchor, at Liphook,
Friday Afternoon, July 8, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE found the tench here so remarkably delicate, that nothing could add to their flavour on a certain Alderman's palate but the eating them in your company. They were indeed ex-

quisite, and I see a brace playing about, which seem to promise equally. I have therefore spoilt their sport in the watery element, and as they set out this evening before ten, it is thought they will arrive in Grosvenor Square to-morrow morning in time for you to decide at four, if their personal merit is equal to that of their late companions.

Two little feathered folks, young and tender, of the same farm, accompany them in the journey, and I hope are not unworthy of being *croqués*.

My best compliments to the nymph of the bosquets of Grosvenor Square.

Adieu!

LETTER XXIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 10, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD a pleasant drive to Liphook, where I arrived before three. I read, and sauntered in the garden, all the afternoon, and at nine recommended my weary limbs to the drowsy Morpheus. Yesterday I had a lucky passage to Ride of exactly forty-five minutes between the two shores.

I heard that Lord Hood was on shore at Portsmouth; but as Captain Banks told me the wind was quite favourable, I did not pay my compliments to his Lordship in person, but before I embarked took a sheet of gilt paper, and on the inside wrote,

"Glory and Victory to Old England, Additional fresh laurels to Lord Hood;" and superscribed it, "The Right Honourable Lord Hood, with Mr. Wilkes's respectful compliments."

I wrote to you from Liphook, and sent you a brace of tench, and a couple of chickens, which ought to have been in Grosvenor Square by eight on Saturday morning.

The country has recovered a small, very small, tinct of verdure, but is truly pleasant. Autumn seems advancing very fast.

Yesterday Topham, Mrs. Wells, Andrews, George Macaulay, wife, sister, four more ladies, and three gentlemen called here. They ate cracknels, drank Frontiniac, and decamped.

I received the letter from Mr. Lockey about the Port, and have answered it by this post, and I likewise write to James

Lee on the subject; so that I take a good peep into futurity as to the cellar in Grosvenor Square.

There are thirty-six sail of the line now at Portsmouth; but the universal opinion there is, that Lord Hood will not go out of the Channel. I sailed quite through the fleet, and my heart exulted at the sight.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

LETTER XXX.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, July 15, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I PASSED yesterday without any of the terrors on account of the anniversary of the French revolution, which all the London papers seemed to wish to

inspire for our friends in the capital. Not a broken head I believe yesterday, but many a headach to-day in consequence of the number of strange toasts in bumpers.

I shall be happy to hear that the chimney-piece in the eating-parlour is finished, and all the prints arranged to your mind. I believe Charpentier has more than you suspect; I gave him so many. If more are wanting, I wish you to lay out for me twenty or thirty pounds more to make the room complete. I am anxious that it should be finished to your mind; and although it requires much thought, attention, and labour, I hope to hear of its being brought to perfection before the end of the month.

I had the pleasure of your letter of Monday. I did not call on Mrs. Gardner. Captain Bissett dined here yesterday, but I have neither seen nor heard

of Sir Richard Worsley. The French ladies are at Knighton House, a grandmother, mother, and little daughter.

The fleet still remains at Spithead.

My clerk, Edwards, died last Saturday. He is a real loss to the office. Charles Montague succeeds him; and Keyes, Charles Montague; but I have not named any additional clerk.

Be so good as to send me in the next parcel, two sixpenny phials of Amsterdam ink, and a small box of wafers, all red, with two quires of the best 8vo. gilt paper.

It rained here all Sunday and Monday, to the great joy of all the farmers in the island.

I have seen twice a dozen porpoises sporting near the shore.—Your packet is just arrived with the *Mercure, No.* 27, and the *Journaux from June* 27 *to July* 3, *both inclusive,* which continue the old

with great exactness. One of the *Moniteurs*, I observe, that of *July* 7, is missing. I shall dedicate to-morrow to them. The *Troisieme Supplement au Nouveau Dictionaire Historique* I received before, and therefore wish you to return the other to Boffe. It is truly interesting and valuable.

I have a letter from my brother Heaton. Be so good as to tell him that I am sorry for his accident, and that when I return to town I will send him the old Prince's Court lease, and his large box. The *schedule*, of which he is desirous, was copied and annexed to the lease, which I surrendered to Mr. Wigg, and consequently became an original, when the new lease was signed.

Lady Oglander has been most dangerously ill from the silly trick of bleeding herself with a straw in the nose.

She pricked an artery, and the effusion of blood was prodigious.

I wish you could partake of the infinite quantity of strawberries and cherries, which my care has rewarded me with. My cherries are the prey of the blackbirds, and they are most welcome.

Adieu, ma chère fille, aimez-moi toujours.

I beg to be remembered kindly to *Miss* Smith, Lord and Lady Shuldham, Madame La Fite, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Sandham Cottage,
July 18, Monday, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I PLEASE myself with the idea that by the late fine weather your voice has now recovered its former soft tone, and that the exertions of it for your friends cease to be painful to yourself. You ought not in all fairness to suffer by our gratification.

I have a most grateful letter from young Montague on his promotion, but not a word from K-y-s.

Surely nothing ever equalled the absurdity of Gregoire's letter to Lord George Gordon—except perhaps Lord George's answer.

I am glad that common sense is re-

turned to Lord S——. Why will the mild nature of Kippis coalesce with such heterogeneous madmen and ruffians?

Trusty's duty, and thanks for many tid-bits he has had by your orders. Be so good as to send in the next parcel, *Dr. Trusler*'s *Garden Companion*, price one shilling. Byfield and Hawksworth can get it.

We have had fine rains the last two days. Your favourite walk near the sea is 445 feet in length: a mile is 5280 feet, 12 times 445 is 5340, consequently six times that walk, and the return, is above a mile—when will you take it?

I believe nothing ever equalled the constant attention and exactness of my dear daughter. I have just received her billet of Sunday last, and the ink, paper, &c.

Total of the line at Portsmouth, 2782 guns, 23,041 men.

I am shocked to read of the savage, cruel, and persecuting spirit of the mechanics at Birmingham; and I trust that Government will exert itself in the punishment of so vile and wicked a crew.

James Lee has luckily got me a pipe of excellent Port of 1786; but he does not mention the price.

Adieu, ma chère fille.

LETTER XXXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, July 25, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter of last Thursday yesterday morning, and am delighted with the favourable account you give me of your voice's returning to its former pleasing tone.

I shall certainly be at Portsmouth early on Saturday morning the 13th of August to receive you, and will order Captain Banks to have a vessel ready. Palmer's, at the George in the High Street, is the inn I am told now to be the best. I suppose you lie at Liphook, and in that case I advise you to write previously to Mrs. Keen.

Perhaps it would be as well to have the floor-cloth put down by Smith as soon as you leave Grosvenor Square, that the smell might be quite gone before your return; and if the rooms are all locked up, there could no damage occur.

You will want fine sugar and good tea. I believe there is sufficient of other things.—The *picture* of the female saint over the chimney in the eating-parlour I am most desirous to see well placed.

I desire you to write in time to Deputy Birch for half a buck, which you will

bring with you for the 16th of August, and a pine-apple. Mr. Bissett supplies me very kindly with melons and other fruit, but I have heard nothing of Sir Richard Worsley.

I was shocked at the infamy of the *French* handbill. The expense of Voltaire's *triumph* was to the highest degree absurd. Is the triumph of calm sober philosophy to be celebrated with the vain pomp and mad expense of a proud conqueror?

Has Lady Shuldham begun the chapel to the heroes of Runnymead, or are all the gay ideas, which liberty inspires, vanished? It is remarkable that the riots at Birmingham were in favour of Government. They are generally meant to overturn the ruling powers. They will prove a cruel tax on the whole county of Warwick, the innocent as well as the guilty, of more than 100,000*l*.

I have at last a very grateful letter from Mr. Keyes on his promotion.

I am truly sorry for dear *Miss* Smith, and I wish you to express to her my sincere concern.

We have had much rain the two last days, and very cold weather, which has driven me twice to my bark potations, and I am now free from any aguish alarm.

The *Mercure* is right, *No.* 28, and the *Journaux* from *July* 4 to *July* 14, both inclusive. Many thanks likewise for the other things.

Adieu, ma très chère.

LETTER XXXIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, July 29, 1791.

MANY thanks, my dearest daughter, for your letter of Wednesday, and all the accompaniments. The *Mercure* of *No.* 29, and the *Journaux* from *July* 15 to *July* 17, both inclusive and exact.

I look forwards to the 13th of August with true satisfaction, and you will certainly find me that morning at Portsmouth.

I wish you to bring me a *pound of bark in powder*, and *half a pint of Huxham's tincture of bark.*

My plan for Sandham Cottage in the winter is only a gardener, his wife, and a labourer. The present gardener wishes to marry. I have given my consent.

He says that his wife can cook. He is to be married next week, and to bring his wife here. Saunders's wife will assist, and Sally will make the beds, &c.; but if you choose to bring any other female servant, I desire you would; I mean besides your woman.

I have not yet read the French news. The moment is truly critical, but I rather think the monarchy will continue, perhaps with limitations more strict than our own.

We have had a great deal of rain and stormy weather, but the wheat looks well, and is not much lodged.

I desire you to lay me at the feet of the fair fugitives at Richmond, and to assure Mr. and Mrs. Hastings of my great regard.

The goodness of Madame De la Valliere to us both *ne finit pas*.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Aug. 1, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ENTREAT you to be very cautious that you are not heated, or much fatigued, by too great attention to the workmen in Grosvenor Square. Autumnal fevers are most carefully to be avoided, and the present season is not very healthy.

If you find that after the arrangements for the eating-room in town, you have two or three prints to spare, and they should be about fourteen inches wide, and sixteen high, I wish you to order Charpentier to pack them carefully in a box, and to send them here, according to the old

direction, *John Wilkes, Esq. to the care of Mr. Wild, Bugle Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight*, to go by *Brookman's Southampton Waggon from the Rose at Holborn Bridge*, and to be booked. Sugar-loaves, and other things of too great bulk or weight, might be sent in the same manner, not to overload your post-chaise.

Your last letter mentions nothing about your voice, the news most interesting to me.

I forgot to mention coffee, wax-candles large and small for the veilleuses, and salad-oil.

Byfield's nephew succeeds as junior clerk in the Chamberlain's office, on good recommendation and security.

I observe that in the last number of the *Mercure* the words "*M. Mallet du Pan est seul chargé de la partie politique*" are omitted.

The rice is very bad here: be so good as to bring some excellent.

We are distressed here, especially about the hour of dinner, for a clock. If you have no objection, I should be glad to have your old one, which has been repaired by Le Roux, and his people might carefully pack it up.

The affairs of France are brought to a near conclusion, as it appears to me, by the National Assembly. All the executive powers in the Monarch have been suspended since June 25. By their late decrees, if he accepts, and swears to observe, the new constitution, he is King of the French with very limited powers. If he refuses, or should afterwards retract, the decree declares him to have abdicated, and that he shall then be considered only as a private citizen. The new constitution will be completed, it is

said, in less than a month, and the new elections then be proceeded upon.

La Fayette is wild, and culpable for releasing an intended assassin, who is let loose for other *assassinats* perhaps. He ought to have been tried, condemned to death, and La Fayette then have interceded for him, if the power of pardon still exists any where.

I shall be obliged to you at your full leisure to call at Seddons's, on some tour into the City, and to choose for me six garden chairs, light and easy, with holes at the bottom for the rain to pass, and to be painted white, to be sent to this cottage as soon as convenient.

Should Lady Shuldham erect the chapel we talked about, and paint the inside, this humble pen would trace out proper inscriptions in a cause which I have at heart. Perhaps her Ladyship could scarcely find a more elegant amuse-

ment, and by no means expensive; but her pencil would make it invaluable.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 7, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

On Thursday night I received the packet from Ride, with your entertaining letter of Wednesday, and all the French papers very exact. The *Mercure* is *No.* 30, and the *Journaux* from *July* 18 to *July* 24, both inclusive.

As I have the happiness of expecting you here the end of the week, I shall order my old Captain, Banks, to be ready

with a good vessel at Portsmouth on Saturday morning at ten.

I wish you to send all the English and French papers, &c. by Wednesday night's diligence to Portsmouth, where I shall be probably on Thursday, and they will entertain me till your arrival on the Saturday.

The weather is remarkably fine, and promises to be settled.

Be so good as to bring me twenty-five of the best fine-nibbed pens, and two quires of the best large common paper.

I have had some slight apprehensions of the old enemy again invading me, but they have not been realized, and you, who are used to bring me so many good things, will bring me the specific.

I wish *Anacreon* may add to your entertainments.

Sugar for coffee is much wanted here, macaroons, almonds and raisins, &c.;

venison and pine-apple for the 16th, I mentioned before.

I like exceedingly the plan you enclosed for the arrangements in the eating-parlour. The prints not used may be left in my bedchamber. I thank you for what you have done respecting the good Dutchess, who has every claim on us both.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER XXXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Aug. 8, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE examined with particular care and attention the plan, which you enclosed, of the arrangements of the prints for the eating-parlour in Grosvenor Square, and I most entirely approve. I am sure that the effect must be very pleasing. I rejoice that the chimney-piece is up, and that you leave the painting to be finished during your excursion to the sea-coast.

Many of the other prints, which were in my bedchamber at Prince's Court, I intend for my sleeping-room in Grosvenor Square; but some of the others in your lists I wish you to order Charpentier

to pack up directly and carefully, and to send them to Sandham Cottage. I should be glad to have the following here—*the Queen and Princess Royal*; *the Old Man and Child in his arms*; *Laocoon*; *seven Ovals of Hampden, &c.*; *King William, oval.* They may all be packed in one case.

Yesterday I was favoured with your letter of the 4th, but I had written to you before the receipt of it. The sea makes the arrival of letters so uncertain, that I shall probably not write again by the post, as we meet on Saturday morning at Portsmouth.

Mr. Elmsly and Mr. Nichols are just arrived, and the island is full of vagrants.

Many thanks for your care of the clock. I hope you will enjoy the venison with Mr. Paice.

I have not yet seen Sir Richard Worsley. He is building, as I am told, a

cottage on the brink of the ocean in the parish of St. Laurence, and every morning visits his workmen, and no one else.

The weather is intensely sultry within these two days, and not a sea-breeze. The zephyrs wait to waft you here.

Bon jour, et bon voyage, ma chère fille.

LETTER XXXVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, May 6, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

AFTER I left Grosvenor Square, quite to Liphook it rained incessantly, and I enjoyed a good fire there as much as I should have done in a raw day of the month of November. I found the

spring very backward, except in the immediate environs of London, and nothing but a little purple heath, and yellow broom, to cheer the eye in the long dreary extent from Guildford to Liphook.

The whole day of Saturday was an hurricane, and I passed from Portsmouth to Ride in forty minutes in a perfect storm, with some trouble, and perhaps a little danger in getting from the vessel to the boat. Captain Banks was the master of the vessel. The landing at Ride is shamefully neglected.

I found Sandham, both the cottage and the garden, in great order, but little appearance of the beauties of May, and we have still a cold north-east wind, which checks all vegetation. My feathered family are all well, and Trusty seemed in raptures at my return. He shall soon have some tid-bits in your

name. At dinner I had very fine asparagus and brocoli, from our own kitchen-garden.

I stopped at Fielding's, the Fountain, a large good inn at Portsmouth. The mistress of it will take care of all parcels for me. Large parcels may be sent by Clarke's Portsmouth waggon from the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, and the smaller by the diligence from the same place.

I have been in a shivering state ever since I left the capital, but, thank Heaven, not from the ague, but from the cold, piercing winds. The garden suffers as much, and the beauteous bloom of spring is nipped with the lagging rear of winter's frost.

I wish you at an hour of leisure to call at Mason's, and desire him to send to Grosvenor Square a guinea's-worth of the seeds of annuals, persicaria in parti-

cular, and to put them up in the next parcel for me. Let him set it down to my account. I hope their beauty will indemnify you for the trouble.

I trust that my dearest daughter pays the utmost attention to her health, and I own that the apprehensions I feel from these bitter winds, especially for her voice, are not inconsiderable. Her next letter I hope will relieve my anxiety.

I beg you to express my regret to Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, that my absence in the country deprives me of the pleasures I was sure of enjoying in a day passed under their roof, and to remember me to Lord and Lady Shuldham, Madame La Fite, Mrs. Buller, &c. &c.

I long to hear the first operations of this French-Austrian war, this grappling of the monkey and the bear.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 10, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED with much pleasure and satisfaction your letter and the parcel from Portsmouth. I highly applaud your prudence in being a home-keeper during the late churlish evenings, and I hope that you already reap the benefit, especially as to your voice.

I have scarcely quitted the fire-side since I became an inhabitant of the Isle of Wight, and I am likely to preserve my warm post till the rude north and east winds yield to the mild and gentle zephyrs.

I was much pleased with your account of the lucky accident which has brought

you and Mrs. Montague together, and perhaps I shall profit by it, by asking a corner of your coach on my return, when you visit in Portman Square; and I trust I shall obtain the permission of examining, and admiring, at leisure all the beauties and wonders of that superb hotel.

I hope *Miss Smith* will still long continue here to please and edify us by such an example at such an age, and in such an age.

The packing-needle, and penny blue riband, are regularly employed on every *cahier* of the *Feuille du Jour*, and I shall bring them all with me to town, as well as the *Journaux*.

I have neither seen nor heard of the Baronet at Appuldurcombe Park.

A barbarous frenzy seems to possess the French army, which I should think it difficult to suppress.

Trusty has profited not a little by your kind remembrance of him.

The *untaught harmony of Spring* we long, but in vain, to hear.

Adieu!

Poor Caron de Beaumarchais! What a wretched letter to M. Manuel!—*Mais s'il ne mourroit pas de peur!—Je ne repondrai plus à rien.*

M. l'Evêque d'Autun est prêt à se rendre en Angleterre, où sa destination l'appelle. Il emmene avec lui M. de Chauvelin, notre Ambassadeur.

LETTER XXXIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 17, 1792.

I THANK you, my dearest Polly, for your letter of the 11th, and the two parcels from Portsmouth.

I am on the tiptoe of expectation for Wednesday's papers, as I have a private letter from my namesake at Portsmouth, stating that Seringapatam is taken, which I hold to be news of the utmost importance, as it must put an end to a dangerous and expensive war.

What a scandalous catchpenny is the pamphlet of the "Mémoires Secrets de Madame de Tencin *!" and what an

* Madame de Tencin was the sister of the Cardinal of that name, the Archbishop of Lyons. She became known as the author of several pleas-

impostor is the Abbé Barthelemi, to impose on the world under so respectable a name, to induce the belief that he was the author of *Anacharsis?*

I had an agreeable tour from Geneva to Paris; but what a furious democrate is the author, and what a finished courtisanne is Mademoiselle Ferrand!

The seeds I hope you will admire as beautiful flowers. I put them all into the ground on Tuesday, and we have since had very kindly rains.

Poor Mrs. Gilbert! There is something so particularly cruel in that reverse of nature's plan, that the parent buries

ing romances—amongst others of the Siege of Calais—whence Mr. Colman has adopted the episode of Ribemont and Julia in his favoured drama of the Siege of Calais. Madame de Tencin is also highly spoken of by Lord Chesterfield in his Letters. She died in 1749. I am unacquainted with the Mémoires Secrets.—EDIT.

the child, and to lose such a child! mysterious Heaven!!!

Sir Richard Worsley dined here yesterday. He has not before dined from home since last autumn. He sends you many compliments.

Dr. Warton's new living is worth 500*l.* a year. I did not know that the Doctor had taken so decided a part in the Regency business, as to *speechify* publicly more than once. Lord North's brother of Winchester has comforted him under the loss of the expected lawn sleeves, which he will not wear, I believe, in this reign.

You do not give me one article about your voice, which I hope these mild rains have softened. I walked on Tuesday along the shore to Shanklin, climbed the Chine, and returned here the same way to dinner with Mr. Hewson.

Adieu!

LETTER XL.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, May 20, 1792.

By the country post we are informed that the fair at Brading produced very few sheep, horses, or *beasts of any kind*, and some tawdry ribands, of which I shall bring a specimen to Grosvenor Square.

The gardener's wife increases in size almost as much as his pumpkins, and next month we suppose one or more strangers will arrive at the cottage. He is said to be very attentive to, and careful of, his mate.

There are thirteen pea-fowls at the cottage, between whom some solemn gallantries are continually passing; and the gallinis are as brisk and amorous as any French petits-maitres. The conse-

quences I foresee. Un et un font deux, c'est le nombre heureux, en galanterie, mais quelquefois un et un font trois, &c. &c.

Old ocean is quite in a fury, and big waves lash the affrighted shores. What a contrast to your peaceful bosquets!

As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
The afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar,
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.

No poet ever painted the sea in a storm beyond old Homer, who was born, and lived, on the grand shores of Greece and Asia Minor.

I am much obliged by your letter of the 16th, and the large parcel of French news, &c. which came very safe from Portsmouth.

I give Madame Brulart joy of De Biron's letter. "M. M. de Chartres et de Montpensier ont marché avec moi comme volontaires, et ont essuyé pour la première fois beaucoup de coups de fusils de la manière la plus *brillante* et la plus tranquille;" but I suppose they likewise made good their retreat with De Biron.

I beg you to assure Mrs. Buller, with my best compliments, that one of my first occupations on my return to town will be to look out for a copy of Catullus and Theophrastus to add to her well-chosen collection of volumes.

James Lee has sent me another pipe of Port of the famous year 1786, but he says that wine in Portugal is risen, so that it will cost me 40*s*. more than the last pipe.

I do not find that the sea has done any considerable damage here, but the late north and east winds have brought most

destructive blights to all the tender infants of the spring.

Among Voltaire's works deposited in the Pantheon, or at St. Geneviève, is the following:

SUR L'ESTAMPE DU R. P. GIRARD, ET DE LA CADIERE.

Cette belle voit Dieu; Girard voit cette belle:
Ah! Girard est plus heureux qu'elle!

[Quelle horreur!]

La Fayette's address to the army under his command is spirited and humane, and beyond what I expected from him.

Adieu, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XLI.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 24, 1792.

I CANNOT express to you, my dearest Polly, my concern at the news of the Chancellor's resignation; which I hear from every quarter takes place this day. It is leaving Mr. Hastings in a cruel situation; for although I imagine the power and authority of the High Steward will still exist in Lord Thurlow, yet his influence in the Cabinet, and I suppose his seat there, will be lost; and much of his weight with the public. I do not suspect any treachery, nor intention to blink the cause of Mr. Hastings. Thurlow's character is too manly, but his concern at a great domestic calamity has overset his philosophy, and given full

scope to the violence of a temper naturally impetuous.

In the last packet from Portsmouth came the enclosed little billet from Ridley. He is, I believe, our painter. His work in Grosvenor Square has been tolerably performed. He employed three or four men. I have often seen him, but never once sober. He never said a word to me about his bill. I suppose it is among those which Rogers examined. On my return to town, I will settle it, and in the mean time I enclose a draft for the sum which he desires, for which of course he will give a receipt on account.

I am delighted that your voice is so much improved; and surely the zephyrs, the balmy zephyrs, will come with healing under their wings, before May leaves us. To-day a cold east wind makes me shiver, nor have I yet left off fires in my

bedchamber, although I have none in the parlour.

Sunday evening we had in these parts a very furious storm of thunder and lightning, which did great mischief on Portsmouth Common; but none, I believe, in this island.

I have not seen nor heard of *Mademoiselle* and her party. Yesterday was so fine, I expected them here in their romantic excursion, and to have regaled them in *Tuscany* with Cyprus, cracknels, macaroons, &c. &c.

I shall be happy to accompany you to Mrs. Montague's superb mansion.

I have a plan to make war for a day or two on the birds at the back of this island, but nothing is yet settled, and I intend certainly to return to town almost immediately after the birthday.

Adieu!

LETTER XLII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 31, 1792.

I SCARCELY think that the history of mankind can furnish, my dearest Polly, scenes more truly horrid and comic than in the neighbouring nation of monkeys and tigers, as Voltaire calls the French. The business of Avignon is too horrid to dwell upon, but the National Assembly often presents the most ridiculous exhibitions. What can a person think of "de jeunes épouses qui avoient des dons à offrir sont venues en foule à la barre. Toutes ont juré d'être fidelles à la constitution, et même de l'être à leurs maris."—"Les gardes nationelles du departement de l'Eure ont envoyé à l'Assemblée une modique offrande, mais ils l'ont rendue interessante

par l'expression de leurs sentimens. Ils demandent de marcher à l'ennemi ; ils jurent d'avance une sommission aveugle, et promettent de combattre en silence et de *n'ouvrir la bouche que pour déchirer les cartouches*." On what are these fellows to subsist ? will they save the state all the *approvisionnemens* for an army ?

In the last packet from Portsmouth I found a polite letter from Sir John Sinclair, the day before he set out for Scotland ; a beautiful print in large 8vo. of a ram from Mysore, and a pamphlet in French entitled " Prospectus d'un Ouvrage intitulé, *Analyse de l'Etat Politique d'Ecosse, &c. &c.*" Under the article Edinburgh he quotes from William Creech, Esq. " En 1780 l'ancienne salle de danse fut abandonnée aux gardes de la ville ; on en battit trois nouvelles fort élégantes, et une quatrième à Leith. A la danse noble et majestueuse des me-

nuets, on avoit substitué les contre-danses, qui souvent avoient plutôt l'air d'une partie de sauts et de gambades, que d'une danse. L'habillement étoit singulièrement negligé sur-tout par les hommes, qui, au sortir de la taverne, pleins de vin, et peu fermes sur leurs jambes, se rendoient dans cet état à une assemblée composées de femmes des plus belles et des plus élégantes de l'Europe!"

I grieve exceedingly for the death of Lord Rodney: we have lost an amiable friend, and the country its bravest and most successful hero, whose glorious flag was always surmounted by victory. Peace to his manes, and immortality to his fame!

We have had here a storm for the two last days, with much rain, and the weather is as cold as it was [not] at Christmas. In the midst of the storm came into this vale of tears a fine boy to suc-

ceed the gardener in all his primitive occupations, and like the first male at the sweat of his brow to till and cultivate the earth; although arriving in such a storm on the brink of old ocean, he ought rather to be a fisherman, or mariner.

I do not wish you to send me any letter, or parcel, after next Saturday. Some time the next week I hope to rejoin my dear daughter in Grosvenor Square, but the weather renders all my plans of making war on the birds, &c. quite uncertain. I mean at present to leave this cottage next Tuesday, June 5, and perhaps shall be in town on Wednesday or Thursday.

Adieu!

LETTER XLIII.

Isle of Wight,
Sunday, June 3, 1792.

I THANK you, my dearest Polly, for your letter of last Wednesday, and the parcel, which I received only yesterday. I shall not leave Sandham Cottage till Tuesday morning, to give a fair time for the receipt of Saturday's parcel. I believe the party to Freshwater will take place. In that case I shall not probably have the pleasure of seeing you till Friday or Saturday, and I may arrive before any future letter.

Yesterday's post brought me the enclosed letter from Mr. Keys. It is in the note to Mr. Montague, which I send unsealed, that you may read both. I wish you afterwards to send them by the penny-post. There can be no loss I sup-

pose from Keys, as he was not the receiving clerk; but I am not to be surprised into a promise, of which I might afterwards repent.

I will make every inquiry I can at Portsmouth about Mademoiselle, and her attendants. Your guess is very probable.

I admire, and applaud, your prudential arrangement about the birthday. I will endeavour to imitate it in other particulars respecting myself.

The late complaint of Louis XVI. against Petion is a new fracas of a most singular kind, and must produce some singular events.

Adieu, my dearest daughter, and continue to love your affectionate and obliged father.

LETTER XLIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 22, 1792.

I AM first to acknowledge the very polite attention of my dearest Polly in quitting the downy embraces of the gentle god of slumbers at so early an hour of Friday to pour out my tea, and give me the first regale of the day.

The heavens smiled upon me all the way to Liphook, and the beautiful landscapes for many miles on both sides the road were gilded by the sunbeams. I arrived at Liphook at three, and dined at four. Before six, torrents of rain descended, and there was much livid lightning. The storm continued all night, and till yesterday afternoon. I left Liphook at eight, and on my arrival at Portsmouth I found Captain Banks at

the Fountain. The wind was perfectly fair, but it rained very hard, and blew a hurricane. I embarked with my Captain, and in five minutes experienced a more severe sea-sickness than I ever before suffered, which continued till I got to Ride, tossed about in an open boat for above half a mile after we quitted Captain Banks's new vessel. The passage however was less than the half-hour. I was thoroughly drenched, but I believe have no cold. No consideration could have induced me to consent to your embarking in such weather; but men are formed to struggle with dangers and difficulties.

The country is really in very high beauty, and still possesses all the verdure of May. Vegetation is very luxuriant, but I fear the farmer will suffer, especially in his hay. The wheat and barley

straw is astonishing, but I fear both grains will be very scanty.

Madame Desgonges's letter on the death and character of Monsieur Gouvion is very striking, and a most singular publication from a lady in such a paper as the *Moniteur*.

Adieu, my dearest Polly; continue to love me.

LETTER XLV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 26, 1792.

Your letter arrived yesterday very à-propos, my dearest Polly, to comfort me under the pressure of a heavy atmosphere, a deluge of rain, and a hurricane of wind. Tuesday and Mon-

day were cheerful sunshine, and this day is tolerable, but the weather seems at present very far from settled. I wish some astrologer would whisper me about the next month, that we might take an agreeable plan during the recess from City business, for I should think Grosvenor Square much preferable to the sea-coast with the Pleiades and all the watery planets our foes.

I thank you for the large packet of news, the only interesting article of which is from our own Gazette, that the King of Prussia was to arrive at Anspach the 13th, and continue his route for Coblentz on the 17th. August will certainly be a most interesting month, and probably decide the fate of the *constitution Françoise*.

I wish you not to send the *Mercure* for fear of accidents. I preserve carefully your *Feuille du Jour*.

I met Mr. Swinburne in Cheapside the day before I left town. He talked of paying a visit here soon with his son.

I was ill for two days after my arrival here, from the violence of the sea-emetic, and the having been so thoroughly drenched; but I am now perfectly recovered.

I beg you to mention particularly how your voice is.

Remember me to the *tricolor Marquis*, and to Lord and Lady Shuldham, Mrs. Buller, &c. &c. I have no news yet of Lord Grosvenor.

Adieu, and take care of my best-beloved.

LETTER XLVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, July 31, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THERE is a very generally prevalent notion here among the best judges of the weather, the farmers, that the succeeding month of August will be fine. In that case I should wish that we might pass it here; and the late plentiful rains have secured us, I believe, all the beauteous verdure of the spring during the remainder of the autumn. I leave the plan of your tour entirely to yourself, and will cross the sea to meet you at Portsmouth any day you prefer, but be so good to let me know two or three days before. Should the weather prove tempestuous, when you are at Ports-

mouth, we will not brave the fury of the angry ocean, but wait the return of his placid mien, as Virgil describes him.

I wish you to send, or bring, the *Magazine* and *Review* for July, and *Lackington's new Catalogue.*

I write this on the supposition of the season's not being rainy; for even after we are at Portsmouth, if that should appear to be probably the case, our return to town would be the most advisable measure. I add this, because, notwithstanding all the predictions of farmers, it now begins a heavy rain, and the horizon has thick clouds in every part.

Remember a haunch and neck of venison, and a pine-apple, for the 16th; for, my Polly, that we have together, wherever we are.

I have not had a letter, packet, or newspaper, since Friday, but I suppose all the articles of curiosity from your

great continent of England will respect the military camp, and the mock fights, in which the Prince of Wales will continue victorious in these bloodless fields. I fear the Gallic fields will soon be died with purple gore.

My best compliments attend Lord and Lady Shuldham, Mrs. Buller, &c. &c. &c.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER XLVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 5, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

LADY Burgoyne and her daughter have been here with Lord and Lady Glencairn, and a large party, who were unanimous in the expression of their regret that you were not in the island. Lady Burgoyne talked much of the Dudleys, and retailed to me every the smallest item of the late will, which I have forgotten already.

I am sorry to mention the fate of the ———s, ——————— at Portsmouth. They were certainly honest industrious people; but a speculation as to houses at Portsmouth, and the peace following, has totally ruined them, and I under-

stand that the mother and son will appear as bankrupts in the next Gazette. Would to God that every species of gambling was confined to the infamous clubs in St. James's Street; but that most destructive vice pervades, I think, all the country!

I have just received a letter from Mr. Montague, by which I find that the aggregate cash in the chamber of London at the shutting the office for the recess is only 8485*l.* 0*s.* 6½*d.* This he thinks advantageous to me; and from the opinion of all the gentlemen with whom he has conversed, he thinks there is no doubt of the court of Common Council allowing me interest according to my own plan.

The trait of Madame Elizabeth is excellent; but perhaps the *Dieu Vengeur* may be thought at this moment to be punishing France for the horrid cruelties

of Bodegrave and Swammerdam in 1672, and the twice burning the Palatinate.

Tuesday Morning, Aug. 7.

I waited with no small impatience for your packet, which did not arrive till last night, and brought me your welcome letter of last Friday. I shall certainly contrive to lie at Fielding's, the Fountain at Portsmouth, next Sunday, that I may be ready to receive you on the Tuesday morning, and I will direct Captain Banks to have a good vessel for us by eleven on Tuesday morning, if the weather permits to cross old ocean, and dine here that day. We have now had six successive fine days, and I really hope that the weather is at last settled. I wish you to send me by the post on Saturday to Fielding's two of the morning papers under cover of Mr. Mainwaring, or any other member, cutting the margin, and

the *Courier de Londres*, in another frank, to relieve the tristesse of a dimanche Anglicain, and the *Supplement*, of last Friday, which must contain the Duke of Brunswick's extraordinary declaration of July 25.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am afraid Benjamin's illness will prove a real inconvenience to you. Perhaps you might employ the little housemaid, Nanny, to take the papers, &c. to the diligence, and have them booked twice a week, for every day becomes more interesting to you and me, both of whom know something of foreign politics. If she would likewise take the care of the birds in the absence of James, I would satisfy her on my return.

I write this post to Benjamin on some little commissions.

I may probably write again; but should I be prevented, I heartily wish my chère petite a good journey, and bid her adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

Thursday, Aug. 9, 1792.

Sandham Cottage sends the warmest wishes for the good journey and safe arrival of its fair mistress, and uninterrupted health for the enjoyment of all its rural beauties.

LETTER XLIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, July 8, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I do not remember a more sultry day in this country than last Saturday. The dust and the heat almost overpowered me, and the number of

recruits for both the army and navy was no small additional inconvenience to us, both on the road, and in the towns through which we passed.

I sauntered so long at Cobham, that I did not reach Liphook till after five, but found every thing there cool and comfortable, and the garden wonderfully neat and fragrant.

Portsmouth overflowed with officers and privates, in all the variety of uniforms. Lord Howe was there, but expected to sail this day, with a fleet of about twenty sail, perfectly well conditioned, and the men in high spirits.

This little spot is in high beauty, and the gardener has exerted himself to have every thing in very great order. The progress of vegetation since the last year is truly astonishing, and we are in a wilderness of sweets. Your favourite seat is worthy your attention and praise,

and you will be captivated with it more than ever.

An hour and a quarter brought me in a wherry under the care of Captain Banks from Portsmouth to Ride, and I had under my protection Mr. and Mrs. Saumarez, the brother-in-law and sister of Alderman Le Mesurier, and brother of the surgeon Saumarez, who supplied me so liberally some years ago with Guernsey lilies. They are now again beginning to increase, and I am promised a good many for the ensuing October, when they flower, and will adorn your habitation in Grosvenor Square.

Did you receive my little Harriet's Hygeia * ?

I hope that in this suffocating heat your health is the primary object of your

* An engraving from an antique gem by Miss H. Wilkes.

solicitude, and I beg to hear as often as you can how you do, and what are your plans, including above all your tour, and abode here for as long as you like, and we will return together to the capital, to our cheerful winter quarters.

Adieu, my beloved Polly: I will write again the end of this week.

Adieu!

LETTER L.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 11, 1793.

We are almost panting for breath, my dearest Polly, even so near old ocean, and the rage of the dog-star is as furious as was ever remembered in

our climate. Last night there was much thunder and lightning, but only one refreshing shower, and all nature seems again exhausted and parched up with the intense heat.

Birch's venison arrived yesterday in tolerable condition, but I shall not venture such another experiment, only shall trust to what you will bring.

Lord Howe is still at Portsmouth, where they are very busy in fitting out another fleet. The first alarm of the French for this island is entirely over, and a perfect calm has succeeded.

I have not seen a daily paper since I left the capital, and have confined myself to the ninety-two volumes of Voltaire, that great store of science, genius, learning, and gaiety.

The important chest of pine-apple rum, beaume de vie, orgeat, &c. &c. is not yet arrived, so that I live in the

primitive simplicity of the patriarchal age, on fruits, milk, honey, and a little of the firstlings of the flock, and a trifling morceau de venaison from the field, or forest. What an exemplary life for an Alderman!

Are the Dutchess and Mademoiselle Faniani set out on the excursion to Spa? and is your excellent Dutchess de la Valliere tolerable amid this scene of horrors?

Madame de la Fite engages my best wishes, and I fear for her health from the peculiar heat of the season.

Sir Richard Worsley is, I hear, at Gosport, not a little harassed with his boorish countrymen.

I expect Dr. Warton here every day, and I believe that he has destined a greater part than usual of this summer to the island.

Let me know particularly how my dear

daughter supports this cruel heat, which every one here can scarcely bear up under.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LI.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, July 15, 1793.

I GIVE my perfect consent, my dearest Polly, to wait for the pine-apple rum, and orgeat, by the waggon, while the post brings me such favours as yours of the 9th, which I received last Thursday, just after mine was sent away.

I am glad that you have suffered so little by the intense heat, and I hope the same prudent attention to your health will secure you the remainder of this

summer and autumn, if the burning sun of Africa continues to flame perpendicular over our devoted heads.

My time has passed entirely in reading, and sauntering around this small cheerful domain, which I believe you will like much better than any former year, from the wonderful efforts of a kind vegetation since the beginning of the last spring.

To-day we are under the reign of St. Swithin ; and as that Christian Pleïad has not yet shed her watery influence over our island, we may perhaps to-morrow lay out a reasonable plan for the country during the next month and September, when my holydays expire, and I wish, as Chamberlain, to continue to be exemplary.

I am glad to hear so favourable an account of Mrs. Molineux, and I hope the two generations of children will be

grateful for her great care and merit towards them.

Nothing surprises me in the conduct of Mrs. J——. Bath will supply instances of equal, not of superior foolishness. I hope she will continue there.

Portsmouth does not at any time receive the smallest boat of any kind from France, neither fishing nor smuggling. Lord Howe is just sailed for St. Helen's with a fleet of twenty-one ships, fifteen of the line.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 21, 1793.

THE Saint of last Monday, my dearest Polly, did not follow the example of the weeping Magdalen, nor was, like Niobe, all tears, for a period equal to that of Noah's flood, according to the received tradition, but gave us a cheerful sunshiny day. The weather continued unclouded till Wednesday afternoon, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning, with a deluge of rain, succeeded; and every day since we have had a weeping sky. St. Swithin surely forgot her own day, or was a little in the old style, not choosing to appear earlier in this profane barbarous age.

We have now the pleasure of finding the russet coat of autumn done away,

and the beautiful green mantle of spring reassumed.

I received the Saturday's parcel, and the box. I much approve your conduct in sending the first box back to its impertinent maker.

Biron's account of the killing 8000 of the royalists in a single action at Angenis near Nantes is, I believe, a monstrous exaggeration. I should hope the placing of the young French King under the care of a Monsieur Simon was only the usual French mode of removing youth at seven years of age from the care of the women to that of a male governor, or instructor; but it must be a heart-breaking separation to the poor mother, and her fears infinitely more alarming from absence.

Cordorcet I never thought equal to so stormy a sea, and I hear his little bark is at last shipwrecked.

Miss Swinburne's complaint has been general in the Isle of Wight, and a rash has often been accompanied with partial swellings and boils, which I hope has not been her case.

I have only sauntered on the premises and on the sea-coast, and nursed as well as I can, *un vieillard cacochyme*, without being obliged to renew any former teasing complaints, even under the rage of Sirius.

I should have been much pleased to have seen the Dutchess and Mademoiselle F. at Portsmouth.

I cannot apprehend a possibility of danger either in coming or staying here, and therefore I shall attend you at Portsmouth, whenever you appoint; if you have no objection to an excursion to this beautiful island, and abode, which really now merits more than attention, no small favour. I desire you to follow en-

tirely your own plan, and I will shape my schemes by yours. I once intended to have passed here the best part of September; but after the pleasing events of the present year, I fear it might look ungrateful to my friends, if I did not return to my duty by the second, or early in the third week of that month. I believe you would not form a wish to protract our stay beyond that period. Let me know in time all your arrangements, and particularly for your birthday, which I wish always to distinguish as the whitest day in the calendar, and I will conform to them; that by prudence and foresight we may counteract the perverseness of these times, which are so much out of joint.

I have had a visit from Lord Harrowby, and three or four Members of Parliament; but Mr. Hatsell does not visit this

coast. His Lordship, and the party, are settled at Cowes.

Sir Richard Worsley is with the South Hants militia at Gosport, but preparing for a tour to Italy.

The strawberries have been very abundant, and remarkably sweet; but since the storm of Wednesday, and the subsequent rains, their flavour is lost. Raspberries are coming on in great perfection. A tolerable show of apples, but not a single pear, peach, nectarine, or apricot. The roses were in high beauty, but the honeysuckles generally blighted. The Chinese mallow, acacia, arbutus, &c. succeeded this year.

The venison-warrant arrived safe at the Chamberlain's office, and travelled from thence to Mr. Deputy Birch's in Cornhill for our use, particularly for the 16th of August.

I suppose Mr. C. has not sent you yet any thing, as you do not mention it.

The harvest is already begun at Portsdown, and the wheat is fine and abundant; but in this island we do not expect reaping to take place before the end of the first week in August.

Adieu, ma très chère fille; conservez-moi toujours la tendresse, qui fait le charme de ma vie.

" Je ne m'accoutume point à ce melange de frivolité et de barbarie: des singes devenus des tigres affligent ma sensibilité et révoltent mon esprit. Il est triste que les nations étrangères ne nous connoissent, depuis quelques années, que par les choses les plus avilissantes et les plus odieuses." VOLTAIRE en 1766.

LETTER LIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Saturday, July 27, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I DID not receive till yesterday the favour of your letter, and the packet of newspapers and other things, of last Saturday. I do not guess to what the delay was owing, as I have so often experienced your great exactness.

It rains now almost every day for an hour or two, but the corn is not lodged, nor has the least damage ensued.

On Monday, or Tuesday, the harvest begins, but only in a few places where the land is remarkably good, and in a favourable site.

I do not believe that a tear will be shed for the death of that monster Marat.

What a heroine! I should suppose *Egalité* must soon experience a like just doom, unless prevented by the guillotine.

May I trouble you to send the enclosed by James to my deputy in Cow Lane?

Adieu: continuez de m'aimer.

LETTER LIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, Aug. 1, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED on Monday evening your pleasing letter of Saturday the 27th, and the parcel from Ride.

I have inquired very particularly into the cause of the delay of my last letter, but without success. I hope naval affairs

are better conducted at Portsmouth than our civil concerns, or the great bulwark of our country will be in a wretched state.

I am much pleased with the attention of Mr. Shackleton; and such a beautiful piece of furniture must give the Dutchess high ideas of the state of manufactures in England.

I have much wished to have given you here the noble view of Lord Howe's fleet, and the small Portuguese squadron, but perhaps still grander scenes may present themselves before our return to the capital.

As you will have me propose the arrangement for this month and September, behold a little sketch submitted to correction from you in every part.

Suppose then that my dearest Polly lay at Liphook on Friday the 9th of this month, and came the next morning, the Saturday, 10th, to the Fountain at Ports-

mouth. You will in that case find me there, and Captain Banks ready with a good vessel to bring you to Ride. If every thing is prosperous, I would propose for us to continue here till Sunday, the 8th of September, and that evening to take up our old quarters at Mrs. Keen's in Liphook, on our return to town. Let me know, if any part, or the whole, of this plan pleases you.

In this case you cannot bring the venison for the 16th, but must leave your directions for Mr. Birch, for half a buck, and it must come to Portsmouth.

It would be prudent to give Mrs. Keen a previous line. My affectionate regards to Mrs. Buller, and the noble possessors of Ankerwyke.

I write by this post to James with some trifling commissions.

I wish to know when you receive this letter.

* * * * * * * *

In next Saturday's parcel to Portsmouth I wish to have the *Monthly Review* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which will be sent this day to Grosvenor Square.

Adieu: venez dans ce sejour paisible, qui vous attend avec impatience.

Did you receive the enclosed letter for Mr. Deputy Brewer?

I wish you to send to Dilly's in the Poultry for the *Additions* to Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson. They are to be had separately.

Il est vrai que le diable est dechainé, et regne actuellement dans le beau pays de France.

LETTER LV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 4, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WROTE to you a long letter on Thursday the first of August, and submitted to you a sketch of your intended tour to this beautiful island. The next morning I had the pleasure of receiving your two letters of July 25 and July 29, together by the post. I have in no year found all kind of carriage to and from this island so irregular.

I hope for a letter to-day to know your determination about the time of your arrival at Portsmouth, where I intended to be on Friday the 9th; but your motions will regulate my little tour.

We have seen to-day a very numerous

fleet, but at too great a distance to form any opinion to what power it belongs.

I hope the elegant Miss Swinburne has not suffered by the chicken-pox, which is too often a cruel enemy to a fair skin.

I give Sir Richard Worsley joy of his appointment; but the Margravine of Anspach will not join me, for she says in the volume of her Travels now before me, "I am amazed any gentleman can accept of an *embassy* to a place where the natives must avoid them, as if they were infected with the plague:" and yet our Baronet is after all only *Minister*.

The Baron and Baroness de Crussol seem to me to walk dangerously amid the scarcely extinguished fires at Brussels.

Madame De la Fite has always my best wishes.

* * * * * * * *

The numerous ships now at St. Helen's are, I understand, going to the Newfoundland fishery.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

I have just received the Saturday's parcel, and your letter of Aug. 3, and shall have the happiness of seeing you, I hope, on Saturday at Portsmouth in perfect health.

Yesterday it rained three hours, and all the morning of this day.

Adieu till Saturday.

LETTER LVI.

Sandham Cottage,
July 13, Sunday, 1794.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ALMOST melted away from the extreme of a suffocating heat before I arrived at Cobham, and a large bowl of lemonade was scarcely sufficient to wash away the dust, which I had been champing for above three hours. Mr. White informed me of the female tenants at the White Hart, who put us last year in so great jeopardy, having decamped, and their place being supplied by a Mr. Hervey, brother-in-law to Mr. Lambe, a silversmith, and Common Councilman of my ward. I was well used by him, and the house has a very decent appearance, but the poor fellow had tears in his

eyes, when he told me of thirty-five horse quartered on him.

At Liphook two hounds chained together, yelping all night, and the continued heat, banished all sleep, and made me resort at a very early hour to the post-chaise, which brought me on to Portsmouth, where I found the good folks scarcely opening their eyes after the late brilliant visit of the Royal Family.

I had a good passage to the Isle of Wight with Captain Williams of only fifty minutes, and found the garden in great order and high beauty. The vegetation of the myrtles, arbutus's, &c. is astonishing, more African than European.

I hope your first attention is a scrupulous attention to your dear health, and to ward off the malignant fury of the dog-days, and the intemperate rage of Leo. I shall be impatient till I hear from my dearest Polly.

Adieu!

LETTER LVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 20, 1794.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE joy and exultation which I felt from the perusal of the last Gazette Extraordinary, and the gallant behaviour of our countrymen at Port-au-Prince, was much damped by the atrocious murder of the charming and excellent Dutchess de Biron. The cup of iniquity of the bloody savages at Paris seems to run over, and an exemplary punishment I hope will soon overtake them.

Perhaps the P. has only left the large elephant folio *Mrs.* —— till after Michaelmas, and has taken a small duodecimo for the sultry season.

The russetness of autumn is now the

only colour of nature, and all the fragrant family of flowers droop, but the feathered folks are all well, and honest Trusty.

Poor W-ld's affairs turn out very bad, and the widow I believe will continue but a few weeks in the house.

My wines are arrived safe, and your Bristol water. This batch seems very well corked.

Judge Grose is in the island for a few days before he sets out on the circuit, but I have not yet seen him.

I commend your kind prudence and good care, the only preventives against the present surrounding and alarming evils of an intemperate and noxious atmosphere and season.

Bon jour, chère petite.

LETTER LVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 17, 1794.

SUNDAY's post brought me the favour of my dearest Polly's letter of Saturday, and I was truly happy to hear that you support so well the intense heat of these suffocating dog-days. I have not yet recovered from the agitation of so long a journey, and have only yet sauntered through my humble domains, and played with *Trusty*, and the grave favourites in the Menagerie.

Brandenburgh House I hope was gay and amusing to you on Saturday, and the checquered scenes of natives and foreigners must be curious, as well as the spectacle of the widow of an English peer acting the Margravine of Anspach, with

all the mock pomp of a tiresome German etiquette.

I regret that the vile English word *which*, of so uncouth and savage a sound, should three times find a place in the first sentence of the King's last speech.

Perhaps you have not seen the following happy lines, which I found this morning in Voltaire's fourteenth volume.

A MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE LA VALLIERE, AU NOM DE MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE * *, EN LUI ENVOYANT UNE NAVETTE.

L'embleme frape ici vos yeux :
Si les grâces, l'amour et l'amitié parfaite
Peuvent jamais former des nœuds,
Nous devez tenir la navette.

Adieu: my messenger seems impatient.

LETTER LIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 27, 1794.

I HAVE to thank you, my dearest Polly, for the continuance of that care and attention in all my concerns, and for my little pleasures here, which have distinguished you in all the former years of my excursion here.

So furious a hurricane prevailed here on Wednesday and Thursday, that the passage from Portsmouth was for many hours interrupted, and I did not receive the packet from Ride till late last night.

W——, like many other tradesmen, gives trouble very idly from the want of punctuality. He kept my note due the 19th instant in his pocket-book till Wednesday, when I gave him two ten-pound

bank-notes to accommodate him in his new wool transactions here. I wish you therefore to send James with the twenty-pound draft on my bankers payable to Wicker, or bearer, to receive it for me, and you will be so good to take it of him for me, lay out what you choose for your journey here, and give me the rest in cash. By this method my accounts will continue exact, as becomes Mr. Chamberlain.

I shall be glad to receive the usual Saturday's packet.

I am truly sorry for the unpleasant business which engages Lord and Lady S. and will, I imagine, put a stop to all improvements at Ankerwyke; and the fane of William Tell will never rise on Cooper's Hill, nor the paintings of Lady S. tell the patriotic tale, nor my inscriptions record his fame, and his country's gratitude.

No group could be worse imagined than that at Mr. B.'s country-house: the Graces and Furies were coupled by the Demon of Mischief and Discord, and all for that vile *pelf, which buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.*

I have not yet recovered my journey; but the late hurricane, which cleared the air of inflammatory and noxious vapours, has recovered me from the enervating languor of the last fortnight, with my old friend, *beaume de vie.*

And what is fame? says Pope, and where is *Condorcet?* I have just been reading *Voltaire*'s fine panegyric on him under the name of *Ariston*, no part of which he deserved; nor had he, in my poor opinion, the smallest ray of genius or vigour of judgment.

LETTER LX.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, Aug. 8, 1794.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE a particular enjoyment of these fine rains, because I hope the roads will be well watered for you, and the air be rendered quite temperate for travelling. On the Wednesday morning you may depend on a good Captain, and safe vessel, to attend your orders at the Fountain in Portsmouth, and at Ride a good post-chaise, and a cart for your baggage. I insist however that you run no sea risk, for the weather has of late been very stormy, and sacrifice first to safety, and then to health and pleasure.

I did not receive the Saturday's packet till yesterday, nor your letter of Tuesday till this morning.

I wish you to send James with the draft for 52*l.* to Lefevre, Curries, and Co. No. 29, Cornhill, my bankers, and let him take a receipt for it on account, and afterwards let him go to Bazire and Haddan's, No. 17, Great Trinity Lane, near Queenhithe, and give them the receipt for fifty pounds, if they will pay him, and he may receive it in small Bank, and you will be so good as to bring it here with the other banker's receipt. James must take Lee's letter, and Bazire and Haddan may keep it, if they choose.

I have just counted one hundred and fifty ships, chiefly merchantmen, in the bay. I wish you to bring tea, coffee, sweet oil, almonds and raisins, and macaroons. I believe nothing else is wanting. Two of Lord Dudley's party were here on Wednesday.

Your idea of the venison's being sent

to Portsmouth is the best, and you should mention in your note to Birch when it is to be drest.

Trusty has amended, and is again in favour.

Be so good as to bring *Debrett's Account of Lord Howe's Victory of June* 1, *and the plan,* in 8vo. price one shilling.

Adieu!

LETTER LXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Aug. 11, 1794.

THIS is a petit bon jour to my dearest Polly, whom I hope it will find safely arrived at Portsmouth without much fatigue.

I shall supplicate Neptune on Wednesday for the most propitious gales to waft you over to this really beautiful island. I entreat you not to brave his fury, and Williams has orders to wait your commands. The expense of the vessel is to be charged in my Ride account.

Suppose, en passant, you send to inquire after the Chief Baron, and Lady Louisa.

Adieu, dearest Polly: bon voyage.

LETTER LXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 5, 1795.

I SHOULD have epistolized my dearest Polly from Portsmouth, but on the instant of my arrival there I saw Captain Williams, who told me that a *nice* wind had sprung up within an hour, and that it was quite favourable to pass over to the Isle of Wight. I therefore went aboard his vessel almost immediately, and in forty minutes landed at Ride.

I found the roads very bad, especially near London, and did not reach Liphook till six in the evening. The bustle at Portsmouth was astonishing, but I heard of nothing of importance in the present moment.

The weather was fine till Friday evening, when a deluge of rain poured down till nine of Saturday morning, and then the clouds dispersed, and a clear, blue Italian sky, has charmed us ever since.

Sandham Cottage is in high beauty, and the shrubs have reached their acme of perfection. The country itself exhibits every where a gayer scene than I remember in the dog-days. The season is however so unhealthy, that I cannot enough recommend to you every attention to your dear health, an object of the first importance to my happiness.

I am better, and the lurking fever, which has assailed me so often of late, is more merciful since the change of air, but a disagreeable lassitude oppresses.

I wish for the packets on Wednesday, while I remain here, and to be directed to me at my namesake's, Mr. David

William Wilkes's, ironmonger, High Street, Portsmouth.

Bon jour, ma chère petite.

LETTER LXIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 12, 1795.

I THANK my dearest Polly for her two letters, and the little billet, which came safe with the parcel yesterday.

I rejoice that you continue well in these raw, pestiferous dog-days, which make all nature shiver, and shrink from the cold eastern blasts. Not a shower of rain however has descended since my arrival here, and my neighbours hope

before the end of the week to have finished their hay-harvest.

The lurking fever, which at intervals has attacked me for some months, does not quite desert his old quarters, but is less frequent and violent. I will not however complain, for I ought to remember that *my May of life is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf.*

I saw the Mediterranean convoy depart from Spithead in admirable condition. By carelessness the *Impregnable, of ninety-eight guns,* ran aground near Bembridge Point, but was got off in six hours.

Mr. Mainwaring and his family are at Judge Grose's. I dined with them at the Priory on Friday; and the Judge, with the Justice, dine here to-day. He sets out the next week for his long circuit.

I have begun *Helen Maria Williams,* but she has not yet beguiled me of my tears.

The folio volumes of the *History of Leicestershire* may remain in Grosvenor Square till my return.

I am sorry you have so much trouble about the house, but I trust that you will above all be careful not to fatigue yourself too much, which is always very adverse to health.

Strawberries have been in great abundance, and ripened well on the south sunny side of the hill. The new plantations against the pales of the menagerie have succeeded, and the kitchen-gardens will supply a good quantity of peaches and nectarines.

Trusty sends his duty; and when you are mentioned, shews by the wagging of his tail he has not forgotten your former kindnesses.

Madame Fairy shall have a double share of my *tartine* when I return.

My heart bleeds for the poor of the

metropolis, and indeed the country in general; but the Isle of Wight seems to suffer less than the neighbouring counties.

James's letter I received, and am pleased with his attention. I wish you to enclose Mr. Wicker's note for the seventeen guineas in the next parcel.

I beg to be remembered to Lord and Lady Shuldham, and their sons, Mrs. Gordon, and our London circle of good friends.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille: et continuez de m'aimer.

LETTER LXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 16, 1795.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

FROM the uncertainty of the Isle of Wight postage, I had not the favour of your letter of Saturday the 11th till Tuesday, after the first parcel of Wednesday, which did not arrive till last Monday. This week, and the next, being the important riotous fair of Portsmouth and Portsea, every thing is in confusion, and adds to the general hurry of our first sea-port. I have no tidings yet of last Saturday's parcels, nor any letter from Mr. Nichols, or Mr. Montague.

I approve very much the declaration of the Privy Council. The bakers will

now be obliged to make the *standard wheaten bread,* which they have evaded as much as possible, and for as long a time as they could. We shall now have the whole produce of the grain, the bran, or hull, only excepted.

We can very well spare Marshal Conway. He was not deficient in personal courage, but had little military skill, or vigour of mind, or action. How lucky is Pitt! two such important things in his gift as the *Regiment of Blues,* and the *Government of Jersey!*

Lady Shuldham's approbation is very flattering to me, but the *speech* will draw much obloquy on the Chamberlain, although he ought to be considered as merely official.

My stay here is an absolute uncertainty both with respect to the public cause, and my own individuality. If the riots increase in the capital, and the peo-

ple seem ungovernable, I ought not to be absent in such a crisis *. As to my little individuality, I am better, but far from a confirmed state of convalescence. I shall not fail to write regularly, and give you all the little news of this humble hermitage. The quartern loaf was ninepence three farthings last week at Newport. Butcher Mackett's bill of last week charges me exactly sixpence per pound for beef, veal, mutton, and lamb, each.

St. Swithin passed yesterday without rain, which I hope is a propitious omen for the autumn.

I have read Helen Maria Williams's account of the monster *Robespierre* with indignation, with fear, and with trembling. The volumes are infinitely curious.

* This declaration, it should be recollected, is made by a veteran in his sixty-eighth year.

I wish Dr. Kippis would give us some anecdotes of her, and return *Dumourier*, unless he wishes to keep it.

Adieu, ma très chère fille.

LETTER LXV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 19, 1795.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED yesterday a parcel with letters, and the news to last Friday. I did not, I believe, explain myself sufficiently about the sending the parcels. I only wish for them once a week on the Wednesday.

I am impatient for your letter of last night, but the post will not wait for me.

I have sent Deputy Nichols a draft for twenty guineas for the poor of the Ward of Farringdon Without. I find by his letter that was the sum they thought I should give.

Jerrard has drawn on me for the Portland mutton of last year, a bill of 13*l.* 11*s.* for which I enclose you a draft that James may give Scott, when he comes.

Our neighbour the Governor is dangerously ill.

Sir William and Mr. Henry Oglander were here yesterday, and expect Mrs. Glynn in about a fortnight.

No news yet of Miss Carter.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 26, 1795.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE little garden here abounds with elegant flowers of almost every kind, but not one equals the *pensée* which you sent me, and the endearing mode of conveying it added not a little to its value.

I received Wednesday's parcels, with all the enclosures, on Friday evening, and your letter I was happy to have regularly by the post.

I rejoice that the capital is so quiet; and I hope that this proof of public virtue, under such trying circumstances, will continue.

Will you be so good as to tell James, that I am much pleased with his care

about the *owls*, and his little journies to Kensington Gore, and that I wish him often to write?

I hope Charpentier, our frame-maker, will again lift up his head in a creditable way, after so long an eclipse. I believe him an honest man. In the parcel was his bill from Sept. 1790. He states it at 51*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* and that he has received 30*l* on account. He might have received the balance long ago, if he had applied for it.

I shall most heartily congratulate you on the completion of all your labours in Grosvenor Square, and trust that for many, many years, you will enjoy the fruits of your cares and elegant exertions, in that first of domestic enjoyments, a good London house.

The arrival of the Leeward Island fleet gave us all great satisfaction. Miss Carter, and her two nieces, three men, and

two maid servants, are arrived at Sir Richard Worsley's cottage. I sent to know how they did, and received in return a very polite letter from Miss Carter, with an invitation to dinner, where I was not to expect *soup or petits patés, &c. things entirely abolished from all great tables before she left London.*

Mrs. Glynn is expected at Mr. Henry Oglander's in a few days.

The good little man has been here with Sir William Oglander, and they are both well.

I beg for an additional petit morceau of sugar in Madame Fairy's cream next Tuesday.

I do not wish any parcel but by the Wednesday's diligence, or coach.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 2, 1795.

I AM not a little embarrassed, my dearest Polly, from the uncertainty of the post to this island. Your two last letters I have not received, but I have the pleasure of two short billets, which came in the two last parcels by the diligence.

The pleasing festival to me of your birthday approaches so near, that I am laying a plan to enjoy it here with you, if it quite suits your arrangements. The 16th happens this year on the Sunday; but perhaps you would contrive to be here the Thursday before, on the 13th, or on Friday the 14th. I wish to know which day you choose, that I may order

a good vessel for you to Ride. The Portsmouth road you know so well, all hints about that, and the primitive Mrs. Keen at Liphook, are unnecessary.

I beg the favour of you to bring *Madame Roland's Appel à l'impartial Postérité.* It is a 3*s.* 6*d.* brochure sold by *Boffe.*

I have a letter from Mr. Addison, the Rector of Great Brickhill, where Mattocks is our tenant. The letter is well written, and solicits a subscription for the poor of that parish. I have commended his exertions in so good a cause, and sent him three guineas.

I wish you to bring with you a fine haunch of venison, and a neck, from Mr. Birch's, and a pine-apple, for the 16th, almonds and raisins, &c. and the *Magazine* and *Review* for the last month, &c,

* * * * * * * *

I hope to receive your answer to this in a post or two, and to order every thing here as much to your comfort and convenience as can be in this secluded, solitary hermitage.

I hope Thursday will be a cheerful day at the Mansion-house, and am glad you assist at the female fête.

I have not yet seen Miss Carter.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Wednesday, Aug. 5, 1795.

I HAVE but a moment to thank my dearest daughter for her letter of Monday the 3d instant, and to mention that the two former letters, which were missing, are luckily come to hand.

I shall have great joy in ordering a good vessel for you from Ride to be at Portsmouth early on Thursday the 13th instant, and the Captain shall wait at the Fountain to receive your orders.

I mean to write again; but in the present uncertainty of winds and waves, I wish you a bon voyage, and so does Miss Carter, and a large party, who came with her yesterday noon.

Adieu!

LETTER LXIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 9, 1795.

I AM truly happy, my dearest Polly, to observe the favourable change of the weather during the last four days, and I hope the smiles of Heaven on this planet will make your journey and passage on Wednesday and Thursday cheerful and propitious.

The vessel, post-chaise, and a cart for your baggage, are ordered for Thursday, and the noble Captain will be on Thursday morning early at the Fountain in Portsmouth.

If the weather proves at all tempestuous, I entreat you not to risk the passage, and regard not convenience, but safety.

Be so good as to bring with you the three small volumes of the *Chinese Dialogues*.

I received the Wednesday's parcel on Thursday night, and your letter of Aug. 7 this morning, for which accept my best thanks.

Bon voyage par terre et par mer.

Adieu!

LETTER LXX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 10, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS so harassed in a war with all the elements quite to Portsmouth, that I had not courage to take up a pen while I continued there. I had

three storms to encounter, and the thunder quite terrified the post-chaise horses, who were running away, but luckily the friendly shelter of the fir-trees near the *Hammer* Ponds about the eight mile stone from Liphook saved us from a part of the fury of the storm, and we got safe to Mrs. Keen's. Saturday was as unpropitious a day ; and quite to Portsmouth we experienced a storm of wind and deluge of rain. On the fair promises of Captain Williams that our passage would be tolerably good, we embarked, and were above two hours struggling hard against an adverse wind, and making fresh tacks every five minutes. I was dreadfully sick the whole time with that most powerful of all emetics the sea-sickness, but this morning I find myself relieved by that cruel operation, and can just hold the pen to pay my compliments to you, and to rejoice that you have

escaped two such very unpleasant days. Let me hear by the next post how you do, and be assured of the utmost tenderness and regard of an obliged and affectionate parent.

Good morrow.

In a certain print after the *Vat-en* applied to a diminutive animal of a Peer, the P—— might have added from La Fontaine's Fable of *Le Lion et le Moucheron*,

Vat-en, chétif insecte.

LETTER LXXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 14, 1796.

You, to whose care so much I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so,

will hear, I am sure, with pleasure that I am almost recovered of the dreadful emetic I had on Saturday. Perhaps it may prove salutary in the end; but the internal revolution almost overset me, and I was agonizing above two hours under Captain Williams's *pretty breeze*, as he called it on our embarking, and soon after talked of the violence of the hurricane.

I regret to find by your letter of Monday, that the weather has been so cold and boisterous in the capital, and you are wise in lighting up again Vesta's fires to comfort you under all the fury of Æolus.

The country is in great beauty, the scenery of this cottage in particular, and all in perfect order. Yesterday was tolerably fine and warm, but last night we experienced a long and tremendous hurricane.

I have a letter from Dr. Warton, who will pay this cottage a friendly visit on Wednesday, the 20th instant; after which we will take our plan for the rest of the vacation, and I shall probably ask you to take a trip to Tunbridge to secure a good airy house till the middle or end of September. The expense is no object to me. After the 20th I shall arrange all the particulars, and your good taste and prudence will contrive I know for the best.

Many thanks for your attention about the Seltzer water.

I have had no intelligence about the poor Comptroller.

I enclose a letter to Dr. Warton, under Richard's cover, which he will put immediately into the general post.

Trusty is well, and gets some good bits in your name. A fine brood of young turkies, sixteen pigeons, four ducks, besides Muscovites, and six chickens, are the present stock.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Adieu !

LETTER LXXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 17, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

We have the obligation to St. Swithin of the only cheerful day we experienced in this island since our arrival. The evening and night however produced much fierce lightning and very loud thunder. Yesterday and to-day proved showery, but no heavy rains, and I hope the atmosphere will now be settled fair.

The Chamberlain is but just recovered from his tempestuous sea voyage, and only waits the arrival of Dr. Warton to submit to you a future plan for the rest of this month and the next.

I enclose you a letter of George By-

field about getting a poor child into Emanuel Hospital, as there is a vacancy, and I have the presentation. I remember leaving with you Rix's letter for you to give the presentation to my brother, or niece, for any object they wished. If you have not given it, perhaps George Byfield's recommendation might be proper; and in that case be so good as to send to him, and make the offer from yourself, and I will sign the paper on my return to town.

The hay harvest is but now begun, and the weather very louring. The wheat looks well, and promises a great crop.

Adieu! Heaven preserve my dearest daughter.

LETTER LXXIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, July 22, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

DR. Warton and I sent many warm wishes after you last Wednesday, but were forced to content ourselves with libations to your health. It was the second fine and warm day since I have been on the coast. The good Doctor was so kind as to bring me a present of an elegant translation in Italian verse of Anacreon by Corsini, and he presses much, but unsuccessfully, a certain English translation of that gay Greek, to be sent to a private press.

Now I submit to you entirely a little plan for the rest of July, all August, and the beginning of September. I wish you, as soon as suits your perfect convenience,

to go on the search to Tunbridge, and engage there a good house on one of the hills till about Michaelmas. The expense I do not regard, nor do I wish to know any particulars till I come to town. I hope to be in Grosvenor Square on Saturday the 30th to dinner, and intend to go in person through all the tiresome business of the Chamberlain's office on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of August, being the first Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in the month, when the office continues open. Is not this exemplary? I will write accordingly to Mr. Parker or Mr. Boudon. My plan does not go to return here any more this season, but I am entirely devoted to you and all your intended plans till the beginning of the winter. If you please yourself in a house, I could join you on the 5th of August, if you think proper to occupy it

before. I leave all particulars to your prudent management.

Continue to love an affectionate and obliged father.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, July 26, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

LAST night I received the Saturday's parcel, and a little billet-doux of four lines only; but I expect the pleasure of a long letter by the post to-day or to-morrow.

I am preparing for my Friday's tour; but the weather is very cold and boiste-

rous; yet I hope that the hurricane, which has now continued three days, will be quite passed before the important embarkation of the Chamberlain.

I dine and lie, as usual, on Friday at Liphook, and intend to revisit Grosvenor Square on Saturday.

If you have been, or are at Tunbridge, I hope you have been blessed with fair weather, and the kindly warmth of genial autumn.

I will sign the papers for Mr. Barrett on my return. Many compliments to him and all the family.

Adieu!

Not one fair day here, since the smiling St. Swithin.

LETTER LXXV.

I WAS much pleased with James's letter, and his exact account of every thing. He begun very properly with *having the pleasure of telling me that his mistress was in perfect health.*

Sir William Oglander has been here with two of his sons, all civility and kindness to me, and much out of humour with my landlord. *I* may have a lease, when I please, but *he* never.

I have sewed all the *Times* carefully together.

Yesterday only I received your pleasing letter of Tuesday, the 22d.

You desire me to mention about the time of your kind visit here. I have always wished it to be before your birthday, which this year falls on a Saturday.

Suppose you leave town on Monday the 11th, or Tuesday the 12th of August, you may be here time enough before to recover the fatigue of a journey, and voyage, which my age has not yet. I will give all proper directions for a vessel to attend you at Portsmouth, when you have fixed the time of being there. As I know you to be a heroine, and have made so much longer trips on old ocean without me, I wish to stay here to receive you, and I will take the care of a proper post-chaise, &c. for you in this island. I am really so languid, I fear fatigue, and I have not walked a mile on the coast since I arrived here, where you will be received as the sovereign queen of the island.

The unhealthiness of the season gives you hints of shorter days journey, but I need not dictate to you, who are all prudence.

Do not forget Deputy Birch, nor the venison for the 16th of August, nor for Mr. Paice, when he dines next in Grosvenor Square.

My holydays expire Tuesday the 9th of September, the full moon, and I shall have no objection to return that day.

Trusty thanks you, and has profited by your hints.

God bless the King and Queen of Great Britain, France, Ireland, and *Corsica*.

LETTER LXXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 3, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I SHALL make you amends for the tedious length of my last letter by the shortness of the present.

I am much pleased with yours of last Tuesday, and that you are taking your arrangements to set out on the 12th. Do you intend to lie at Liphook? In that case you should epistolize Mrs. Keen two or three days before. I wish you to write to me in a post or two, what time you intend to brave old ocean, that I may direct some of his skilful sons from Ride to attend you, and guard you from the amphibious sharks which infest these parts. Williams's reputation stands

higher at present than Captain Banks's, and therefore my first application will be to him, and his orders to wait your time, and a post-chaise shall wait your arrival at Ride, with a cart for the baggage.

I have not forgotten a grateful return to Captain Field for his compliments to you from Guernsey. This year he styles himself *Governor* on his cards.

I shall be impatient to see Mrs. Motte's letter from *Sorrento*.

I give you joy of your new milk-white favourite, and hope *Fairy* will prove worthy.

Trusty has been an *emigrant* for some days, but is now brought back, and in confinement.

I am better, but a slow fever harasses me, and I may say with St. Evremont, *je veux bien me reconcilier avec mon appetit*. The dog-days however end, I believe, with this week.

The two Miss Oglanders, and three other ladies, have just tired me by a saunter round the premises.

Adieu!

THE END OF THE LETTERS.

AS it never was intended that this Work should contain the whole of Mr. WILKES's productions, his tracts upon local and transitory subjects are not here reprinted. His Introduction to a History of England is however preserved. It is upon a great subject, and is unconnected with more temporary politics. It is to be regretted, that Mr. W. never advanced *beyond* an Introduction.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM

THE REVOLUTION

TO THE

ACCESSION OF THE BRUNSWICK LINE.

TO THE

Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders

OF THE

COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,

TO TRUTH,

AND

TO LIBERTY,

THIS VOTIVE OFFERING IS MADE

BY

JOHN WILKES.

THE

INTRODUCTION.

THE *Revolution* is the great æra of English liberty. From this most auspicious period, freedom has made a regular, uninterrupted abode in our happy island. The rights of the crown and the people were then expressly ascertained, and acknowledged by the three branches of the Legislature. The disputes of prerogative, of privilege, and of liberty, subsided. The public attention was called to different objects, to the variety of changes made in the interior part of government, and to the remarkable events

on the continent; for, after the new settlement at home, the nation began again to look abroad, and to resume its natural weight among the powers of Europe.

The changes in the form of the administration at home were important and immediate. The supplies for the payment of the army, navy, and the contingent expenses of government, were now given only from year to year, and appropriated to each particular service, whereas before they had been granted, without any distinct appropriation, at the beginning of each reign for the life of the Sovereign. The public expense was separated from the private expense of the Prince. From thence arose a necessity of convening the Parliament annually, and the Sovereign has ever since the *Revolution* been obliged to have recourse to the great council of the nation, not only on all real emergencies, but even

to continue the administration. Princes have been no longer able to govern without Parliaments, and Ministers have experienced that a few months necessarily give an injured people the power to call them to account.

The house of Stuart had enjoyed so great revenues, that with a little economy they would have been sufficient to continue the government without any application to Parliament. Charles I. notwithstanding his great expenses, had been able to reign twelve years together without once suffering the great council of the nation to be assembled. The exactions on the subject by loans, monopolies, and other illegal methods, brought in no very considerable sums to his treasury, though the people were cruelly oppressed by his officers. The customs, and other branches of the revenue, enjoyed by James II. are computed at two

millions five hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, including the one hundred and fifty thousand pounds granted him while Duke of York. At the *Revolution*, nothing was settled on King William for life. It was not till the year 1698, that seven hundred thousand pounds a year were settled during that term expressly for the support of his Majesty's household. This included fifty thousand pounds a year for King James's Queen, and the establishment of the Duke of Gloucester was likewise to be made from the same grant. Every single article relative to the fleet, the army, and the contingent expenses of administration, was voted by the House of Commons from year to year. The accounts were regularly submitted to their inspection. Particular sums were appropriated for each service. By this method, the money granted for any distinct article could not be diverted to

other uses by the Crown, which had been one of the grievances under Charles II.

At the period of the *Revolution* the spirit of liberty was very high in the nation. It had been rising from the beginning of the reign of James I. During the whole life of Queen Elizabeth, a series of the most interesting events had engaged the attention of the public. Frequent struggles even for the independency of England, numerous, as well as envenomed and bloody disputes, about theological tenets, had arisen, that men were not at leisure to go nicely into the questions of civil government, and the rights of prince and people; nor did the conduct of the Sovereign give any alarm to the nation of danger of their laws and liberties. *Rapin* observes, *that the English were in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the happiest people under the sun.* He adds the reason; it is not from the

glory the English name then had through the world, it is from a more solid and important cause, because *they saw no designs upon their liberties, nor any infringement of their privileges encouraged:* such just ideas of the true political happiness of a great nation had that sensible Frenchman acquired in this country. He says in another place, *What she* [Queen Elizabeth] *ought to be esteemed for above all things, is, that she caused the English to enjoy a felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most of the Kings her predecessors. This, doubtless, is the test, by which we are to judge of those whom God has set over us.* Tindal's translation.

The peaceful reign of the first Stuart, his example, and repeated harangues both in public and private, set the nation on inquiries into the nature, rise, and extent of all government. These subjects had then the graces of novelty in our country. Time ripened at length

such excellent fruit, which from the first promised fair in this happy soil. The most valuable books we have on the subject of government are posterior by near half a century to the beginning of James the First's reign. Locke and Sidney are still later.

The sentiments of the court and the nation on these great questions were diametrically opposite. The body of the clergy espoused the most extravagant prerogative doctrines of the King. The court creed was, that the liberties of the people, and the privileges of Parliament, were only grants and concessions from former princes; that the King was the sole fountain of power; that he was superior to law; that he was not bound by his coronation oath, except only to God; that resistance was at all times and in all cases absolutely unlawful; and that under the extreme of tyranny, the

only resourse left to the subject, was prayers and tears. The pulpits resounded with this doctrine. It dropt, like manna, from the venal tongues of the court-chaplains; but, instead of wholesome food, became the rankest and most baneful poison to their deluded master. All the sermons and treatises published by royal license, inculcated the same principles. Little opposition was made at the beginning from the press, which then was under great restraints. The nation however in general began to entertain more liberal ideas of government. The tedious, scholastic speeches of the pedant King, James I. made no impression, neither on the Parliament, nor on the people. The Commons declared, in the most express terms, that the liberties of the nation, and the privileges of Parliament, were the undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of Eng-

land. James I. who crossed the Tweed with all the Scottish ideas of vassalage, and was still to learn the generous principles of our *Magna Charta*, with his own hand tore this protestation out of their *Journals*. The violence and indecency of such a proceeding, only served to irritate the nation as well as their representatives. He continued all the rest of his life on terms of ill humour with his Parliament and people.

He was likewise served by the lawyers in the most extravagant claims of prerogative. They gave their opinions almost unanimously, that the King was superior to the law, and that all resistance was criminal. The body of the nation, however, condemned the prostitute, time-serving maxims, both of the clergy and the lawyers of that age. They considered England as a limited monarchy. They thought the sovereign was bound

by those limitations, and might be lawfully resisted, when he exceeded them; for that there must be a right of securing and maintaining what is justly ours. It began then to be generally remarked among us, that the first idea not only of political institutions, but even of society, was the happiness of the various individuals collected together, and that no farther power could be meant to be given to the head, but what was for the good of the whole body politic.

These were very generally the sentiments of the nation at the end of the reign of James I. His son and successor endeavoured to reduce into practice those speculative maxims of regal prerogative in its utmost extent, which his father had been so many years preaching from the throne. He wanted neither genius nor courage, but he had imbibed from his infancy maxims totally repugnant to

the nature and the rights of the people he was to govern. To a fatal perseverance in them he fell a sacrifice. Very early in his reign he ventured on the two most odious acts of oppression, against which we were thought to be the best guarded by the *Great Charter*, I mean the arbitrary imprisonment of the subject, and the levying money on various pretences without act of Parliament. The lawyers served him in both. So little sense of justice, or regard to law, remained among them, that at length, after a solemn hearing of the cause, the Judges declared ship-money legal. Soon after arose that patriot senate, men of the most consummate virtue, the most just and enlarged ideas, who recovered our laws and liberties almost from annihilation, declared all the judgments in the case of ship-money void, abolished the courts of High Commission and Star

Chamber, destroyed monopolies, and passed the bill for triennial Parliaments. The constitution might then have been settled upon a solid basis, but the violence and indiscretion of the King's partisans ruined this fair prospect. Lord Clarendon, who writes professedly from the memoirs he received from Charles I. says, "an opinion that the violence and force used in procuring these acts, rendered them absolutely void, influenced the King to confirm them." This opinion was most indiscreetly propagated by many of the royal party. The Parliament availed themselves very ably of so palpable misconduct, and the King's enemies openly declared, that no reliance could be had on a Prince, who imagined that a solemn assent given in full Parliament was void; that pretences of that, or of a similar nature, could never be wanting, and that it was not easy to con-

ceive what engagement could be valid, if that was not, the most deliberate, the most authentic act of royalty, which is known to our constitution. This reasoning made a deep impression on many even of the most moderate; and the indiscretion of the courtiers in making public these sentiments of the King, operated fatally in laying the foundation of constant suspicions of his good faith and sincerity in every transaction. But the immediate cause of the civil war was the violence of the most ill-judged measure he ever adopted, the coming in person to the House of Commons to seize five of their members. From that moment every thing wore a military appearance. The city took the alarm. The Parliament would no longer remain at Westminster, but, to mark their confidence in the citizens, who from the beginning had been strenuous in the

cause of liberty, they adjourned to the Guild-hall of London. The five members attended there, protected by a numerous body of their armed friends, and the citizens.

The fire had been long laid, and there only wanted such a spark to force a blaze. From that time men were more employed in defending their rights by the sword, than in justifying them by the pen. The writings published at that period have generally reference to the party disputes of the King and Parliament, and seldom go upon great principles. The state papers we have of the King are in style and composition infinitely superior to those of the Parliament. Charles I. was himself an elegant writer of prose, though the most wretched of all poets, even of the royal line, an accomplished private gentleman, possessing a fine taste in the polite arts, and

all the virtues of a good Christian, but no one quality of a great prince. Scarcely any writing of importance appeared on great and general principles, till Cromwell's power swallowed up every thing, and gave a temporary calm to the nation. Milton then published his Defence of the People of England, and other valuable tracts. It was not however till the period between the *Restoration* and the *Revolution* that men began to scrutinize accurately into the rights of the church and monarchy, to examine the foundation of civil government, and to sound the depths of political society.

This spirit of inquiry, the remembrance of the regular tyranny of the whole Stuart line, and the immediate violence of James II. gave us the *Revolution*. The court in the reign of Charles II. had wound up the prerogative to the highest pitch. The nation was

so tired of the civil war, that for a long time they were disposed to submit quietly to the manifest encroachments of the crown. The act for the attainder of the regicides declared, "that by the undoubted and fundamental laws of this kingdom, neither the Peers, nor the Commons, nor both together, in Parliament, or out of Parliament, nor the people collectively or representatively, nor any other persons whatsoever, ever had, hath, or ought to have any coercive power over the persons of the Kings of this realm." Former Parliaments had however in a solemn manner deposed Edward II. and Richard II. The court-chaplains, and the clergy in general, began again their former prostitute strains of an unreserved and unlimited obedience. They were now openly joined by the two Universities, who echoed the same doctrines, and concurred in

assuring the King, that our Princes do not derive their title from the people, but from God, that to him only they were accountable, that it belonged not to subjects to create or censure, but to honour and obey their Sovereign, and that he became King by a fundamental hereditary right of succession, which no religion, no law, no fault or forfeiture, could alter or diminish. The University of Oxford in their famous DECREE, which was solemnly presented to King Charles II. and ordered to be hung up in every college, condemned as damnable, impious, and heretical, all the great principles of government, that power is originally from the people, that resistance to unlawful acts of government is warranted by the constitution, &c. In their RECOGNITION of James II. they said that *they were indispensably bound to bear all faith and true obedience to his Majesty*,

WITHOUT ANY RESTRICTIONS OR LIMITATIONS, and *that no consideration whatever should be able to shake their stedfast loyalty and allegiance.* The Act of Convocation is dated Feb. 21, 1685, and is exceedingly curious. The gentlemen of the University of Oxford *from the bottom of their hearts adore and magnify the providence of our good God, by whom kings reign, who, out of his unspeakable mercy to this church and state, has preserved your sacred Majesty* [*James II.*] *in the government of these kingdoms.*

The nation at large had now the justest notions of civil freedom, and regarded with horror a set of men, who would have given away their own liberties, and the birthright of their posterity. Oppression at last brought about what truth and reason had in vain endeavoured. The clergy and the universities adopted the sentiments of the

nation; and all parties, all bodies of men, concurred in the *Revolution*. The first duty of an historian, a sacred regard to truth, obliges me to take notice, how late both those bodies of men were before they took the alarm, and how much the rest of the nation went beyond them in zeal and consistency, as well as in priority of time. The clergy shewed the most perfect acquiescence under the attacks made by James II. on civil liberty. The universities looked on with a cold indifference till the privileges of a college were invaded. When the rights of the church of England were attacked, then the outcry first began from the clergy. The universities were awakened only by an attack on themselves. This conduct made the rest of mankind look upon these two bodies of men as acting at that time only from motives of private interest; and the constant opposition

which the same men gave afterwards to King William seemed to justify that opinion.

The reign of Charles II. was very turbulent, from the arbitrary system of the court for ever clashing with the free spirit of the people. His brother and successor was more quiet till the landing of the Prince of Orange. The rebellions of Argyle and Monmouth were soon quelled. The greater storm was then preparing. The conduct of the King gave his enemies all the advantages they could wish over him. He began his reign by a wanton act of despotism, by a direct violation of the *Great Charter*, and the most acknowledged fundamental laws of the kingdom. Even before the Parliament met, he ordered the *Customs* to be levied by proclamation, though they had been granted to Charles II. only during his life. By this step he

openly violated the constitution, and usurped one of the most important privileges the people enjoyed, that of giving their own money. Such a step was equally violent and unnecessary, for there could be no doubt that the two Houses would make the grant as soon as they met. The rest of his reign was in all points answerable to that beginning. He assumed and exercised a dispensing power, by which all the laws were submitted to the pleasure of the crown, and the first principles of the English government destroyed, which lodge the legislative power in king, lords, and commons. There could not be a more direct or stronger usurpation on the two other branches of our government. In fact they became useless, and their authority was annihilated. The rights of the church of England, and the privileges of the universities, were soon the prey

of despotism. The laws were openly violated, and the whole executive power was trusted to persons absolutely incapable by act of Parliament of being employed in any office civil or military. Although James II. while Duke of York, had been obliged to give up the office of High Admiral by the Test-act in his brother's reign, even before he publicly acknowledged himself a Roman Catholic, yet none but those of his own religion were now intrusted with the more important offices, without taking any of the oaths, or submitting to the qualifications, required by law. A Jesuit was President of the Privy Council, most of the Lord Lieutenants were Catholics, and the army, as well as the fleet, swarmed with officers who had not taken the tests prescribed by an express act of Parliament.

This was the state of England on the

landing of the Prince of Orange. The nation was plainly left without resource, but in the shock of a military contest; for in the mock trial of Sir Edward Hales, a Roman Catholic, the guardians of our laws, the Judges, had determined "that it was an inseparable prerogative of the crown to dispense with all penal laws." Luckily for our country the body of the people appeared on this occasion unanimous. The King could scarcely be said to have a party, who dared to avow him after his second retreat. He was in the most forlorn and desolate condition, without a gleam of hope for futurity, forsaken even by his own children, with no resource but the meanest and most wretched of all, the few, narrow ideas of a mind naturally weak, timid, and superstitious. The Tories, who through his brother's and his own reign had preached the doctrines

of passive obedience and non-resistance, carried them into practice with respect to him as little as even the Whigs. Both parties concurred heartily in excluding a Prince, who had overturned the legal government. They agreed on this occasion that they were warranted to guard the constitution, as well as to watch over its preservation by farther securities against the abuse of too great power in the first branch of the legislature.

The immediate effects of the *Revolution* under the Prince of Orange as to the national conduct with respect to our foreign politics, and the numerous bodies of the sectaries at home, ought to be remarked.

I shall not here take notice of some important points with respect to public liberty, which were passed over in silence by the great patriots who brought about the *Revolution*. Whatever is done in

the spur of a present necessity, is seldom mature, perfect, or finished in all its parts. But these considerations will follow more naturally after we have seen all that was actually gained for the public in the reign of William III. and the domestic as well as foreign difficulties his temper, prudence, and courage at last surmounted. I shall only now add, that our ancestors are more entitled to our gratitude for the blessings we enjoy in consequence of their noble efforts at the *Revolution*, than to our reproaches for the few things they have left us to do, although experience has taught us that without them the *Revolution* itself is imperfect. Our present political liberty owes its very existence indeed to the *Revolution*; but we may justly regard its continuance as too precarious, its security as ill established.

The Stuarts had always shewn a

strong partiality to France. One of them was the pensioner of Lewis the XIVth, and had several times employed the force and treasure of England to serve the ambitious views of that monarch. The form of government and religion of the French were the objects of the affection and choice of James II. This was so glaring, that it was the chief reason which induced the late King of France to revoke the edict of Nantes at that particular period. The aversion both the brothers shewed to the Protestant republic of Holland kept pace with their fondness for the French government, religion, and monarchy. Charles II. had been at open war with the States, and there was never any cordiality between them and his successor. The state of foreign politics was totally changed, when the Stadtholder of Holland was become King of England. He had been

bred in a personal hatred of Lewis the XIVth. Besides his resentment of the wrongs his country had suffered, and all the wanton cruelties of Luxemburgh's forces at Bodegrave and Swammerdam, which were fresh in men's minds, he was soured by the seizing his patrimonial principality of Orange. He seemed to have adopted as the favourite passion and the darling pursuit of his life, the humbling the French King, and the setting bounds to that uncontrolled ambition which had usurped on every feeble neighbouring state, threatened the total destruction of his native provinces, and drenched Europe with blood. The hatred which the Prince of Orange bore to Lewis the XIVth made him embrace with warmth every possible expedient to detach from France her old allies, and to create her new enemies. With this view he held out to the Duke of Han-

over the bright object of the crown of England, in order to detach him from the alliance of France. A plan so well laid could not fail of success. The Duke, and the Elector of Bavaria, had been on every occasion the most firm and zealous friends of that crown among the numerous princes of the Germanic body. This happy conversion of the House of Hanover to the common cause of liberty in Europe against the ambition and tyranny of France, we owe entirely to our great deliverer, who knew mankind perfectly well.

I shall give some remarkable quotations on this subject from two of our own authors, men of the most opposite character, party, and principles: I mean Burnet and Bolingbroke. The first says at the end of the reign of James II. "The Duke of Hanover was at that time in some engagements with the court of

France. But, since he had married the Princess Sophia of the Palatine house, I ventured to send a message to her by one of their court, who was then at the Hague. He was a French refugee, named Mr. Baucour. It was to acquaint her with our design with relation to England, and to let her know, that, if we succeeded, certainly a perpetual exclusion of all Papists from the succession to the Crown would be enacted: and, since she was the next Protestant heir after the two Princesses, and the Prince of Orange, of whom at that time there was no issue alive, I was very confident that if the Duke of Hanover could be disengaged from the interests of France, so that he came into our interests, the succession to the Crown would be lodged in her person, and in her posterity; though on the other hand, if he continued, as he stood then, engaged with

France, I could not answer for this. The gentleman carried the message, and delivered it. The Dutchess entertained it with much warmth, and brought him to the Duke to repeat it to him. But at that time this made no great impression on him. He looked on it as a remote and a doubtful project. Yet when he saw our success in England, he had other thoughts of it. Some days after this Frenchman was gone, I told the Prince what I had done. He approved of it heartily; but was particularly glad that I had done it, as of myself, without communicating it to him, or any way engaging him in it: for he said, if it should happen to be known that the proposition was made by him, it might do us hurt in England, as if he had already reckoned himself so far master as to be forming projects concerning the succession to the crown." Original folio

edition of 1724, vol. i. p. 757. "The King (William III. in 1689) ordered me to propose the naming the Dutchess of Hanover, and her posterity, next in the succession. He signified his pleasure in this also to the ministers. But he ordered me to begin the motion in the House, because I had already set it on foot. And the Duke of Hanover had now other thoughts of the matter, and was separating himself from the interests of France." Original folio edition of vol. ii. in 1734, p. 15.

Bolingbroke says, "The Emperor and the King of Spain had engaged in the quarrel against France (in 1674), and many of the Princes of the Empire had done the same. Not all. The Bavarian continued obstinate in his neutrality, and, to mention no more, the Swedes made a great diversion in favour of France in the Empire; where the Duke

of Hanover abetted their designs as much as he could, for he was a zealous partisan of France, though the other princes of his house acted for the common cause." Letters on the Study and Use of History, 8vo. edition of London, 1752, vol. i. p. 288.

The nation in general was disposed to second the views of William III. and the greater part of the powers on the continent were eager to join against a Prince whom they beheld with jealousy and fear. *Boileau*, in his public *Remerciment à Messieurs de l'Academie Françoise*, calls the Prince of Orange *cet opiniatre ennemi de sa gloire (de Louis XIV.), cet industrieux artisan de ligues et de querelles, qui travailloit depuis si long tems à remuer contre lui toute l'Europe.* This was in 1684, and Boileau was always known to speak the court language of Lewis the XIVth.

The English now regarded with a favourable eye the republic of Holland. Their late deliverance from popery and slavery was attributed in a good degree to the Dutch troops which the States had lent the Prince of Orange. The sense of so important a service was universally acknowledged; both parliament and people shewed their gratitude to these foreign officers and soldiers, who spread through the nation a terror and hatred of the French arms and councils. From this period of the *Revolution* England has continued regularly and steadily to oppose the ambitious views of France, except during two short, critical, and convulsive intervals. The first was at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. The other lasted some years after the accession of George I. It began immediately on the death of Lewis the XIVth, and continued the whole regency of the

Duke of Orleans. The national interest was not however so much consulted at either of these periods, as the views of a few particulars. During the first period the interests of a set of Tory ministers, whose private schemes of power coincided with the views of France, were alone regarded. At the other period the family connexions of the houses of Brunswick and Orleans directed the councils of both kingdoms, and made them act in concert for several years. George I. courted the assistance of France against the Pretender. The Duke of Orleans, presumptive heir of the crown of France, stood in need of the friendship of England against the claims of the King of Spain, who was ready to declare the renunciations totally void. This coalition of private interests in these powerful families made the two nations at that period act together in the general system of Europe.

A remarkable change in the national conduct immediately after the *Revolution*, with respect to the numerous bodies of the Sectaries, ought likewise to be noticed. They had been cruelly oppressed, and openly persecuted, under the Stuart line. A short respite only had taken place during the reign of James II. when, in reality to favour the Roman Catholics, he avowed a toleration for all dissenters from the Church of England. At length he published a proclamation for liberty of conscience, set up a dispensing power, and permitted every man to hold places in the state without any qualification of tests or oaths. This happened the year before the *Revolution*. The Dissenters of almost every denomination were duped by this artifice of the court. They looked no farther than to a present relief from the persecution they had suffered, and seemed too little

to consider how it was obtained. They approved the King's illegal measures, and, as if a favour had been intended to them, even thanked him for so direct a breach in the constitution. Soon after the *Revolution*, the claims of the Sectaries were settled on a legal and solid foundation. The English in a good degree adopted the Dutch system of government as to a general toleration of religious parties. Liberty of conscience began to be considered not merely as a sound measure of the internal administration of a country, but as a great commercial principle. It had been remarked in two instances, too considerable to be overlooked, too recent to be forgot. The one was, the amazing rise of Amsterdam, and other great towns of the United Provinces. These, under every natural disadvantage, had become commercial, populous, and wealthy,

merely from the asylum given to the subjects of the King of Spain, in the last cruel persecution carried on throughout the Low Countries. The other proof was drawn from what happened a few years before, the almost instantaneous effect of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. An incredible number of the industrious inhabitants of France had in three years established many new manufactures at London, at Amsterdam, at Berlin, and other Protestant cities. It is very possible that King William did not so much regard liberty of conscience as the right of every thinking being, but as a measure to promote trade and commerce, to increase population, and to make his new dominions a safe sanctuary against the persecuting spirit of bigotry, by which Louis the XIVth was actuated. The prejudices he had imbibed against the Roman Catholics, and

his conduct towards that sect, seem to prove that his principles of toleration, and freedom of thought, did not proceed from a mind deeply tinctured with sound philosophy, or zealous for the primary rights of mankind. He endeavoured to abolish the penal laws with respect to Protestant Dissenters of every denomination, and to take away the necessity of receiving the Sacrament, for the enjoyment of any office or place of trust. The idea was to exclude only the Roman Catholics, and to admit all the other sectaries to be capacitated equally with the members of the church of England. It must be allowed, that the Roman Catholics are in some important particulars to be considered in a different light from all other dissenters, not only because their religion is intolerant, bloody, and idolatrous, but from their claims with respect to the controlling in many points the

civil power of the magistrate, and the *imperium in imperio*, which their priests have in other countries established.

The King did not succeed in the scheme of abolishing the sacramental test in favour of Protestant Dissenters, the Tory and the High-church party opposing with much heat the proposals for a general comprehension of all the Protestants. The penal laws against them were indeed repealed, and the Act of Toleration gave them an entire security, on the express condition however of their taking the oaths to the government, and subscribing the Declaration of 30th Charles II. Their preachers were to subscribe the articles of the church of England, except the 34th, 35th, and 36th, with a few words in the 20th. The Roman Catholics, and all persons denying the Trinity, were left to the

rigour of the old penal laws, by a special clause in the Act. It is certain the Act of Toleration was a considerable point gained at that time in favour of religious liberty, for it put an effectual stop to the rage and madness of persecution among the Protestants. The forbearance and lenity of the administration left the Roman Catholics little cause of complaint. On the basis of this Act rest at this hour the most precious rights and privileges of all Protestant Dissenters from the established church. It has proved a firm bulwark against the fury of bigots and enthusiasts, though a philosophical mind must object to the unjust shackles which tyranny has forged of all subscriptions, creeds, tests, and oaths. I except that single oath, or affirmation, which no well-meaning citizen can scruple, of a legal obedience to the civil governor,

which for its very existence as well as security every state seems warranted to require from the subject.

I thought these general observations would be useful before we enter on the great and important facts which occur in the reign of William III. and changed the face of Europe as well as of England. The wealth and power of the whole British empire was, from the period of the *Revolution*, directed against France. The nation then began to figure once more among the first monarchies, after an eclipse of near two centuries under the ignominious race of the Stuarts, excepting a short burst of glory during the Protectorate. From the death of Queen Elizabeth, England had been little considered by any of the powers of the continent, although the settled tranquillity, and union of the whole island under the same Sovereign, had increased

her strength, and created what is most necessary to every state, an internal security. The constant factions, and the struggles of the people in support of their liberties against four successive prerogative princes intoxicated with the doctrines of dreaming schoolmen, kept the English fully employed at home. At this important æra of the *Revolution*, fearing no longer for their own freedom, they began to consider the ancient glory, the dignity, the power and extent of their empire, as well as the high spirit of the people, with the solid advantages they enjoy beyond any nation which has ever appeared on the earth, being at once as commercial as the Carthaginians, as warlike as the Romans. The English had, like the Romans, a new war to sustain against the tyrant, whom they had expelled; but it was neither very formidable, nor of long continuance. James II.

sunk into universal contempt, while the new King of England became the vital principle of all the confederacies among the princes of Europe against the usurping ambition of Lewis the XIVth, and under his happy auspices liberty was established at home, and so firmly rooted in the hearts of the people as never to perish, but with the final dissolution of the British empire.

I have purposely avoided entering into a minute discussion of the principles on which the *Revolution* is founded. A free and manly people are superior to the justification of their conduct by the formal rules laid down indiscriminately for all cases by some men of study, and denied by others. There is however a passage of *Grotius*, in the celebrated work *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, so very apposite to the *Revolution*, so full an approbation of the conduct of our fathers, that I think

it ought to find its place here. I shall only farther remark, that it is taken from the first, the most original, profound, and accurate, of all the productions of modern times on the power of the Sovereign and the subject, which was published sixty-three years before the glorious æra of our *Revolution*, dedicated in the plenitude of Richelieu's power to Louis the XIIIth, and appeared with the French King's privilege. The passage is taken from the chapter *De Bello subditorum in superiores*, *sect.* 13. *p.* 113. I quote the 4to. edition published by *Grotius* himself at Paris in 1625. " Si rex partem habeat summi imperii, partem alteram populus, aut senatus, regi in partem non suam involanti, vis justa opponi poterit, quia eatenus imperium non habet. Quod locum habere censeo, etiamsi dictum sit, belli potestatem penes regem fore, id enim

de bello externo intelligendum est: cum alioqui quisquis imperii summi partem habeat, non possit non jus habere, eam partem tuendi, quod ubi fit, potest rex etiam suam imperii partem belli jure amittere." "If the King has a part of the supreme power, and the people or the senate have the other part, should the King invade the part not his own, he may be lawfully resisted. I think this is well founded, although I have declared, that the right of making war is in the King; for that must be understood of foreign wars: since whoever has a share of the supreme power, must necessarily have a right of defending his share. When such a case happens, the King may also by the right of war lose his share of the supreme power."

James II. was plainly the aggressor. By his violent conduct he left the people no possibility of a legal redress ac-

cording to the forms prescribed by the law and the constitution. The Parliament could not even meet without his previous writ of summons. In such a case, and in every other where the laws are silent, recourse must be had to the great maxim of all governments, the preservation of legal establishment. The question plainly was, "Is the King of England an absolute despotic monarch, whose will is law, whose prerogative is to dispense with the penal acts of the whole legislature, and with all statutes and charters, and are the people his slaves?" or, "Is the King of England a limited Sovereign, bound by the laws, and by a solemn oath to the nation to govern according to law? and are the people free, and entitled to various liberties and privileges as their birthright?" This was in reality the great controversy. The King was almost single in the first

opinion. The nation seemed unanimous in the second. Unfortunately for James II. the Scots joined the English on this important occasion, and their conduct was still more manly, noble, and spirited. To please the Tories and the High-church party we lost ourselves in doubtful terms and silly questions of chicane; we were perplexed among ourselves to prove that the King had *abdicated* and *deserted*. The Scots spoke the language of a free people. They declared, that he had *forfeited* the crown. Both nations resolved to assert their freedom, and of consequence to exclude for ever a Prince, who it was plain would be perpetually a principle in the State to sap and undermine the public liberty.

Foreign nations have very generally seen the *Revolution* in a false and partial light. They have considered it as the sole consequence of the religious bigotry

of James II. and entirely overlooked all his overt acts, to destroy the civil liberties of his people. The Archbishop of Rheims said, " Voilà un bon homme, qui a quitté trois royaumes pour une messe." " There goes a good creature, who has given three kingdoms for a mass." This was not exactly the case. He might have gone quietly to mass, and remained the Sovereign of three kingdoms, if he had not attacked the established rights of his subjects ; if he had not overturned the fundamental laws of the kingdom; and being trusted with only a limited power, endeavoured to make himself a despotic Monarch. The English would rather have suffered him to turn Turk than tyrant. They might have been prevailed upon to let him go very quietly to the mosque or to mass, and in either case would only have pitied his folly, if he had not violated

the rights of his people. Let us examine the conduct of a neighbouring nation in circumstances nearly parallel as to the religion of the prince and people. After the death of Henry III. there could be no doubt that lineal succession gave the crown of France to the King of Navarre, whose memory is now as sacred to every good subject of France, as that of *Alfred* is among us. He was of a different religion from the body of his people. The greater part of the nation refused to acknowledge him. By force of arms he was for several years kept out of his capital, nor was he received into Paris till after his solemn abjuration at St. Denis. Although Henry IV. had violated no law in favour of his own sect, had usurped no rights of the Catholics, used no violence or compulsion to any man, yet a conformity to the national religion was made the

essential point of his subjects' obedience. If therefore as to this single article of religion, any argument is to be drawn from the practice of a most civilized people, the English are abundantly justified. I might add that the case is infinitely stronger in their favour from the peculiar circumstances of the bigotry, the usurpations, the violence, and the spirit of persecution in James II. These rendered his exclusion from the throne not only a measure founded in right, but dictated by the necessity of the case, and the primary law of nature, self-preservation. It is remarkable that among the state papers relative to the peace of Ryswick, there is an answer to a Memorial of James II. which has the following noble passage: "The degradation of King James was founded upon his subversion of the fundamental laws of the state, the avenging of which the

English nation declared belonged to itself; that such is the constitution of its monarchy; and that every state has its laws, for which it is not answerable to any other state."

Liberty was the direct, avowed principle of the English at the *Revolution*, as much as of the Romans at the expulsion of the whole family of the Tarquins. Tacitus says, "Libertatem et consulatum Brutus instituit." "Brutus established liberty and the consulship." The preservation of the laws and liberties of Great Britain was the letter as well as the spirit of every declaration made by the Prince of Orange. The families of Brutus and Nassau will be gratefully remembered by all posterity as the avengers of tyranny, and the protectors of the freedom of their nation, and of mankind. The first Brutus drove out the Tarquins, and died gloriously in the

field, fighting against the enemies of his country. The last Brutus delivered Rome from the tyranny of Cæsar, and gave liberty to his fellow-citizens, but he could not give that public virtue, by which alone it can be preserved and secured. The first Nassau delivered his country from the intolerable yoke of Spain and the Inquisition, when Philip II. endeavoured to enslave the Netherlands. He founded the free republic of the United Provinces, and fell a victim in the cause of liberty. The last Nassau preserved the independency of his own country, generously risked every thing in defence of the liberties of England, settled a just and equal plan of freedom, and made three kingdoms happy under a mild and temperate government.

From the *Revolution* the Sovereign and the subject have continued firm to a free and well-tempered monarchy,

built on the basis of public liberty. England has been an empire of mild and equal laws. Montesquieu observes, " il y a une nation dans le monde, qui a pour objet direct de sa constitution la liberté politique." " There is a nation in the world, which has for the direct end of its constitution political liberty." Esprit des Loix, book xith, chapter 5th. This is now woven into every part of our constitution; and though we were at any particular crisis betrayed or sold to our princes; though in the infinite lapse of ages a venal parliament or a profligate soldiery might arise, who would bargain for our liberties, the people will not fail to resume their rights, and themselves exercise on a great emergency the power they only lend to their magistrates and governors. The conduct of the Romans was remarkable, and ought to be a warning to us. They ex-

pelled the Tarquins almost as unanimously as we did the Stuarts. They boasted of being the only free nation, yet at last became the slaves of one family from generation to generation; and if now and then a faint ray of freedom beamed forth, they soon sunk again into darkness. They had made the most monstrous grants to the Sovereign, *sibi omnia licere et in omnes, that to him all was lawful, and against all*; yet when Nero grew a monster of tyranny, they ordered him to be punished *more majorum*, although it is difficult to conceive how, after such a formal surrender of every thing, he could be guilty of any act of injustice or tyranny. Nature remonstrated at first against so shameful a grant, and afterwards commanded the resumption.

The English at the *Revolution* not only recovered their liberties, but laid

down a plan of perpetuating them to their latest posterity, and expressly circumscribed the power of their princes. They declared on what terms they gave their crown, and under what express limitations it should be worn by all succeeding Sovereigns. By this legal tenure it must continue to be held. The English have regularly since the æra of the flight of their last tyrant, manifested in the cause of freedom a constancy, a courage, a firmness more than Roman. Such be their virtues to the latest ages, and may they continue a great and happy people, the patrons of universal liberty, the scourge of tyrants, the refuge of the oppressed, and long hold out to the world what is truly the boast of rational beings, a mild and free government, just, powerful, independent, commercial, tolerant, generous, and brave! These are the true glories of this land of liberty

in the most enlightened age of philosophy. May Englishmen in all future ages possess and hold sacred these invaluable blessings! May every Prince, who shall bear the sceptre of this great and free country, have always in mind, "That other nations can bear slavery, but liberty is the characteristic of Englishmen!" *Aliæ nationes servitutem pati possunt; populi Anglicani est propria libertas.*

THE END.

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